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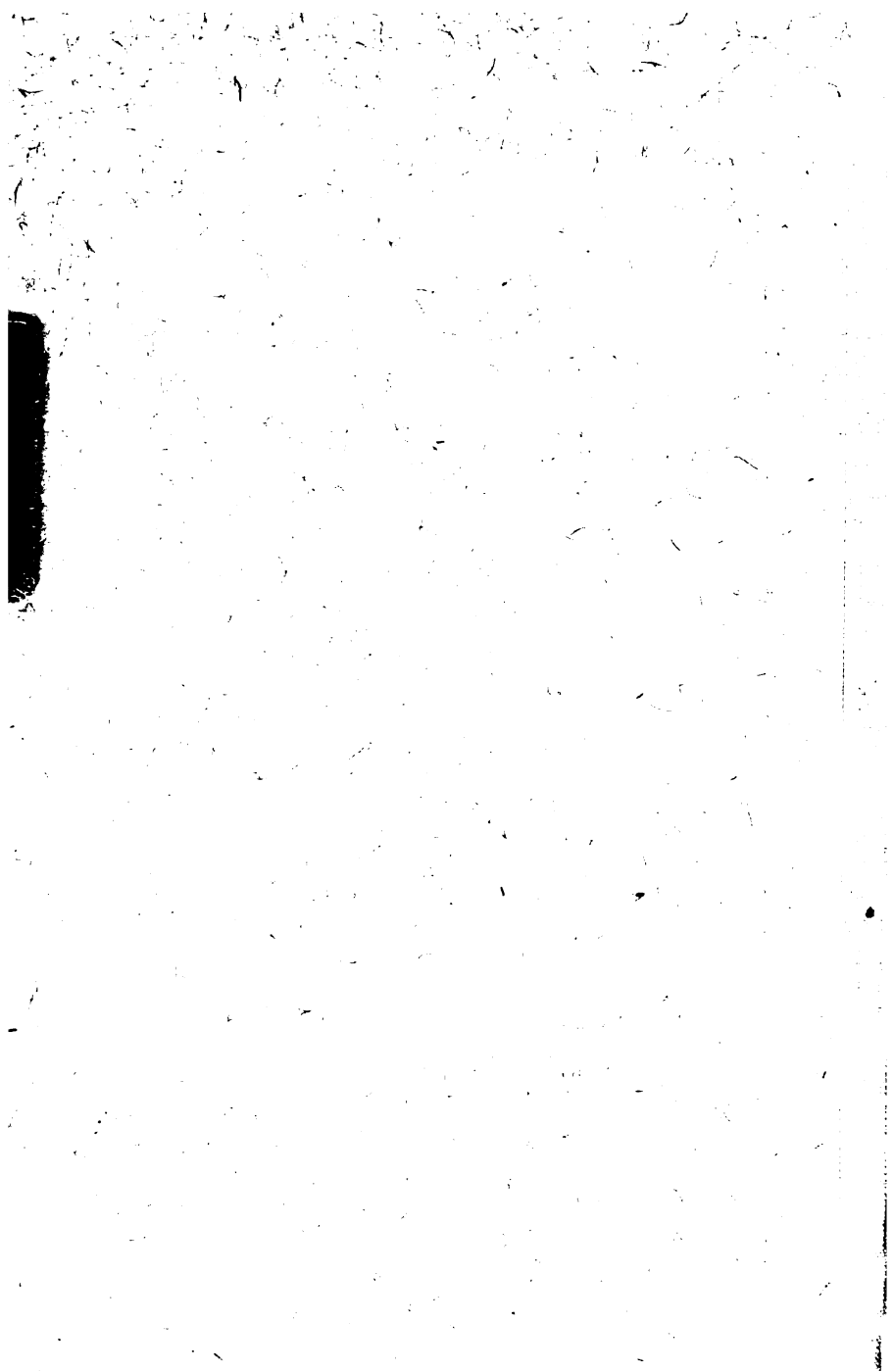
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LETTERS OF LADY LOUISA STUART
TO
MISS LOUISA CLINTON

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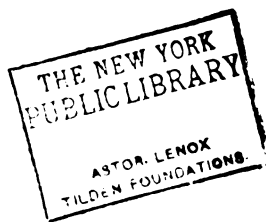
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LADY LOUISA STUART

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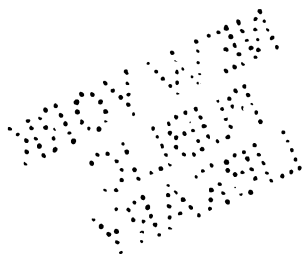
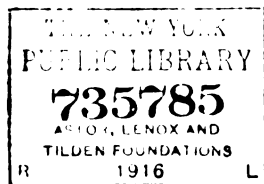
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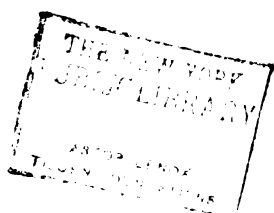
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1901

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GENERAL SIR HENRY CLINTON, K.B.

INTRODUCTION

IN the Introduction to a previous volume on Lady Louisa Stuart¹ a hope was expressed that before long a selection from her letters might be printed. The following letters form part of that correspondence.

The originals are the property of Lieutenant-Colonel Clinton of Ashley Clinton, who has kindly lent them for publication. They are addressed to his aunt Miss Louisa Clinton, the eldest of the four daughters of General Sir William Clinton, G.C.B., an officer distinguished in the Peninsular War, who was the elder of the two sons of General Sir Henry Clinton, British Commander-in-Chief in the American War of Independence. Miss Clinton's mother was Lady Louisa Holroyd, younger of the two daughters of the first Earl of Sheffield, the elder daughter being that Lady Stanley of Alderley whose correspondence has been lately published under the title of *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*. Miss Clinton was born 22nd December 1797, full forty years after Lady Louisa, and died unmarried 1st May 1854.

¹ *Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts.* 1899.

Of her two brothers, the second, Frederick, Colonel Grenadier Guards, father of the owner of these letters, married Miss Mary Montagu, second daughter of Lord Montagu of Boughton, from whose residence, Ditton Park, near Windsor, many of the letters are dated. Lord Montagu was the second son of Lady Louisa's great friend the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Montagu the step-daughter of Lady Douglas, another of Lady Louisa's great friends.

From the following extract from a journal of Miss Clinton's, it appears that she first met Lady Louisa at Lady Sheffield's (her *step*-grandmother) in London in 1815:—

May 13.—Went with mamma in the evening to grand-mamma to meet Mrs. Preston and Lady Louisa Stuart, Lord Bute's daughter. The former, as she always is, was very pleasant, but, though mamma says the latter is a sensible woman, she spoke so little I could not judge.

They met again the following year at Sheffield Place, in Sussex, her grandfather's country place, close to which at this time Sir William Clinton had a residence called Clinton Lodge. Mrs. Preston was there also, and Miss Clinton records in her journal the gradual discovery of Lady Louisa's great merits. It is to the death of Mrs. Preston in 1817 that the first of these letters alludes, and it was probably from the affection that both had for Mrs. Preston that such a close friendship sprang up between two ladies with forty years' difference of age between them. The letters continue for about eighteen years. No letters of a later date than 1835 have been found; and the existence even of these

letters was forgotten until they were accidentally discovered a few years ago at Ashley Clinton.

A portion of Lady Louisa's letters have already been privately printed under the title of *Gleanings from an Old Portfolio*, and very ably edited by Mrs. Godfrey Clark, the great-great-granddaughter of Lady Louisa's favourite sister, Lady Portarlington, and the inheritor of a great portion of Lady Louisa's books and papers. Those letters are chiefly addressed to Lady Portarlington, and are of a date earlier than those now printed.

It is hoped that these may also help to convey some idea of the character given to Lady Louisa in her epitaph, which, by the testimony of many who knew her, did her no more than justice. After recording her birth and death, the inscription continues: "Blest to the closing years of that long life with the full and unclouded use of extraordinary faculties, admired by the most eminent of her time for her lively genius and extensive literature, she was beloved and venerated, by such as had the privilege of approaching her nearly, for the tenderness of her heart and the purity, piety, and humility of her powerful mind." No one among her friends would more cordially have assented to these words than Sir Walter Scott.

An instance of her humility will appear in the strong aversion expressed in these letters to publishing any of her writings, the sole occasion when she yielded being when the "Introductory Anecdotes" to the life of Lady M. Wortley Montagu were written to please her nephews, Lord Wharnccliffe and Dr. Corbet.

The strong feeling Lady Louisa expresses on this point has caused the editor some anxious doubt about the propriety of this publication, but he hopes that a careful study of her remarks will lead the reader to the same conclusion that he and his advisers have come to, viz. that the real causes for this feeling were two : first, the possible annoyance to herself from the criticisms of the press; secondly, the wholesome dread that she had of being classed among the numerous tribe of lady scribblers of her time, for whom she had little respect. It is obvious that the first of these objections cannot apply to posthumous publication, and it is hoped that the merit of the letters may save Lady Louisa from the second objection.

There was perhaps a third reason—a prejudice more of her younger days than of later life—that it was a *loss of caste* for a “lady of fashion” to be an authoress.

There is a further encouragement to publication in the knowledge that Lady Louisa consented to the publishing of her own letters in Lockhart’s *Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the previous volume, it may be as well to state that Lady Louisa was the youngest of the eleven children of John, third Earl of Bute, the Prime Minister of the early years of the reign of George III., by his wife the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Born 12th August 1757, Lady Louisa lived a quiet and uneventful life for 94 years, dying unmarried 4th August 1851.

Note.—Those of the letters that have no date of year or month have been placed in the order in which Miss Clinton arranged them. The originals are in four volumes in the following order :—1817-22, 1823-29, 1829-32, 1832-35. In order to avoid the inconvenience of notes, explanatory remarks have been inserted here and there where allusions in the text seem to require them.

April 1901.

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¹ Under this sketch is written "Lady Louisa's favourite sceptical Democrat.—
L.C., October 6, 1819."

Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart

CHAPTER I

1817-1819

LETTER I.]

[The following letter is probably the first that Miss Clinton received from Lady Louisa Stuart. As appears in the preface, they had met for the first time in 1815, and only really made acquaintance in the following year at Sheffield Place, where Mrs. Preston was also one of the party.

In her journal for 11th April 1817, Miss Clinton records the arrival of her family in London on 26th March, and speaks of the pleasure with which she looks forward to seeing more of Lady Louisa and Mrs. Preston, but the first news she hears is of Mrs. Preston's alarming illness, who died on 12th April. She was a Miss Hamilton, grand-daughter of the first Viscount Boyne, and widow of the Rev. Nathaniel Preston of Swainston, County Meath. The Mrs. Brodrick mentioned in the following letter was Mrs. Preston's second daughter, wife of the fifth son of the 3rd Viscount Midleton.

Lady Louisa and Mrs. Preston were very intimate friends; but in 1822 the former tells Miss Clinton that their first acquaintance was an accidental meeting in a country house—probably Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's, where Mrs. Preston was a frequent guest.

Miss Clinton's grandfather, Lord Sheffield, had just had an alarming attack of illness, but he recovered, and lived till 1821.

He was now eighty-two. The Lady Sheffield mentioned in the letter was his third wife, daughter of the minister Lord North—Miss Clinton's *step* grandmother—a very agreeable person, as was also her sister Lady Charlotte Lindsay (see page 13).]

Gloucester Place, Sunday,
[13th April 1817].

My dear Miss Clinton—I did not return to town till nine o'clock yesterday evening, when I found your note, which, alas! requires no answer now. But I cannot help wishing to know what accounts you have since had of your grandfather, and of poor Lady Sheffield; and, if the former's state remains alarming, how Lady Louisa's [Clinton] spirits bear up under the impending evil? I went to Chiswick on Wednesday the 2nd. On Friday I had a very good account and cheerful letter from Mrs. Brodrick. The next morning, a most sad one from her husband; but as he said the mind appeared clear, and those around were known, I went to town—Monday morning—and obtained their permission to see her once more. She knew me, by her looks, but was speechless. Mrs. B., who has been kind in writing to me constantly, always described her as calm and easy, and I am confident she felt those blessed hopes which prevent fear of death. I cannot add any more at present.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,

L. STUART.

After the paralytic stroke no hope could remain or be desirable; nothing would have been so dreadful as a partial recovery.

LETTER II.]

[This letter refers to another severe blow Lady Louisa had just received, greater even than the loss of Mrs. Preston—the death of Lady Douglas, one of her earliest friends, the second

wife of the 1st Lord Douglas, and sister of the 3rd Duke of Buccleuch. For her remarkable character it is only necessary to refer the reader to Sir Walter Scott's opinion of her (see Lockhart's *Life*, vol. v. p. 230: Letter to Lord Montagu, 8th June 1817).

The Mrs. Scott mentioned here was Lady Douglas's eldest daughter, wife of Admiral George Scott; authoress of two novels that were celebrated in their time—*Marriage in High Life* and *Trevelyan*. Her literary power was much above the average, as her novels prove. She was also an accomplished artist. By quaintness of expression in conversation she unconsciously caused some amusement to her friends. For instance, she declared once that she never could much care for the *Arabian Nights*, they were so very *turbany* and *Bagdaddy*.

Another Mrs. Scott (of Danesfield) is mentioned in the next letter.]

Friday morning [June (?) 1817].

My dear Miss Clinton—I am ashamed that your kind note should have prevented one which I have been intending day after day to write to you, with the thanks I owe for all the inquiries you and Lady Louisa have made after me. My maid has informed me of them; and, believe me, I felt your goodness very sensibly. Do assure Lady Louisa that I am not ungrateful for a solicitude I had so little claim to. But it is only very lately, within these ten days, that I have seen anybody, even some of my own family; and I can hardly yet take that part in common conversation which one ought to do, if one entered at all even into the most quiet society. Besides, I have gone often to poor Mrs. Scott's at Petersham, which always must take up the whole day, being eleven or twelve miles off. But I have thought of you frequently with regard and gratitude, and, different as our ages are, recent as our acquaintance is, it has more than once passed through my mind that you could perhaps enter better into my feelings

than many older people. If you can call on me this morning you will find me at home till four o'clock ; or if you were disengaged to-morrow evening, I should be very glad to see you. I go in the morning to Petersham, therefore cannot use the carriage again, otherwise I would offer to come to Lady Louisa, for I shall be very sorry not to see her before she leaves town.
—Believe me, very sincerely yours, L. STUART.

LETTER III.]

[Danesfield on the Thames, near Henley, from whence this letter is dated, was at that time the property of a great friend of Lady Louisa's—Mrs. Scott, a widow, an Assheton Smith by birth, the sister mentioned being Lady Tancred, wife of the 5th Bart.

Penshurst was at this time the property of Mr. John Shelley Sidney, created a baronet at the end of the year, father of the 1st Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. The house and park had suffered during the time of his grandmother, Mrs. Perry, and her sister and co-heiress, Lady Sherard. The story current was that they had quarrelled ; one cut down the trees, and the other neglected the house. They were the grand-daughters of the last Sidney, Earl of Leicester. The part sliced off, that Lady Louisa talks of, was probably South Park, now the property of Lord Hardinge.

Mr. Bouverie mentioned was the second son of the 1st Earl of Radnor.

Little Anne means Lady Anne Holroyd, daughter of Lord Sheffield by his third wife.

Lady Louisa's brother was the last surviving, the Archbishop of Armagh ; another, James Stuart Wortley, died in March this year.

The " Fanshawe family " alludes to three rather well-known sisters of Midhurst House, Richmond, and 15 Berkeley Square—Penelope, Catherine, and Elizabeth. They were of the Fanshawe of Parsloes family. Catherine was the most accomplished—remarkable as an artist and a writer of verse. The

well-known lines were hers on the letter H, attributed sometimes to Byron :—

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell, etc.

There is a fine mezzotint of a remarkable drawing by her called "Politics." A memoir of her was printed privately in 1865 by Rev. W. Harness, with a collection of her verses, and reproductions of some of her drawings.]

Danesfield,
September 29 [1818].

My dear Lou—For so I see I must take the freedom of calling you. Lady Louisa will have told you that she did not forward your letter for a week, and I have not had it in my power to answer it directly ; nor can I write much now, as we are going out early. Be assured I shall always like to hear from you, though I fear I shall make only a poor return. To waive speeches, however, let me now ask a further account of your Tunbridge adventures. I would fain hope you made some pleasant acquaintance there amongst the human beings, besides the rocks and woods you had to reconnoitre. I agree with you about Penshurst. I never saw a place that less recalled to me the memory of its former possessors. I was told that much of the wood had been cut down, and the most beautiful part of the grounds sliced off to make another place near it. When I was there, it looked desolate and belonged to a minor. But the residence of a modern family is perhaps yet worse for *classic ground*. Such old scenes had better be neglected than improved ; which commonly means vulgarised. . . . I have been here since Wednesday the 16th. Miss Berry, who I think was the "sprightly lady," has not made one of the party. I found Mrs. Scott and her sister alone, and the only other company have been Mr. and Mrs. Barty Bouverie, and Mr. Arundel Bouverie

their son, all of whom I like very much. . . . Their son is very attentive to them, and an intelligent young man, who can read a book, and talk of it rationally, and does not think solely of his neckcloth and pantaloons. I am very sorry to hear little Anne has been ill. I will write to Lady Sh. [Sheffield] or Ly. Chtte. [Lindsay] shortly for a more particular account. In the meanwhile give my love to them. I imagine, by what Lady Louisa says, you will be at home before this arrives there. I go on Monday (I believe) to the Duchess of Buccleuch at Richmond, and shall there remain some time. Thank God ! my brother's leg is now quite healed, and he is in many other respects getting well very fast. I have vowed to write by to-day's post, otherwise you should have a longer letter, but the barouche is ordered for an early expedition to Maidenhead Fair, and I expect to be summoned every minute, therefore must say no more. This is by way of a retaining fee for a further account of yourself. Should it find you still at Tunbridge, remember me most kindly to the Fanshawe family.—Ever, dear Lou, most affectionately yours,

L. STUART.

LETTER IV.]

*Gloucester Place,
Wednesday morning.*

My dear Lou—I must thank you for your kind note and very acceptable token, in particular for the little sketches enclosed ; but, my dear child, how far you are from knowing the miserably imperfect character of which you say such things. Things that really answer the description of “satire in disguise,” and make me ashamed to read them : ready to reproach myself for having been very false, if I wore a semblance that could so deceive you—Oberon must have cast his spell on

your mind as he did on Titania's eyes, and I fear you will one day wake and see the ass's head you worshipped in your state of delusion. However, I am so sure you speak from your heart, that tho' I feel it is not to me, the me I am, I cannot be otherwise than grateful, nor help wishing that I had any powers of being useful to you. Forgive the haste I write in, remember me most kindly to Lady Louisa, and believe me, affectly. yours,

L. STUART.

LETTER V.]

[Lady Montagu was the daughter of the 1st Lord Douglas by his first wife, Lady Lucy Graham. Lord Montagu was the brother of the 4th Duke of Buccleuch. He succeeded to the title of Montagu on the death of his grandfather, the last Duke of Montagu.

Lord Glenbervie was a lawyer of some eminence as Sylvester Douglas. He held various offices, the last being Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He was created Lord Glenbervie (Irish Peerage) in 1800. His wife was the daughter of Lord North, elder sister of Lady Sheffield.

Mrs. T. Knox was Lady Louisa's niece, daughter of the Archbishop of Armagh. She had married, three years before, the eldest son of Lord Ranfurly, who afterwards succeeded as 2nd Earl.

"Mrs. Vernon" was a Miss Anne Vernon, sister of the Archbishop of York and Lady Harcourt, and daughter of the first Lord Vernon. She died unmarried, 1837.]

(*Corney House*),¹ *Chiswick*,
Friday [1818].

I must write one word to bid you thank your brother for being so kind as to bestow so much trouble upon me. If I had suspected he was hovering in the green walk I should have gone out to shake hands with

¹ Lady Macartney's, Lady Louisa Stuart's sister.

him: pray tell him I am very sorry I did not. Remember me, too, to your sister Maria and the *picciolinas*. I have just got a letter from Lady Montagu, written yesterday, which says she had met Lord Glenbervie at the Wells, and walked with him to call on the Fanshawes as I wished; but I am sorry he made no longer stay at Sheffield Place; and to-day Mrs. Vernon goes too. If Lady Charlotte will but stay, she is worth half-a-dozen visitors, yet I regret the party should all drop off at a time. I saw Mrs. T. Knox yesterday at Ealing. She received a very comfortable letter from Armagh while I staid, and now I hope the progress is sure tho' slow, for her father had begun to walk with crutches, and his spirits and appetite were daily improving. No walk for me either, I assure you. I grow so tired of pacing round a garden without interest, and wish I could go to the Roman camp with Henry, whose image of the sun driving six-in-hand is a very good one—not unpoetical either, for the ancients placed Apollo in a car and gave him horses. I hope you got a note I sent to Foley Place, Tuesday, concluding Sir William [Clinton] would forward whatever was left there. Say everything that is kind for me to Lady Louisa, and believe me, dear Lou, yrs. affectly.,

L. STUART.

LETTER VI.]

[This letter is dated from the Duchess of Buccleuch's house at Richmond, the widow of the 3rd Duke. The house now (1897) belongs to Sir John Whittaker Ellis.

The quotation from La Bruyère is not the exact words, but the sense of the fifth paragraph of the fifth chapter—"De la société et de la conversation."

The letter was received by Miss Clinton at Clinton Lodge, where her father was then living, close to Lord Sheffield's, Sheffield Place in Sussex.]

Richmond,

6th of November 1818.

My dear Lou—I am much ashamed to see that by the date of your letter it has been in my pocket a full month. Leading an uniform life and having little to say must be my excuse for not writing sooner; and now perhaps you have nearly forgotten all the entertaining particulars you gave me of your Tunbridge excursion, which are what I am going to answer. I was glad it proved so agreeable, but not sorry for the feelings you express on returning home, where I would always wish you to find your chief happiness. Short absences, however, are wholesome now and then; you brought back with you, I am sure, increased cheerfulness, and had a greater power of amusing Lady Louisa than before you went away: besides, that mingling with a variety of people has a tendency to enlarge one's mind, which otherwise grows so used to one train of ideas that a difference of taste or opinion almost startles and makes one angry. If the society one is thrown into should be dull and even silly, learning how to bear with it is no trifling point gained; for according to my favourite La Bruyère, *Ne savoir pas supporter tous les mauvais caractères dont le monde est plein, ne fait pas en soi un trop bon caractère. Il faut écouter Aronce parler proverbe, Melinde se plaindre de vapeurs*—I forget the rest. What you say is true, the Fanshawes have an exquisite taste for natural beauties as painters; but they do not naturally love the country, possibly because they were accustomed to lead an uncomfortable life in it. Not that the comparison you make tends in reality to my advantage, for it proves me to be something like a romantic old fool. I remember going to those very rocks you describe when I was first at Tunbridge in '93,

the year before Lady Louisa saw Lady Cremorne there ; remember it by the token of finding bad roads, fearing an overturn, getting out and walking, etc. ; but we were luckier than you, for we did arrive at them at last. Lady Cremorne with her Lord and old Admiral Barrington then lodged on the left hand in the steepest part of Mount Zion. I believe they went constantly to Tunbridge for many summers, but she is now too old and infirm to be much away from home. We quite agree about Penshurst,—the most disappointing place I ever beheld. Even five and twenty years ago it had little remains of antiquity, and the pictures were spoiling very fast ; the owner was then a child, but his portion of Sydney blood being sadly diluted in its progress from the last male of the race, I fear he will not know how to set about restoring Penshurst, especially as the estate had faded as well as the portraits before either devolved to him. By-the-bye, I think I read you Mr. Morritt's account of Hampton Court in Herefordshire, one of the oldest baronial seats in the kingdom, lately purchased by Sir — Arkwright, son of the cotton-mill inventor. I can now tell you the fate of Newstead Abbey. Lord Byron has sold it to a Major Wildman, . . . who has personally good pretensions to found a new family, as he is a very gallant officer distinguished in Spain and at Waterloo. Accordingly he shows a higher mind than the peer and poet who could sell the seat of his ancestors, for he is repairing and fitting it up with great care to preserve the remains and appearance of antiquity, endeavouring to furnish it suitably, and cherishing the few old trees that Lord Byron has left behind him, taking care also of an old servant who has lived sixty years upon the spot, and who makes some half-crowns by showing his Lordship's drinking-

cup, a skull set in silver. Major Wildman's mother is a neighbour of my sister Macartney's at Chiswick, and told me these anecdotes. She said her son found it a scene of miserable desolation. Lord Byron had had the ground immediately round the house dug up to gratify his passion for skeletons; it was the cemetery of the monks, and their skulls and bones lay scattered under your feet as you went in and out of the doors.

Pray do not follow my bad example and be long before you let me hear from you again. I wish particularly to know how Lady Louisa does, as you expressed some anxiety with regard to her health. The autumn has been so uncommonly fine and in general so dry that I think it cannot be unwholesome for anybody. You must likewise give me an account of your grandfather and Lady Sheffield, for tho' I write a few lines to her, I shall tell her that I expect she will make you her secretary if she has not leisure to answer me. And now, dear Lou, believe me, affectionately yours,

L. STUART.

LETTER VII.]

[The allusion in the following letter to the friend and contemporary whom Miss Clinton had lost, refers to her first cousin, Harriet Dawkins, daughter of her father's sister Augusta, wife of Henry Dawkins, Esq., M.P. She died of typhus on 26th October. Miss Clinton records her death in her journal with very great grief.

"St. Anthony" means St. Anthony's fire, *i.e.* erysipelas, a complaint apparently commoner then than now. See Horace Walpole's lines to Lady Mary Coke.]

*Gloucester Place,
January 14th, 1819.*

My dear Miss Clinton—I am angry with myself for having been silent so long, especially as I felt not a

little moved at the conclusion of your letter, and sorry that you should so early know what it was to mourn the untimely death of a friend and contemporary. But I have had a great deal of anxiety and uneasiness myself lately, and my spirits have been depressed in consequence. One of my sisters has seemed in a declining state, and the advanced ages of both renders everything relating to them precarious. In short (for it is needless to enter into details), I have been altogether out "o' the vein" for writing. Yet I am very desirous to hear something of Sheffield Place and its neighbourhood; how Lady Louisa does, about whom you did not seem satisfied when you last wrote; how Lord Sheffield, whom you then described so wonderfully well, has continued during the winter, and whether Lady Sheffield has escaped St. Anthony. Also whether Anne is grown stouter. You see I ask you for a bill of health only. However, pray remember that as much more as you will give me, either of intelligence or your own thoughts and reflections, will be most welcome. I can offer nothing in return. Since I came to town, ten days ago, I have had no carriage, therefore have staid at home, chiefly in entire solitude. One day when I had hired horses to go to my sister Lonsdale, at Fulham, the Fanshawes called upon me, which was very unlucky. I am now going to Chiswick for some days, and shall not have it in my power to inquire after them soon. I suppose they are settled in town. I wish you were so; but that is selfish, for I daresay you have escaped all our dismal fogs by being in the country. Will you forgive so very stupid a letter, and let me hear from you shortly? Give my love to Lady Sheffield, and remember me with all kindness to Lady Louisa.—Ever, dear Lou, very affectly. yours,

L. STUART.

P.S.—Has your eldest brother left Eton, and where is he gone? I must tell you what Mr. Morritt has written me of Walter Scott. His wife's brother is dead in the East Indies, and has left a very considerable property to their children after the life of his widow. Walter Scott, telling him this in a letter, observes, "now I may provide for my brother Tom and his family with a safe conscience." Mr. Morritt adds, that he wishes those who murmur at the money the minstrel has made by his writings, had the same beneficent temper.

LETTER VIII.]

[Lady Charlotte Lindsay was the sister of Lady Sheffield, and wife of Colonel Hon. John Lindsay. She inherited the qualities Burke attributed to her father, Lord North, "of infinite wit and pleasantry." Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Lady Anne Barnard, says of her: "I met her often about 1806-7. Her wit flamed as if she was quite unconscious of it, and always reminded one of the gifted princess who could not comb her locks without producing pearls and rubies." (*Lives of the Lindsays*, vol. ii. p. 364.)

Miss Berry's *Lady Rachel Russell* was published this year.

Florence Macarthy and *O'Donnell* were by Lady Morgan.

The two works on America were reviewed in the *Quarterly*, vols. xix.-xxi.

Mr. Alison was the Rev. Archibald Alison, husband of Lady Louisa's great friend, the daughter of Dr. John Gregory. He read papers on Lord Woodhouselee before the Royal Society in Edinburgh in 1816 and 1817.]

Fulham,

February 22nd, 1819.

My dear Lou—It was far from my intention to be more than a month without making any reply to your letter of 16th January, which I felt as *piercing* as you

could possibly do my wishing for your society in London. But I have not till lately been more at ease than when I wrote the few lines to which that was an answer. I came hither near three weeks ago to take my post of attendance on my sister Lonsdale, without much hopes of seeing her amend, or much encouragement given me to expect it by the medical people she consulted. A gradual and gentle decline was the best I looked for. However, nature seems to have made an effort that shows it still vigorous in spite of her advanced age, and she has now been gaining ground ever since the 10th or 11th most wonderfully ; after remaining almost three months within doors, and sometimes not being able to go up and down stairs, has walked round her little garden, has regained her sleep, and in a great degree her appetite. Lord Sheffield is such a comfortable instance of what *Octogénaires* may do, that I am glad to think of him and flatter myself she may tread in his footsteps for some time longer. I should rejoice to hear from you that they are as steady as at the beginning of the year, and that he still intends coming to town next month. I have as yet been very little in it, and unluckily was now forced to leave it soon after Mrs. Scott came to pass the time of her husband's absence at Portsmouth (which has been prolonged) with the Miss Berrys. However, I can sometimes steal half-an-hour to see her in a morning. I had two or three very pleasant interviews with Lady Charlotte Lindsay while I remained in London, and shall hope to find her there when I return, which I possibly may do about a week hence. She mentioned to me those letters of Lady Russell that Miss Berry is to publish, and indeed I heard a good deal of them from Miss Berry herself. I will promise to like them as well as you can desire, if

you will excuse my reading any more of *Florence Macarthy* than part of the first volume. A bookseller sent two or three down where I was, and on looking over thus much, the lords and ladies introduced were so vulgar that I am afraid I joined in a vote to send them back again without delay as he desired ; without even the delay necessary to read them. This I feel you will think sad heresy, but I cannot help it. *O'Donnell* is the only work of hers I ever could get through. I stand out too against another most popular book, Miss Aikin's *Elizabeth*, though not without acknowledging that everything in it which is not Miss Aikin's deserves to be got by heart. But then being fond of original authors, I got it by heart long ago ; and the flimsy novel language with which she has sewn it together and embroidered it over disgusts me in every page, not to speak of the book-making expedient of descanting continually on what might have been if what was had not been. If the Earl of Surrey had lived instead of dying on the scaffold, he might have married Queen Mary ; he might have become a great general ; he might have befriended Elizabeth ; he might have opposed the reformation. There is no reason why such a string of possibilities should ever terminate, and no use in it but to eke out a volume. I have read Mr. Birkbeck, and Mr. Fearon also. The latter I think paints almost all the Americans in the same yellow and livid colours the former gives to the forest hunters, and I am sure leaves on one's mind as unfavourable an idea of their dispositions as of their complexions. There may be worse and wickedder people under the sun, but none so radically disagreeable : and I cannot imagine how it happens, considering they are a collection of all nations and many of them too lately settled

there to have lost their English, Irish, German or Dutch habits : yet all seem yellow and flabby, and cold and selfish, as soon as they breathe American air. It puts one in mind of what is said by painters, that if you mix up every manner of colour together you make a dirty brown.

I should tell you that I spent one evening with the Fanshawes. Catherine said she had been long laid up with a very bad cold, and dined below that day for the first time. I am sorry to say that she looked accordingly: more thin and transparent than I wished to see her. The others appeared pretty well. Lord Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte and Mr. Sotheby were the only company. But this is long ago and you probably have later accounts of them. I shall be very thankful for some of you as soon as you please to write, and I hope the improvement you saw in Lady Louisa will give you good ones to send of her. Remember me most affectionately to Lady Sheffield. She was kind enough to write to me much about the time you did, and I returned a quick fire, which is always the best way, for otherwise something is sure to hinder one's doing it a great while. However, I have now written you a letter long enough to make amends for my silence, though I fear some things in it will scandalize you terribly. I shall see whether you forgive them or not by the readiness or tardiness of your answer.—Believe me always, very affectly. yours, L. STUART.

P.S.—Mr. Alison sent me his little tract on Lord Woodhouselee. I am glad you liked it. I never saw him, but have been in company with some of his family. One of his daughters was reported to have written *Marriage*, which I understand, however, was not true.

LETTER IX.]

[In a letter dated 11th August, Lady Louisa tells Sir Walter Scott that she was at Brighton from 21st June to 1st August this year.

Miss Clinton says in her diary that she went with her grandfather to Brighton, about fifteen miles from Sheffield Place, and remained there from 21st July to the 29th.

The nieces mentioned were the daughters of Lady Port-arlington.

"Archie Alison" was the well-known historian, created a baronet in 1852. His mother, as has been already said, was Lady Louisa's great friend.]

7 Pavilion Parade [Brighton],

July 3 [1819].

My dear Lou—I received your letter, which not only tells but breathes of spring, last night, and as I am going to call on Lady Sh. [Sheffield] this morning, I will write a very few words in answer just to say that my future motions and destinations are perfectly uncertain and unknown to myself. My sister means to take her house on for another month next week : if she stays so long, probably I shall too, or till near the end of the time. Only some unforeseen (indeed, unpleasant) occurrence could make me move just now, since I have lent my house to invalid friends whom I should be very sorry to turn out again suddenly—Lord and Ly. Lothian. He has a bad inflammation in his eyes that requires the daily care of the oculist who attends him. But what will become of me afterwards I cannot tell. I should like best to do precisely what you have arranged for me, take Sheffield Place in my way back, and stay there a month in quiet. But my nieces will come from abroad I conclude, and if so, it would be acting undutifully to go (or to continue) out of the way. And other things are precarious too, altho' Ly. M. [Macartney] is

wonderfully better for the air of this disagreeable place, where, as you say, there is neither shade nor silence. I differ too from most people in respect of the sea, an object which always strikes me as more awful and melancholy than beautiful, and this impression was strengthened by some years passed in view of it, that were far from happy. If the spot were but totally new to me, however, it would at least recall nothing and partly change the course of my thoughts; but unluckily it is the first I ever was in away from home, at thirteen years old, and tho' every object I behold is altered, the recollections attached to it are indelible, and those who have long been no more, seem still present wherever I turn. Nothing therefore can be less cheering. Yet I do not wish what I say repeated, because I ought to thank both air and sea-water for the good they are doing my sister. I have just begun the *Bride of Lammermuir*, and am afraid I must agree with you, tho' still the style has a particular charm for me, and now and then there is a flash of character or description like himself—far inferior to the predecessors, yet if one compares it to this and that one reads, I think it will fare as Archie Alison does with you. I suspect the story is grounded on one said to have happened about that time in the family of King William's Dalrymple 1st Lord Stair. The lady-mother's character is exactly what I have heard described. The true story (if true) ended in a manner horrible beyond all horror. I hope the romance will be more merciful. I wish you had said how Lady Louisa did; remember me most kindly to her, to Maria and Henry, and believe me, ever affectly. yrs.,

L. S.

I do not reckon this a *letter*. You shall have a better some day or other.

LETTER X.]

[Miss Clinton records in her journal that on her return from Brighton on 29th July she found that her little sister Harriet had nearly died the day before of a fit of convulsions.]

Thursday [30th July 1819], Brighton.

Indeed, my dear Louisa, I am shocked to think of the revulsion you must have felt on hearing such news, and of all your poor mother must have gone through. I know that dreadful convulsions are sometimes produced by indigestion, perhaps the lodging of some very minute particle of food in a wrong place, just like the choking we experience when a drop of liquid goes, what is called, the wrong way. But one, I believe, is no more liable to return than the other ; and I trust your little sister will feel no bad effects from her illness, except weakness for a time. I am more anxious that Lady Louisa should not be rendered ill by it. Pray let me hear of her from you a few days hence, directing to Gloucester Place. Meanwhile I cannot regret that this or any other—call it evil, call it escape—should turn your mind to those considerations of most material importance to us all. God grant that the precious seeds of piety sown in it may ripen to your eternal benefit !

I shall call on Lady Sheffield this evening after taking a third tramp to the well-spoken lady you saw, who, I believe, will turn out an eminent cheat, whether the poor soldier exists or does not, which I have not yet ascertained.—Affectly. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER XI.]

[Lady Louisa came to London from Brighton on 1st August.

The visit to Petersham means to Admiral Scott's, Douglas House, left to his wife by her mother, Lady Douglas. It had formerly belonged to the celebrated Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, whose husband left it to Lady Jane Scott ; Lady Jane

left it to her niece, Lady Douglas. It now belongs to Colonel Home Drummond of Blair Drummond, to whose father it was left by Admiral Scott's wife.

Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* had just been published (June 1819).

In September Lady Louisa paid a visit to Sheffield Place, and returned to London on 9th October. Letter xii. was written soon after her return from Sheffield Place. "George" in that letter probably means Lord Sheffield's son, Lord Pevensey, then in his seventeenth year.

Lord G. is probably Lord Guilford, Frederick, 5th Earl, brother of Lady Sheffield.

Sir Harry Englefield was the 7th and last Baronet, who died in 1822.]

Gloucester Place, Thursday evening [August (?) 1819].

My dear Louisa—I owe you many thanks for your letter, which I was rather anxious to receive, wishing for an account of Lady Louisa. One could not expect she should be the better for what she had gone through, and it is well she is not injured by it. My first act after coming to town was to catch a violent cold, and I have been laid up with it almost ever since, cannot write a great deal now, or even read—so you shall not make me waste my eyes upon any of Helen Maria Williams' frippery, though I like the phrase of a tomb containing "contemporary life" because it is fair and full nonsense, does not blunder round about a meaning. The "sublime abstraction of the chemists" reminds me of a passage many years ago when the war in India was a subject of general anxiety. A report was spread of an engagement ending unfavourably for us, but hopes of its falsehood were derived from letters of a later date, received by some commercial house in the City from their correspondent at Madras, which merely mentioned the common matters of business between them, and not a word of any public misfortune. "Pshaw!" said a

man well versed in the world, "this proves nothing one way or the other; these fellows would write 'received so many bales of goods,' and stick their pens behind their ears just as methodically, if Tippoo were battering down the town, as if all was in perfect peace; it would never come into their heads to notice the loss or gain of a battle." Why should not the merchant's clerks be as much admired as the men of science for the very same disposition of mind? Not but that the world would go on better than it does if everybody minded his or her own business more. I read over Crabbe again in the carriage, and think I agree with Lady Louisa in particularly liking Lucy and Jane and part of Richard, and with you in disliking the maid—rather, too, the bachelor—and the preceptor husband. Augusta is much too great a fool ever to have won a man who proceeded on that ground—Rachel is very beautiful—I am expeditious in my verdicts because my head will not bear much writing at once. I have told Lady Sheffield that I go to-morrow to Petersham for a few days, hoping my nieces will arrive next week, and if they do I shall also hope to see you in the course of that following it—always supposing my sisters to keep well. I had a visit from the Fanshawes yesterday. I am sorry to say Cath. does not look better than when I saw her last. Adieu, remember me to Lady Louisa and thank Maria for her kind intentions about the donkey cart.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER XII.]

Friday [October 1819].

My dear Louisa—I have little time to thank you for your letter and a half, and can only say you shall surely have one all to yourself in a few days or a week.

Meanwhile I must acknowledge perceiving what you do not tell me, that you have allowed all I said to bear some weight with you, and have not deserted Shd. Pl. [Sheffield Place] the moment I was gone. I must also own that I was both pleased and obliged to you for the self-command which I saw you exerted when I went away, in repressing a sort of concern that would have distressed me and unhinged yourself, so I can willingly say "that's my good girl." George was most punctual in delivering your letter. I liked his behaviour at dinner very much; he was quite manly, neither bashful nor forward, and on being by chance drawn out by Sir Harry Englefield, who, poor man, could not distinguish to whom he was speaking, he talked modestly and well, was civil too, and not disdainful or quizzing, either to me or his next neighbour on the other side, who, besides being an old woman, had in her matter to quizz, but indeed that was more than he knew. I found the dinner very entertaining, and liked the mansion of all things. I am now going for a few days to Lady Lonsdale, who, alas! has again been ill. But the attack is weathered, and she will be better, I trust, for some time. Louisa [Dawson] came to town last night, and I left Lord G.'s [Guilford] rather early to sit an hour with her. She is but thin. Anne looks very well indeed. Here is the carriage, and I must make an end. Only let me say that you need not be afraid of writing, for your letters are most acceptable, and your affection returned by L. S. Pray remember me to Ly. Louisa.

LETTER XIII.]

Friday.

We were so conversible, and so late at breakfast, that when it was over my servant was already gone out

a-mushroom-gathering, and therefore I could not send my cover, but I now do my letter and hope it will not be troublesome. I have written as much as my eyes quite like, so can only just say what you put into my hand is beautiful, but knowing it to be perfectly sincere, it almost grieves me to see you so deluded. Your imagination (not I) has "cast the glamour o'er you" . . . and you view things so different, alas, so very different from reality! The most partial friend I have—or ever had—would tell you so. Even poor Mrs. Preston would have thought your colouring far beyond nature—but more of this when we can talk at leisure. I seriously wish to warn you against the effects of your own enthusiastic temper. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.]

[Mrs. Brodrick was the daughter of Mrs. Preston, and niece of Edward Hamilton (see *ante*, p. 1).

Whistlecraft refers to J. Hookham Frere's Prospectus and Specimens of a work relating to King Arthur and the Round Table.

Mr. Barr was an old Scotch Doctor who attended at Sheffield Place. He is frequently mentioned in *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*. Lady Louisa describes him twice to Sir Walter Scott (see *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 22). In a later letter, 10th January 1822, she says: "The family apothecary at Sheffield Place is an old Scotchman, who would be a study for you, if Smollett had not already drawn him in Lieutenant Lismahago."]

Fulham, Thursday,
21st of October [1819].

Now, my dear Lou—I will sit down to pay my debts to you. I have had several letters to write, and so little leisure here, that I could not have given you more than a short note if I had begun writing before. I am read-

ing over all your bits and scraps in the first place in due order as they come, that notice may not be omitted of anything claiming it. Lady Sheffield seems very much to wish Mrs. Brodrick would come, and thus far I do not doubt that she would derive satisfaction from the visit ; it would please her to think she had received and comforted what remains, and is in some sort the representative of an old and dear friend : just the feeling I have myself. Otherwise it would not be good company for her or any nervous person, there is something almost catching in that kind of agitation ; and in the main, one always feels the want of the *mind* one was used to, fifty times the more from the likeness, which is not merely personal, but extends to voice, to manner, to laugh, to gestures (independent of nervous twitchings), and above all, to turns of phrase and expressions. Besides having thoroughly known her poor mother's value, she is continually alluding to something she did or said. And yet she is so unlike her. If you were to be two hours an auditor of her conversation you would say so too. Now poor Mr. Edward Hamilton, who had the same strong resemblance, and yet was very far from being Mrs. Preston's equal in understanding, did not disappoint one in the same manner. Their minds were also alike, came out of one mould, though one was of a stronger material than the other and had taken a finer shape. Poor Mrs. Brodrick, naturally weaker, has associated with affected people, with *exclusives* and *exquisites* everywhere, till she does not know what is sophistry and what is sterling metal, especially in matters of sentiment, for her principles are, as she first learned them, perfectly good. You would perceive in her something you could not rightly understand, because you have never been accustomed either to very fine

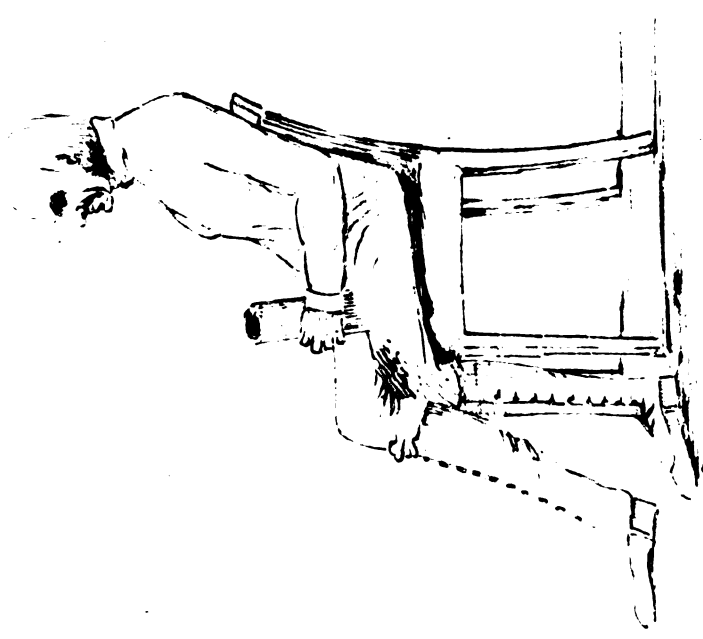
people, or to those who aspired to imitate them ; anybody who has, would find the key of a thousand things she says directly.

I need not say that these observations are for your own ear alone (or Lady Louisa's) ; I would not make them (perhaps hardly allow them to be made) where there was no tenderness for Mrs. P.'s memory to claim indulgence for the little foibles of what she loved best upon earth.

Pray tell Lady Louisa that I have been reading the last *Quarterly Review* [No. XLII.] more steadily than I could do at Sheffield Place, and quite agree with her in liking the article upon our statute laws, which is very clear and convincing, and pleased me better than anything else in it, though I think it is on the whole an amusing number. Mr. Humboldt and his (*crodo, crodo*) crocodiles (I can't spell) entertained me ; the account of Hayti was interesting ; the first dissertation (on Aristophanes) and the last. Yet I am no convert to Messrs. Whistlecraft & Co., I cannot like slipshod verse or be convinced that it is not as easily written as read ; the burlesque of one country can hardly ever be well copied in the language of another. As for Plato and Xenophon, it revolts all my old prejudices to hear them discussed as if they were members of the Alfred, or the French Academy—to be told that Plato had delicacy of *tact* taught him at the *court* of Dionysius. It puts me in mind of Gray's simile about some book upon antiquity which he says was like an antique statue dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker. Plato was a human being, I daresay, and could we all see him arise again, we might be surprised and disappointed at finding him far more like other human beings than we could have imagined, just as a child is when it first

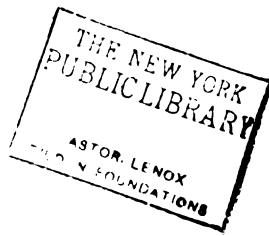
discovers that kings and queens are men and women ; but Plato and tact sounds like Plato and puppy, an incongruous mixture of ancient and modern, such as only suits the language of second-rate novels. Lady Morgan, I suppose, talked of tact in her *Ida of Athens*. I have just recollected a blunder—Mr. Gray's simile was on the tragedy of Agis—not that it signifies much. Between you and Lady Charlotte, here are indeed some precious anecdotes of Mr. Barr ; he is outdoing himself, and if, as you pretend, he is afraid of me, he has given himself his full career since I went away. *Theology* indeed ! Do not triumph over me because you have no bad habits to conquer at Quadrille. Some day you will find it necessary to learn whist or casino, and then playing out of your turn will have worse consequences, penalties to pay, and a partner to be scolded by. I cannot regret Lady Shelley's not having come to Shefd. Place while I was there, tho' I am aware that a little of her must be very diverting, but a whole day would probably have been too much, unless with the addition of seeing her protect the Duke of Wellington, and I suppose show him off as her own proper lion. This class of pretending, puffing, pushing people is now too common and numerous to amuse one as they used to do when one, by great chance, stumbled upon a single individual instance once in two or three years. They swarm like your friends the ants, and instead of encouraging them for the joke-sake, or to study varieties of character, it becomes one's object to brush them off and keep clear of the nuisance.

I grant that, to the best of my knowledge, you have been a very good girl. And you must not relax, but grow more good, taking pains to amuse and support Lady Sheffield when Lady Charlotte leaves her, which I



W. L. Stalder & Suter

MR. BARR



grieve to hear will be a good deal sooner than they thought when I went away. By the bye, I saw very well how you got the better of yourself at that moment, and it was not lost upon me. I dare seldom preach self-command and control; conscience bars it; as, in spite of all you dream and fancy, I cannot conceal from myself that if you knew the whole of me even at present, much more if you had witnessed the past, you would be sensible I was a better warning than example, though it might half break your heart to be convinced of it. But I am only the more deeply sensible of the duty of that self-conquest I never obtained, and the more desirous you should in advanced life have that comfortable retrospect which I cannot enjoy. In some circumstances manual labour is all we have for it, and therefore chiefly I wish you could at times (particularly at such times) have the resource of working within doors. I have often owned to you that I did not when I was young, so much the worse for me—but when young I had less occasion for it, because I was far from having your keen sensibility. That *organ* (in the Spurzheim dialect) did not manifest itself till later in life. Then I sewed and hemmed when otherwise I should have gone out of my senses, and the stillness and monotony of the occupation tended to calm my nerves, which would have been farther agitated by anything that required an exertion of bodily strength. “*Mais les sottises des pères sont perdus pour les enfans,*” says a French proverb. I fear it is almost impossible to profit by anybody’s experience but one’s own.

My sister Lonsdale was very ill when I came hither a week ago, but has mended every day. She is not so strong as your grandfather, therefore when the threatening of a serious attack obliges them to take away blood,

she feels shattered and weak for some time. Now I think she is returning fast to be as well as she was before, and this marvellous sudden premature winter has not as yet done her any harm. I am really anxious to know that he does not suffer from it either ; it is a trial to people past eighty. Thus you see you will have a lawful excuse for writing as soon as you please, and indeed if you want a further, you may make haste to tell me how the weather has agreed with Lady Louisa, to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered. Direct to Gloucester Place, for I believe I shall not stay here many days longer.—Ever affectionately yours, L. S.

Pray do not forget to thank Maria for being sorry I was gone ; tell her I think it *piercing*.

LETTER XV.]

[The “dreadful blow” here mentioned was the death of Lord Glenbervie’s only son, Frederick Sylvester North Douglas (nephew of Lady Sheffield and Lady Charlotte Lindsay) at the age of twenty-eight. He was M.P. for Banbury. Miss Clinton says in her diary on 24th October, that they had just heard at Sheffield Place of his death from water on the brain, in London, where he had just arrived. He had only been married three months to a Miss Wrightson of Cusworth, Yorkshire. She married secondly in 1825 Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. H. Hely-Hutchinson.]

Fulham, Sunday [October 1819].

My dear Louisa—Lady Stuart, who was here yesterday, almost stunned and turned me sick with the news of the dreadful blow that has so unexpectedly fallen upon your poor grandmamma and her sister. I can think of nothing else but them and their affliction, and I fear the health of neither was in a state to make a sudden shock indifferent to it. Do pray write to me whatever you know of them. God is often merciful in

enabling people to support astonishingly what He inflicts, and they have a trust in Him which will not fail them. But to Lady Charlotte I fear it is the loss of a friend as well as a nephew ; he was evidently her object, her pride, and I have heard he was very much attached to her. I am sure too it will give Lady Sheffield a secret increase of anxiety about the health of her own children which will embitter her life. I shall be very impatient to hear from you, though perhaps you will not be able to tell me much. Oh ! how little did I think when I was writing nonsense to them on Thursday, in answer to their cheerful letter, that all would be so changed before they could receive it ! Direct to Gloucester Place, I go to town on Wednesday.—Ever affect. yrs.,
L. S.

LETTER XVI.]

Petersham, Saturday October 30th [1819].

My dear Louisa—I think it will be a satisfaction to Lady Sheffield to hear that I saw Lady Charlotte yesterday, tho' but for a few minutes : they were all I had to spare, as my sister Macartney came to me, and it rained besides, so I could only just stop at the door in my chaise, when coming hither. She was composed, though low, and really full as well as I could expect to find her, considering the awful business of the day and the change of dress it had rendered necessary. Outward things seem of little importance, yet till you try there is no knowing what that makes you feel. I mean at first, for when once the colour is assumed, the eye rests upon it with a degree of complacency, as suited to what passes within, and then to leave it off becomes nearly as painful as it was to put it on. Lady Charlotte assured me over and over that she had no bodily complaint, or

tendency to fulness of blood. And she said that poor Mrs. D. [Douglas], tho' low from the same cause, continued tolerably well. You know, I daresay, that they had heard a second time from Lord Glenbervie, but with no further satisfaction, since he had received no further account and was still flattering himself with hope. I fear this must have made his letter painful to her. It increases the chance of the two other accounts reaching him together, and I hope diminishes that of his leaving France. I am convinced it will be much better for all parties, himself and them, that he should stay there and accept poor Mrs. D.'s affectionate offer of going to him, when she can accomplish any change of place. Their retiring together to her country-seat would be the worst scheme imaginable, and really enough to kill her. Abroad he would have something to occupy and amuse him, and not sink helplessly and lie upon her hands. I fancy Lady Charlotte sees the thing quite in this light.

Now let me thank you more than I had time to do in my hurried note on Thursday for your two letters: it is so satisfactory to have minute details on any subject of anxiety that I do assure you they were peculiarly acceptable, and involuntarily I thought "how poor Mrs. Preston would have been pleased!" . . . the solid worth of Lady S——'s unassuming character (of which she was so sensible) can hardly be prized enough: mere good humour may sometimes (as you once observed) be constitutional, but it is a radically good and a well-governed mind, not simply an even temper, that can thus make her yield up her feelings, as well as her inclinations, to the will of another, and, always kind, view with tenderness what a selfish spirit, though it submitted to, would resent. The failings of

age do indeed demand this indulgence from us all, because we may all live to have them ourselves, but they seldom meet with it.

Do not suppose, however, that I am condemning the movement of indignation that I see you could not help. Alas! how the same kind of things (but I must say in a far greater degree) used to provoke and almost madden me when I saw one, still too dear to my heart to be named, one of its best loved friends, as amiable as Ly. S. herself, formed to delight every society, chained down to be the slave of an old man forty times more fussy and fidgety than — because of a narrower mind and inferior understanding, and a hundred times more selfish. He was nearly stone-deaf, and she with weak lungs and broken health was to read to him whole evenings. He would have heard with a trumpet, but no persuasion would make him use one. All the while she was rheumatic, lame, constantly suffering all the varieties of pain, her nerves totally shattered, but her temper unchangeably sweet, often laughing at me when she saw my blood boil at what she went through. Yet she said, "I do believe he will at last worry me into my grave," and in January next it will be seven years since the prediction was fulfilled. She had no children, nothing remains of her, and her name is perhaps forgotten. You have heard me talk of Miss Knight, for whom I have a regard, tho' I never was very intimate with her during *her* lifetime: but she received her last breath and therefore is always something peculiar to me. Let us be thankful that — does not resemble that old man; he never will, unless he quite survives himself, which the other had nearly done, for with all this he was essentially a good man, as she used to urge when most harassed by his caprices.

My dear Lou—I am writing to you *avec abandon* as if you were my contemporary, but I know your heart understands what your years can have allowed you no experience of. I am sure it does by your entering so deeply into the sorrows you have just witnessed. Never, certainly, did people bear such a deprivation with more resignation than your grandmama and Ly. Ch^{tte}, and one is the more sorry for them. Pray let me have further accounts, for the latter said Ld. Sheffd. was not so well by yesterday's letter. I have been communicating much of yours to Mrs. Scott (Car.), who feels most deeply for them both, and was affected accordingly. Do not forget to say how Ly. Louisa is. Has she required any more bleeding? I meant to make this a still longer letter, but I got upon an unlucky theme above and the weather stupifies one, so I had better conclude.—Ever afftly. yrs., L. S.

LETTER XVII.]

*Richmond, Tuesday,
23rd of November [1819].*

My dear Louisa—I had a cold when I received your letter of the 12th, and I have delayed answering it, and indeed of writing to Lady Sheffield, until I could fix some positive time for coming, which I now hope I may do for about ten days hence. I shall go to town on Saturday, and if on a short stay I perceive my sister Lonsdale to be pretty well, I will not be deterred by your pictures of damp and desolation, which are pretty nearly the same everywhere at this time of the year. I shall bring warm clothing and strong galoshes, and hope to stump about notwithstanding your clay soil. Poor Cross broke her arm by slipping on that at Tunbridge, which I fancy it resembles, but I hope that is

too uncommon a misfortune to happen again. All you say only the more convinces me that poor Lady Sheffield must want company far more than at any other time, and perhaps your grandfather may let me sometimes read to him, and so take part of the task off her hands. If you knew what it was to feel oneself so useless as I do, you would not wonder one should be glad to fancy oneself of some little service to anybody in any way.

Your account of Mr. Dodwell no way tempts me to read it, but I delight in the *Mices Barr*¹ lowering your note about Thomas the Rhymer. Hercules reappeared likewise, for I am sure I have heard of an Irish M.P., Sir Hercules Langrishe. So it is only the doctrine of Hamlet "tracing the dust of Alexander to stopping the bung of a beer barrel." This is all I have time to say at present, but do not think me the less grateful for your letters.

If I should *not* come to Sheffield you may depend upon my writing much more at large. Affectly. yrs.,
L. S.

LETTER XVIII.]

[Lady Louisa's visit to Sheffield Place was probably given up owing to the illness of Lady Anne Holroyd, whose health was never good. She married the Honourable Arthur Legge in 1827, and died in 1829.

The parliamentary papers sent by Lord Montagu related to the "Peterloo" riots at Manchester.

"Miss Murray" was Miss Madeline Murray, daughter of Sir Robert Murray, 6th Bart. of Clermont, Fife: a remarkably clever and agreeable woman, very intimate at Bothwell and Dalkeith. It was the loss of Lady Douglas that made the meeting painful to her and Lady Louisa. The "brother Sir

¹ The "Mices Barr" were the nieces of the old Doctor.
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James" was her half-brother, a distinguished General, who assumed the name of Pulteney on marrying Henrietta Pulteney, Countess of Bath. He died in 1811. Miss Murray died in 1860, aged ninety. Her journey was given up as Lord Lothian was again unwell.]

Gloucester Place, 29th November [1819].

My dear Louisa—Though I am afraid the weather allows of too little communication between the Lodge and Sheffield Place, yet I daresay you know now what Lady Sheffield wrote to me on Friday, and are probably rather disappointed at my coming being for the present given up. But as selfishness is no part of your character, I think you will be glad to hear what would have prevented it had she written otherwise, and what I little dreamt of even when I was reading her letter on Saturday morning. The next I took up to open announced that Miss Murray was to set out for London with Lord Lothian this very day, and desired to find a line from me at Grantham to say whether she might land at my house. I knew she was with them at Newbattle Abbey, and knew he had flying thoughts of coming for a short time to attend the H. of Lords, and be invested with the green ribband, knew too that Lady Lothian was uneasy enough at the thoughts of his travelling alone after a long course of illness, but this never once came into my head ; and, indeed, she says she at first treated it as an impossibility, the chief attraction, Mrs. Scott, being absent. However, that is all the better. Car and I are the two persons on earth it will most affect her to see ; one will be got over, and, as she certainly must visit the Dutchess of B. [Buccleuch], the sight of Petersham, Richmond,—all the places and things chained together in memory,—will be got over too, the other pang of enter-

ing London (which she has not done since the cruel blow of her brother Sir James's death), and she will be better able to see Car hereafter, more willing to undertake the journey again, for this unprepared rapid visit. They will be gone again by Christmas most likely. I like it better for myself also than if I had more time left, and dwelt upon it beforehand. At no distance of time could we meet without equally renewing the same feelings of grief and deprivation, unless we had outlived both pain and pleasure; so far it would be all one. I can hardly put into words all that presses on my mind at the thoughts of this meeting, but, strange to say, you who never saw her in your life can perhaps very well imagine it, while I dread bringing out to some of your elders that I expect her, for fear of: "Oh! coming up for a little amusement, I suppose; but what will you do to divert her at this time of year?" However, you, and I likewise, must learn to live with people in their own way, and let them speak their own language, without taking an offence as unreasonable as if we found fault with a cat for mewing, and demanded that she should sing like a bird. To return to Lady Sheffield's decision, it was such a relief to me, after I knew the contents of the other letter. For had she said, "Come, we are fixed here, and as melancholy as you can fancy us," it would have been really grievous to me to disappoint her, yet I could not have gone away the very day Miss M. was to come. That will hardly be before Friday, I think. Newbattle is but five or six miles from Edinburgh, and Lord Lothian so lately an invalid, and with an eye still weak from inflammation, cannot travel very fast. You see I find it difficult to leave the subject. Write to me, however, I beg, and tell me the result of your journey

to London, whether you have found relief from whatever the dentist performed, and whether you were content with Dr. Ash's advice and opinion respecting Lady Louisa? Tell me also whether you think poor little Anne materially worse? I hope it is impossible Lord Sheffield should hold out in refusing to go to Brighton if she continues unwell. I have it quite at heart that they should remove thither. My house is just now all running down with the damp, and I fancy to myself what Sheffield Place must be with that clayey soil and all that almost stagnant water. Lord Montagu sent us down to Richmond the papers laid before parliament, which, being in a better print than the newspaper copy of them, I read with more satisfaction, and I read aloud the whole of the matter, debate and all, *ainsi je le possède bien*: Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham were both entertaining, otherwise it seemed to me dull. Among the papers, far the best letter and wisest came from a countryman (and cousin I believe) of mine, Lord Glasgow, whom I never saw (as a man), and supposed to be a nothing to do-ish person, but they say he has good talents, and that letter proves it. Surely Lord Stanley fully exculpates the Manchester magistrates and yeomanry; but, as Lord Guilford said, "why was not it done immediately, before the flame had spread and people's minds were poisoned?" . . . Pray forgive me for rejoicing that Mr. Stent is not to be hanged. Only call him Othello, or Alonzo, and you will rejoice too. As for premeditation, what says the former? "Look you dismiss your maid" . . . or some such thing. If the woman had died, he must have wished for hanging, which would have altered the case.—Adieu, dearest Lou, and don't let it be long before I hear from you.

Yrs. affectly.,L. S.

CHAPTER II

JANUARY-JULY 1820

LETTER XIX.]

[Ditton Park was inherited by Lord Montagu as part of his share of the large estates of his grandfather, George, Duke of Montagu, whose daughter, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was Lord Montagu's mother. The other half of the estates went to his elder brother, Charles, Duke of Buccleuch.

Mrs. Gerard was Dorothea Montagu, second daughter of Lady Louisa's friend, Mrs. Alison. She married, in 1810, Lieutenant-Colonel John Gerard of Rocksoles, a distinguished Indian officer. The novelists of the present day—authoresses of *Beggar my Neighbour*, *The Waters of Hercules*, *A Sensitive Plant*, etc.—are their grandchildren.

The Laura Alison mentioned was the elder sister of Mrs. Gerard, afterwards Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Mrs. Holroyd" was Miss Sarah Holroyd, sister of Lord Sheffield, the "Aunt Serena" of *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*. She died at Bath, 15th January 1820, aged eighty-one.

The allusion to "1780" is to the Gordon Riots, in the quelling of which Miss Clinton's grandfather took an important part; and, in fact, his peerage was the reward for his services on that occasion. He it was, as Colonel Holroyd (and not Cosmo Gordon, as is sometimes stated), who threatened to run his sword through Lord George Gordon when the first of the mob entered the House of Commons; and it was his regiment of fencibles who took a great part in quelling the

subsequent riots. Lady Louisa Stuart gives Sir Walter Scott these details in a letter in 1827, on Lord Sheffield's own authority.


Lady Hannah Ellice was sister of the first Earl Grey, and wife of Right Hon. Edward Ellice. Her brother, the Rev. Edward Grey, became afterwards Bishop of Hereford.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay had gone to Paris on her way to Rome.]

*Ditton Park, near Windsor,
January 1st, 1820.*

Your letter, dear Lou, does not spur me on to write, for I had intended doing it by to-morrow's post, but it makes me sorry to have delayed it so long. Yet my reason has been unwillingness to give you pain, knowing the warmth with which you enter into the feelings of those you love, and being sure you would almost grieve as if you yourself were connected with the sufferers. A fortnight ago I was shocked with most unexpected news, that the poor Alisons had lost their daughter, Mrs. Gerard. You may remember that she and her family went abroad when I was at Sheffield Place; they made some stay at Geneva, then went on to Lausanne, where they meant to fix their residence. Two days after her arrival she fell ill of a typhus fever, and in nine more expired. They had friends on the spot, and the best medical assistance, so there is nothing to regret, no aggravating circumstance to prevent the blow from appearing the immediate infliction of God; and this I think is always fortunate, because then a well-governed mind submits itself more easily to the severest misfortunes. Along with your letter I have received one to-day from the eldest sister. I wrote to her; I could not write to the poor mother, who, she tells me, was at first quite stupefied, could neither speak nor move; they put her to bed, and there she lay, noticing nothing,

sometimes recovering so far as to shed tears, but these drying up again and the stupor returning. I know not why I should enter into these details, however. All is now as well as the case renders possible ; both the father and mother bear it with the most pious resignation. Some day or other you may see the letter, which I shall keep, for I have seldom read one so simply and deeply affecting. They have not yet heard directly from Colonel Gerard, only through a friend that his youngest boy had since lain ill of the same fever fourteen days ; it had taken a turn and his recovery was hoped for. On the whole, this account of Laura Alison's is a better one than I expected. The first shock has been weathered, and I trust God will support them under the sorrow He has sent, though a most bitter one indeed. Mrs. Gerard was the flower of their flock, the comfort and pride of their lives ; to her they looked, in case anything had happened to themselves, as the protectress of their youngest daughter, who is not much older than you. And one anecdote alone may show you that she could not be an everyday character. Professor Dugald Stewart is Mrs. Alison's dearest friend. He and his wife were so fond of her, and thought so highly of her, that before her marriage, when she was herself only about three-and-twenty, they acquainted her parents that should they die before their own daughter grew up, they had resolved to bequeath her to Montagu's care. I should not have dwelt thus on the subject if poor Laura's letter were not lying before me. The first impression of the event itself is now a little worn off. I own it did affect me very much, and besides it seemed to bring back many other painful things. I had once a cruel moment when under Colonel Gerard's roof in Scotland. He lived too within ten miles of poor



Bothwell. And oh! persons rose up to my view, words rang in my ears, the passages of twenty years past seemed to present themselves again, the happiness and enjoyment now at an end for ever. But all is hushed and quieted now, and I will talk of something else.

It is quite a satisfaction to me that you have had such comfort respecting Mrs. Holroyd. Your former account of her appeared so like the sinking of the flame in the socket that I almost wished to hear Lady Louisa and you had gone to her, not for her satisfaction, but your own. Sir Willm.'s having seen her is the same thing to all good purposes, and surely the report he brings is the utmost you can desire at her advanced age. I had a letter from Ly. Charlotte [Lindsay] dated the 24th, which pleased me very well on the whole in what she said of herself, and so tell Lady Sheffield, from whom I am sorry the snow thus disjoins you. Your grandfather, I suppose, does not mind the snow at all. Indeed the thaw is what one has most reason to fear for all old people.

As yet my two sisters are not materially the worse, either for the severity of the weather or its changes. You wish me at Paris with Mrs. Scott. I do not wish myself there, but her being there happy and amused is a great ease to my mind. Lady Charlotte says she finds the utmost comfort in her society. I have just been reading one of her journals to her sisters; she had attended *la chambre des députés* and heard some speakers, one of whom spoke extempore, tho' still in a theatrical tone, the rest from written papers, and all in a tragic chaunt like their own actors repeating rhyme. Thirty years, therefore, have not taught them to do anything but play at being a House of Commons: yet I believe in Cardinal de Retz's days and before they

had no such inability ; they were then not the affected people their Academy and Encyclopédistes have since made them.

A thousand thanks for your paper, it amuses me much, and I will not send it to Lord Sidmouth ; it would not induce me to relax but rather to increase every possible precaution. Mr. Stanley, after ridiculing all idea of danger, says it was likely the people should have met, and *natural* they should have *met armed*. If a great body of people met armed from whatever cause, natural or unnatural, I think it is wise to arm for the prevention of such a meeting, and not wait till you see whether they will be aggressors or defendants. The Government in the year '80 acted exactly upon the plan he seems to approve, and the town was near being burned about our ears in consequence. As for Lord Strathmore's statement, it was confirmed in one respect to an acquaintance of mine by very unexceptionable authority—that of one *Lady Hannah Ellice*. She told him, at a dinner where he met her, exactly what Lord Strathmore told the House of Lords, that her brother, Mr. Grey, had been forced to quit his living and remove his family to Newcastle for safety. Mr. Ellice, seemingly disturbed at her saying this, cried, "Oh, but you know your brother is an alarmist, he is easily frightened" (not, observe, he was not frightened and went for some other reason).—"No," returned she, "I don't know any such thing, nor do I think him at all that sort of person." This passed in *Ld. Queensberry's* presence. . . . I can likewise relate an anecdote of Mr. L., but wish it to go no further than Lady Louisa, because where matters of honour are concerned, women should beware of repeating what may tend to irritate men ; therefore do not let your grandfather get hold of it. Mr. W.

and Mr. L. agreed to pair off together for their mutual convenience. The former set out for Yorkshire in confidence that the latter would leave London the same day ; instead of which he has staid, I am told, and voted in Parlt. as before. Do you think it impossible that a man who would do this might a little wrest the truth for the sake of his party? I asked a person who knows him whether his statement was to be depended upon, and was answered, "No ; but possibly he believes it himself, for L. is of so imperious a temper that perhaps nobody dependent upon him dares tell him anything he does not like to hear."

All this while I have not said that I came hither (from Richmond) only yesterday. It is near two years since I have been here, and so many sad things have intervened, so many obstacles, that I was almost superstitious about it and thought it was not to be accomplished. Lady Montagu vows that she will write a postscript to convince you I am in good hands and quite well. As I have fairly told you what hindered my writing sooner, I shall hope you will write again quickly. Should your father be absent, you may enclose to Lord Montagu, and you see the direction. I trust Lady Louisa is pretty well, as you do not say the contrary. Always remember me to her, and believe me, afftely. yrs.,
L. S.

(P.S. by Lady Montagu.)

Lady Montagu thinks a word *of* Ly. Louisa will be acceptable to one who appears so very anxious about all concerning her. She has been painfully anxious about her friend, Mrs. Alison, after the shock of the loss of her daughter, but Ly. M. is happy to say she finds Ly. L. better than she expected, and flatters herself her

residence here will make her feel more and more comfortable. Ly. M. hopes some time or other chance may throw her in the way of Miss Clinton, whom she feels anxious to be better acquainted with, as their *tastes* in *one* respect appear very much alike.

LETTER XX.]

[The beginning of the letter refers to the death of Miss Holroyd (Aunt Serena), *ante*, p. 37.

On 28th January Miss Clinton says in her Diary—"A long letter from Lady Louisa, and one which, if I were not to read again, I never could forget. She could not give a greater proof of her nobleness of mind and affection than she does in the kind interest she feels, and the manner in which she gives her earnest yet gentle counsel."

The old house at Ditton Park, part of it dating from Cardinal Wolsey's time (who once resided there), was destroyed by fire in 1814 (see Scott's *Familiar Letters*, vol. i. p. 321). The curious old Library, or the greater part of it, was saved.

The arrangement of the books seems to have lasted for some years, as Lady Louisa and Sir Walter Scott corresponded about it in 1825. Sir Walter's letter of 21st February that year is so very interesting that it may be reprinted here. "And now about the matter of the library. I only petition you in judgment to remember mercy, and think how many antiquarian chops have slobbered over the fiery trial, the doleful *auto da fê*, held by the relentless Curate and Barber, how many pounds of pure gold would be cheerfully given for the *Casts*, to speak in horse jockey phrase, of the Don's library. Think of this, my dearest friend, and do not let your excellent judgment mislead you so far as to trust much to it in a matter where value depends on anything rather than sense and utility. Dread, my dear Lady Louisa, that in preferring some comely quarto to a shabby duodecimo, your Ladyship may be rejecting the *editio princeps*. Consider that in banishing some antiquated piece of polissonnerie, you may destroy the very work for which the author lost his ears two centuries since, and which has become almost priceless. Then there are so many reasons

for not parting with duplicates, for they may have a value in being tall, or a value in being short, or perhaps in having the leaves uncut, or some peculiar and interesting misprint in a particular passage, that there is no end to the risque of selection. So much for Bibliomania. But besides the whims of the book collectors, there are real and serious reasons why books should not be discarded, but with the utmost caution. Many, useless in themselves, are curious as marking manners. Many, neglected and run down when they appeared, and ill spoken of by contemporary critics, contain much, nevertheless, that is worthy of notice and preservation. These fall asleep like the chrysalis, and awaken to glitter in the sun of popularity like the butterfly. I firmly believe I could bring myself to send nothing to the bookstalls excepting school-books and ordinary editions of English Classics, and that should be done with great caution. I do not condemn banishment to the garret, or your Ladyship's more honourable species of relegation, as the civilians call it, by placing them on the upper shelves, which will have this additional advantage, that there may be some chance of getting an old antiquary's neck broken in clambering up to examine them. But actually parting with them is hazardous."—*Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 239-40.

The quotation from Racine is from *Athalie*, Act iv. Scene 3—part of the address of Joad the High Priest to King Joas.

Promettez sur ce livre, et devant ces Témoins
Que sévère aux mechans, et de bons le refuge,
Entre le pauvre et vous, vous prendrez Dieu pour juge,
Vous souvenant, mon fils, que caché sous le lin
Comme eux vous fûtes pauvre, et comme eux orphelin.]

*Gloucester Place, Wednesday evening,
26th Janry. [1820].*

My dear Louisa—Your letter of the 22nd was forwarded to me by Lady Montagu to-day. Before I left Ditton I had begun an answer to your former one of the 7th, but I could not finish, and burned it. The newspaper told me what had happened, therefore

you were much in my thoughts, and it hurt me not to tell you so, only I wanted time and composure of mind. I was employed in arranging and new classing the library, and glad to be relieved by that mechanical operation from painful thoughts that recurred whenever it was suspended. I know not whether you ever heard of Mrs. Hoare of Beckenham, poor Mrs. Weddell's dearest friend, and long, very long, through her an intimate of mine? When young, I sought the society of people older than myself, and of those to whose understanding I could look up. Mrs. Hoare was of the number, one of those distinguished persons whose abilities and attractions set them at the head of whatever society they belong to. She was the pillar and ornament of Mrs. Weddell's, her conversation was a feast, her taste in most respects a guide. Alas! she is gone, and that set of company is now a wreck, broken to pieces and deprived of what bound it together. I left her in town in perfect health. She wrote me an account of Mrs. Weddell (who is much the contrary) since the new year began. I answered her, and, when I expected a reply, came a letter from Mrs. Weddell herself, by which I found some great shock had happened to her; and by those she named as fellow-mourners, I came to the knowledge of what it was by degrees, for at first I hardly comprehended her meaning. However, I read over again your letter of the 7th, and only entered the more into your feelings, therefore began, as I said above, a letter I meant to finish last Monday. But Sunday brought me one from the medical man who attends my sister Lonsdale, informing me she had been less well, and so plainly implying alarm that I hastened to town on Monday intending to lodge myself at a hotel till my own house could be

made ready. My servants, however, exerted themselves, and I was able to sleep in my own bed without catching cold. Lady L. is better, but still far from well, having had a good deal of fever. Lockley hopes to bring her through it. Yet, as she wants only a few days of eighty-two, there must be fear as well as hope, and meanwhile I stay here, in an unsettled, uncomfortable manner. The Montagus urged me to promise I would return if easy about her. I know not what I may do. At present that moment is not quite come, so there is no choice to be made.

Thursday.—My sister is considerably better to-day, and now I go on to answer your letters. I am glad, my dear Lou, that you do feel a satisfaction in opening your heart to me, where all you confide is safe, and where, you may be assured, your cares and sorrows are not contemned. I have entered into the full meaning of every word you say, and only wonder that at so early an age you should already have acquired so painful a knowledge of the different strings that pull and rend the heart. How well I understand that expression in your first letter, “that you would give years of life to see her face and hear her voice once more!” I wished you could have been thus gratified, had there existed a possibility of it without Lady Louisa’s going too. But so trying a scene might have shaken her more severely than you are aware ; and when you tell me now of the profound peace and comfort of the departure from life, who could have desired that these should have been disturbed and the mind ruffled by agitation or regret? After the first pangs are over you will be sensible how thankful you ought to be that such was the blessed end of one so dear to you, full of days and honour, nothing to embitter it, nothing to draw the heart aside from its

animating hopes of passing into unspeakable felicity. These considerations will in time soften grief and render the recollection of her pleasing, though melancholy. And alas! when once the constitution gives way at so great an age, it is impossible to guess what evils may follow, what suffering of body and failure of mind. The last is of all things most grievous to behold (or hear of) in one we have loved and respected.

With respect to —, I shall not deny having a very precise comprehension of the state of the case, and therefore I am not going to blame you for not feeling what you cannot feel; only be watchful over yourself, my dear girl, and guard against the sort of disgusts which it is too natural for a character so opposite to your own to inspire. I will speak with the fullest confidence. I know what it is full well to live with those who no more understand me, and by whom I am no more understood, than if we spoke a different language. And on this point of *feeling* differently, have I too frequently erred in a manner I shall for ever regret, by indulging either anger or scorn against those who ran pins into me, often without knowing it. At the moment I thought myself justly provoked, but remorse ensued long, long after, when there was no recalling the past. One person very near to me in blood is as precisely my contrary in every thought and inclination as yours. One of the best-tempered and best-natured people on earth, all its inhabitants are nearly alike to her, and tho' she has called many her friends, I never saw her in real affliction for the loss of one. Even if affected for half an hour, she can talk of them next day as tho' they had been dead years, and she cannot comprehend why you should shrink more at the name of one dear to you. Now she is no more

blameable for this than for having different-coloured eyes from me. If I loved music passionately I should not be angry with a person who had no ear, but say nature made her so. Yet often, often have I been angry, have I been insolent to this one of whom I speak, for being what nature made her, and what she cannot help. I tell it you that you may take warning and avoid the self-reproaches I have incurred. Keep it ever in your mind that —— is thus made, and you have no right to find fault with [her]. For what remains, I am so far from advising you to put a force upon yourself and open your heart to her on any distressing occasion, that I beseech you to avoid carefully the sort of irritation which the least approach to doing so would infallibly occasion. Do not oppose her, do not dispute with her ; give way gently (for, thank God ! warm as your heart is, you have a better temper than I), and, as you say yourself, try to suspend thinking in her presence. Do not provoke discussion on painful subjects, compel yourself to talk to her on those most indifferent, the animals, the garden ; it will do you good, as rummaging the books at Ditton did me, by deadening the sense of pain ; and if it proceeds from a real Christian-like wish to conciliate . . . , and a resolution to bear with her, you will feel a self-satisfaction after the effort is over. I am preaching a forbearance I have not practised, do not practise yet ; but then I can best tell the stings of conscience which are the consequence of acting otherwise. When the person is no more, as may shortly be the case, if I do not go first, those stings will operate tenfold. In short, remember that sublime line in Racine, addressed to a sovereign—

Entre le pauvre et vous, vous prendrez Dieu pour juge.

We should do the same with our inferiors of every kind—those below us in intellect, those below us in that warmth of enthusiasm or of sensibility which we cannot but look upon as something that exalts others, and therefore we must feel as exalting ourselves. Oh, that I had done the tenth part of what I am counselling you to do! But, dearest Lou, I would fain have the unmerited affection you bestow on me turn to some little use for yourself. As my friends drop off one by one, believe me I often think of it as what Heaven has been pleased to raise up for me to cast a ray of sunshine on the gloom of my latter days. Poor Mrs. Preston used to say I was this unexpected boon of comfort to her, and perhaps she was permitted to bequeath you to me for the same purpose. Do, for Lady Louisa's sake, command yourself, strive to amuse and interest her, and let me soon hear from you again. I will write to Ly. Sheffield soon, the occasion demanding an inquiry after Lord S., altho' I imagine his feelings are too far blunted to be much wrung by the loss of one (Serena) he was not likely to see again. I am grieved to hear she has had St. Anthony. I fear it requires all the uncommon sweetness of her nature to bear those worries you speak of. Well, adieu, for I can scarce see to write any longer, which informs me five o'clock must be at hand.—Ever afftely. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER XXI.]

[The letter from Sir Walter Scott that Lady Louisa speaks of is printed in his *Life* among those describing the death of his mother in December 1819. Lady Louisa's statement that he did not *tell* her whether he wrote *Ivanhoe* was correct *literally*, as will be seen on referring to his words; but Lady Louisa had been trusted with the great secret for five years past. When the confession was made by Sir Walter publicly in 1827, Lady

Louisa tells Miss Clinton that Sir Walter had owned it to her early in 1815. Lord and Lady Montagu had also known it, but neither Lady Louisa discovered they knew it, nor they that Lady Louisa did till 1827.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay's *ci-devant* mistress means Queen Caroline, to whom she, as well as her sister Lady Glenbervie, had been ladies-in-waiting. See Lord Brougham's *Life*.

There is an article on Hayti in the *Quarterly Review* for 1819.]

[Addressed]

London, February ten, 1820.

Miss Clinton,
Clinton Lodge,
Uckfield,

T. Knox. Sussex.

Gloucester Place, Wednesday evening,
[10th February 1820].

It is very kind in you to write so much to me, dear Lou, and you may claim thanks instead of making such humble apologies. Before I answer your last letter (which one is always tempted to do first) I have a word to say to the other of Jany. 28th, because it really pained me, by showing you did not, or would not, understand what I had said to you from my heart, in full sincerity and real confidence, acknowledging what my conscience too often says to me. Your taking it as merely a delicate way of conveying advice and encouragement, like the Admiral's heartening the midshipman, only betrays that you cherish a delusion which you cannot bear to have dispelled, and that if you could once know me as I really am, your regard would vanish along with your enthusiasm. Poor Mrs. Preston knew my faults full well and mildly strove to correct them. That, knowing them, she could still retain a value for me, rendered her esteem worth having; but your superlative notions mortify and humiliate me, indeed

they do. The phantom you worship bears me scarce any resemblance. Consciousness of having throughout my life allowed warm feelings and an impetuous temper to overweigh duty, made me, with pain enough, warn you against the same error, to which I saw you had the same temptation, or greater. Do not, my dear girl, persist in disbelieving me, for this is tacitly avowing that if you were forced to believe, you feel you should hate me; and as the truth has been drawn from me for your sake, with a design of doing you what little real benefit I can, it would be a hard return. I had no congenial mind in my own family, excepting a beloved mother's; I sought friends out of it, gradually learned to detach myself from it, and by that means have ever been a better friend than relation—all for want of letting duty prevail over inclination, the very purpose for which we were sent into the world.

But no more on the subject. Now for your second letter. I was particularly glad to receive it, being anxious to know something of Lady Sheffield, whose St. Anthony [erysipelas] my lord had mentioned in a note that accompanied some game. I am sorry to say (but do not tell her) that Mrs. Scott wrote me no very good account of Lady Charlotte about a fortnight ago. She suffered much from the blood rushing to her head, and her spirits were terribly depressed. I hope the bilious attack Lady Sheffield mentioned might be later, and give her relief. Otherwise the bustle her *ci-devant* mistress will probably contrive to make will not tend to cheer her, nor, I fear, tempt her to return home. Nobody yet knows, however, what course that lady is to take or what is to be taken with her.

My sister Lonsdale has rather lost ground than gained it within this last week, and continues in so

feeble a state that my returning to Ditton is out of the question.

Thursday morning.

I always forgot to tell you I did what I could for Rebecca Turner, but everybody answered me that there was no occasion to canvass for her, as she was recommended on all sides. Do not let anything make you like that wicked fairy you mention, she does mischief wherever she comes, and it is not safe to speak before her, which I could prove to you if I had a mind. I wish she were Mrs. Bodkin, provided Mr. Bodkin would keep her safe in the city and never let her visit our end of the town again. I am very glad you have enjoyed the court of Hayti, much the best part of the book in my opinion. I only barred your reading it out of propriety and for fear the other Lady Louisa should be scandalised ; pray tell her so. My own notions are that comical books rarely do harm, unless when they try to throw ridicule on sacred subjects ; and, I am tempted to say, “ have fixed principles deeply rooted, and then read what you please.” I agree with her that Tardif de Courtrac, tho’ always clever, is sometimes very tedious, especially in America, from one’s indifference respecting the subject. For *Ivanhoe*, make yourself easy, I am its sincere partisan and Rebecca’s devoted admirer. I would rather the templar had burst a blood-vessel, because that is really often the effect of a conflict of violent passions, and tho’ they may bring on an apoplexy also, it is not apt to ensue so immediately. What did I say against charming ? I do not recollect. Was not it *sweet* ? Whoever converses with Scotch people learns to be sick of that ; but it could never be applied to Rebecca. The Lady Rowena, bating her pride of birth and habit of having her own way, is pretty much “ a sweet woman.” In

short, the book has many faults, and one likes it with them all, which is the only way in which human beings or their productions can be fairly and truly liked. Otherwise one's eyes are blinded, and one may as well fall in love with the ass's head, like Titania, as with anything else. Perhaps I could wish Athelstane had not been made such a buffoon-character, or revived to so little purpose. I know not what Prince Leopold will say to it. He had a bad cold, and Sir Robert Gardiner went to keep him company and read *Ivanhoe* to him last Saturday. He was so delighted he would not let him leave off till one in the morning, and entered with the zeal of a contemporary into the Saxon cause. Your castle in the air respecting him is exactly mine ; I would have him breed up the heiress, if heiress she should be. Her father [the Duke of Kent] has made her mother sole guardian, therefore in all probability this will be the case if the Clarences have children ; but if not, I believe the law gives the reigning sovereign (very justly) a power of interfering. King William assumed that of directing the Duke of Gloucester's education, and George I. took his grandchildren absolutely away from their parents. I should be sadly afraid our present ruler might place his own people about a child so circumstanced ; however, the mother and her brother would most likely sway its mind notwithstanding. If the paper to-day speaks truth about the King's sending for the Duke of Sussex, he begins as he should do, for no one's behaviour can have been worse. But they (the newspapers) make me absolutely sick with the stuff they insert about his poor father, sometimes absolutely false, sometimes stories caught by the tail, twisted and blundered, till the original teller could not know them again. Amongst others there is an anecdote

about the late Lord Bateman, converted into a wretched pun, the origin of which was a very striking and affecting circumstance, which I myself heard his wife relate the day after it passed. Again we are told that the King heard by chance of an old gentlewoman of the name of Delany in distress, and made some provision for her, but on Lady Harcourt's representation that it was not enough, he added a handsome annuity, etc. All in *charity*, you would think—the old *gentlewoman* (who by-the-bye was *née Granville* and the last of that noble family) had been familiarly known to the K. and Q. for several years, and peculiarly the object of their respect and affection, when, on the death of her friend the Duchess of Portland, they gave her a house at Windsor and devoted themselves to her comfort like a son and daughter. She was past eighty and quite blind. Lady Harcourt never saw her in her life till thus installed as their favourite. These awkward praises provoke me more than if they abused him, bringing him down to their own vulgar standard. It will indeed be difficult ever to hear “God save the King” without thinking of that excellent man. But I cannot be in the least a Jacobite until you convince me that any of the Stuarts, on the throne or off of it, had half his worth. Charles the First, I believe, was a good man, and what staunch Whigs call his tyranny and encroachments on liberty, though the people were quite right to resist them if they could, I cannot consider as criminal in the successor of Elizabeth, who, from her example, and that of her immediate predecessors, father and grandfather, must have considered himself as exercising his incontestable rights. But he had not the overflowing benevolence of George III., nor the firmness in what he thought right. Our poor King would never have

consented to the execution of Strafford, nor gone to bishops and casuists to know whether if he made a treaty he should be bound in conscience to keep his word. As for the father and the two sons, do you think one could have been attached to them? And the Pretenders James and Charles I take to have been poor creatures, below criticism. Even *Waverley* only describes the latter as handsome and well bred, but what more? Nor would they have had a single adherent in England had the reigning family been English, or even tried to adopt English manners, which none of them did till he, poor man! came to the throne. His father attempted it a little, calling his daughters *Lady* Augusta, *Lady* Elizabeth, as was the old custom here, but being really a German at heart, could not carry it thro'. And the old King (as I was used to call George II.) piqued himself on his dislike and contempt for the country. "You English are none of you well bred, because you was not whipped when you was young," said he to Sarah, Dss. of Marlborough, at their first interview. "Umph," said she, as she told the story, "I thought to myself, I am sure *you* were not whipped when you were young."

Your observation on the *Waverley* novels is perfectly just; instead of misleading one concerning the true history, or giving one a distaste for it, they make one relish it the better. Whereas Mrs. Radcliffe's, for example, always abound with the most disgusting species of anachronism, the polished manners and sentimental cant of modern times put in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The enlightened philosophy likewise! young ladies arguing with their maids against their belief of ghosts and witches, when a judge durst not have expressed his doubts of either upon the bench. This *palavering* style has crept into history through Miss

Aitken, the language of whose memoirs of Elizabeth is so suited to modern notions that Mrs. Scott has said it reminded her of Puddingfield's newspaper¹ in the anti-Jacobin German play. "Magna Charta was signed on Friday three weeks, and their Majesties, after partaking of a cold collation, returned to Windsor." I have had a letter from Walter Scott lately; he does not tell me whether he wrote *Ivanhoe*, but he makes as interesting a story from the events of his own family, with which he seems deeply affected, especially at the death of his mother, a very old lady, whom he describes as a most uncommon one. She was struck with a palsy; her brother, a physician, getting into his carriage the same day, dropped down dead; and a maiden sister, much younger, died suddenly, ignorant of both events. But alas! *she* had three nieces living with her: the eldest was so overpowered that the shock took away the use of her limbs, the youngest fell ill and died in her arms, and she has remained speechless ever since. He says I can hardly conceive the melancholy feeling of seeing the family burial-place opened four times within so short a space, amid the same group of surviving relations. But his mother appears to have sat nearest his heart. He had just put his eldest son in the army, and he says her last words to him were, "that as his life now belonged in a particular manner to his king and country, he should think himself peculiarly bound not to endanger his health by idle dissipation." This is true metal, is it not? Adieu, dear Lou, the post is near going out. I have had the Macleods in town, and Lady Gardiner is staying to lie in, so it has given me some little variety. Mrs. Knox was brought to bed of a daughter yesterday at her father's house. Remember

¹ See Canning's *Rovers*, Act ii. Scene 2.

me to Lady Louisa and Lord and Lady Sheffield, and once more Adieu.—Yours ever, L. S.

Pray write again soon without scruples or excuses, for it will be charity.

LETTER XXII.]

[The date of the arrest of the Cato Street conspirators was 23rd February.

The quotation “Je crains Dieu, etc.,” is from Racine’s *Athalie*, Act i. Scene 1—part of Joad’s speech.

Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte
Je crains Dieu, etc.]

Friday evening (25th February 1820)
[*Gloucester Place*].

I did not mean to leave your letter a week unanswered, my dear Lou, but so it has been, and no matter for whys and wherefores. One from me will perhaps be doubly welcome now if you know where Cato Street, John Street, etc., lie, for you may think I was alarmed by the catastrophe of Wednesday night happening so near. On the contrary, I knew no more of it than you did at Clinton Lodge. Lady Emily Macleod dined with me that day (Lady Gardiner being quite well), and we sat together most peaceably in the little back room you know so well, little suspecting the horrors taking place in the neighbourhood. Cross, whose station is to the front, perceived the Life Guards were on the alert, and suspected that something was the matter, but as she is not of that description of servants who run straight open-mouthed to tell you whatever can vex or alarm, she kept it to herself till the newspaper came in with the whole story next day. And a fearful one it is, tho’ the discovery most fortunate. Probably they have not yet got at the root of the

matter, since it was the first day the ruffians had assembled at that place, bringing their arms with them in sacks, therefore there must have been some other dépôt elsewhere; and no money was found upon any of them, although pistols, swords, hand grenades, and ammunition can as little be procured without it as any other commodity. All this is so unlike old England one wonders where one is. Yet I will name one quarter of the kingdom it does not seem unlike,—the neighbourhood of Manchester—which I must say struck me exactly as it does your Aunt Stanley, though I had no fair broad lands and deep salt-pits to preserve, and when I saw it radicalism was yet unborn. Not even Luddism had then peeped forth, nor was there more reason to think that part of the country disaffected than any other. I think it might be in the year two that I set out to travel through Lancashire to the Lakes, but a festive meeting held once in fifty years called the *Preston Guild* rendered this impracticable. I found every town would be crowded, every house engaged, and giving up my scheme, I crossed from Manchester to Halifax, right through what has now been the disturbed districts—the famous *Oldham*, my first stage. There I remember there was not a horse to be had : I waited two or three hours till the Manchester ones were able to crawl on, a wake or feast being held at the inn and no room of it unoccupied. This is not pleasant, but usually a gay, cheerful scene ; the rustics, even if a little tipsy, look merry and happy, and it does not enter one's head to be afraid of them. On the contrary, I thought I never had seen so savage, so surly, so *dark* a looking set as these festive *Oldhamites* : there was something in their faces that made one shudder. I crept out and strolled up and down the town, whose inhabitants

seemed all of the same description. I said to myself, "These are people who would be fit for any mischief," and I rejoiced to escape the scowling looks they cast on me. Pretty similar were all the villages on my route ; and tho' I found Halifax a very fine town, I hardly ever met with such rudeness and insolence as at the inn—in Yorkshire, where civility and hospitality reign in the merest alehouse ! I am no coward, yet they made me so feel that I was an unprotected woman that they fairly bullied me into going to another town which was not in my road, sulkily saying their horses should *not* go to the one which was, though they condescended to assign no reason. I grew frightened at their tone, and submitted. Whenever I have since heard of disturbances and reformists in that region, the crew at Oldham and the voices at Halifax become present to me. For Manchester, I arrived at one o'clock in the morning, tumbled into bed forthwith, and can only say that when I awaked I thought it lucky that my fatigue and the imperfect light had kept me from perceiving what a very dirty, disgusting place I was to sleep in. And the impertinence of Manchester innkeepers used to be proverbial twenty years before that, as well as their impositions. Indeed, this is usually the case in all great manufacturing towns. Still I do not wonder that gratitude and goodness are found in the real peasantry, even under the walls of such places : they are a perfectly distinct class. The manufacturers being often, in fact, strangers, for they send hundreds of pauper children from the London parishes (that of Marybone in particular) to the cotton-mills every year, and these, though young in years, may already be experienced in depravity. To return to our radicals here, a person likely to be well informed told me to-day that Government had intima-

tion of their intentions two months ago, when they had the same scheme of massacring the cabinet ministers at a dinner at Lord Westmorland's, but these eluded the police and escaped being surprised. It was the very day of the Spanish Amb's fête, when the mob were so uncommonly riotous and so openly insulted the Regent. Thistlewood was seen by a police officer among them, but perceiving himself observed, instantly vanished.

I have myself had a letter from Lady Charlotte since I wrote to you, and by that I should hope the depression, which Mrs. Scott spoke of as the worst part of the complaint, was dispelled, for she writes cheerfully, but she mentions her illness as only kept under, not gone. I wish she would now think of returning to England, though I am half afraid that when she does she will feel the void made by her poor nephew's death even more than she has yet done. Her letter was written on the day of the Duc de Berri's assassination, which she mentions in a postscript added the next . . . Oh yes! I do hate marches of ages, and all that vile *slang*, as bad taste, independent of its moral consequences. Nothing corrupts our language so much as using words in the French sense instead of the English one. *Marcher* means simply walking: "to march," something so different that the *march* of an age totally alters their metaphors: *la marche du siècle* being the quiet progression of "th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time," instead of its measured, pompous strut.

I enter feelingly into all you say of Lady Louisa, but though I can hardly wish you to be less anxious on the subject than you are, I believe the love of a mother so powerful, so excelling all other love, that I could venture to affirm there is nothing so near her heart as your happiness, therefore you need not scruple to enjoy

whatever portion Providence is still pleased to allow you, but be sure that it is reflected back upon her, and gratifies her more than any other pleasure could do. And I always hope that by degrees, if her health improves, you may be able to intice her more into society. Mrs. Knox is going on well. Lady Gardiner, who was brought to bed the same week, *ditto*. I cannot say much for my poor sister Lonsdale, who continues nearly in the same state, and I fear suffers more discomfort and uneasiness (not pain) than in any of her former illnesses, for habitual cheerfulness and love of society has in a great degree forsaken her. Her room is never hot at any time, so you need not fear my being inconvenienced by that, nor am I ever long together in it, though I see her every day, for she does not like to have anybody sit with her for more than a short time, but grows tired and wishes them away. Lady Macartney has almost resolved to go to Brighton again in spring, the feebleness in her limbs having (alas!) returned with increase.

All this *modern* history has almost made me forget to answer you about more ancient. I can never allow that Charles the First's assent to the attainder of Strafford had anything to do with the age he lived in, whatever consulting casuists might have—it is a thing a weak character would have done at all times, and a strong one (if likewise good) at none. In ours, refusing the royal assent would have been twenty times more difficult, yet I believe George III. would have done it, going straight forward to a right point, and leaving the rest to the disposal of God. "*Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.*"

I finish this Saturday morning. Give my love to Lady Sheffield and write again soon—always remembering me to Lady Louisa.—Ever afftely. yrs., L. S.

LETTER XXIII.]

[William Stuart, who franks this letter, was the eldest son of Lady Louisa's brother the Archbishop of Armagh. He was just two and twenty. Sir John Stanley was the father of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley.]

[Addressed]

London, March twenty-three, 1820.

Miss Clinton,
Clinton Lodge,
Uckfield,

W. Stuart. Sussex.

Gloucester Place,

Wednesday, March 22 [1820].

My dear Louisa—I was going to upbraid you for your long silence, and to ask whether you thought I grudged sixpence during this interregnum of franks, but on looking over your last letter I perceive it must have been an answer to one of mine, and therefore I am the defaulter. However it may be, I have intended writing these ten days, though something has always intervened to put it off. April approaches, and I hope you will turn your faces towards London one and all, for I presume even my Lord [Sheffield] will have settled his Fletching constables by that time. My sister M. [Macartney] goes to Brighton a fortnight hence, but positively refuses to let me bear her company, so you are pretty sure of finding me here. Indeed near the end of next month I have some hopes of Miss Murray's coming up and being my guest. Lady Lonsdale has been going on better in the main for some time, and now that the weather rather improves, she can sometimes get an airing, which is very beneficial to her.

Thursday.—Thus far had I written yesterday, when twenty interruptions put an end to it for the morning, and your letter arrived. A thousand thanks for it, and

for Sir John Stanley's speech, which I like very much, though I own I think he gives a little into common-place towards the end, when he says the French Revolution would never have happened if so and so—forgetting that the unfortunate sovereign under whom it did happen was religious, moral, and virtuous to the highest degree, solely attached to his own wife,—and it was an old observation that a wife, a Queen's having any influence over her husband was a thing the French at no time could bear—it ever made the government unpopular; but to the most unbounded sway of a profligate mistress they submitted cheerfully as a matter of course. It is true your uncle varies the phrase and says the *Court* of Louis 16. Well then, the Court—the present King, when young, was even ridiculed for his total indifference to the ladies; the next brother was a man of gallantry, as most young princes are, but in no scandalous or degrading manner. Who among them was an example of eminent vice and profligacy? Why, truly, Philip of Orleans, the man who himself effected the revolution; he and his crew were, I believe, vicious beyond measure and without shame. Then, alas! I am older than Sir John, and well remember when those very virtues of our excellent King which are now the subject of panegyric were that of such extreme ridicule with Mr. Fox and his party; remember how much that ridicule influenced his son; what a good joke it was that he would have his coat made (ill enough) by a vulgar English tailor, what a still better that he would be constant to so ugly a woman as the Queen. The conduct, which really proceeded from the firmest principles, was then sneered at as a proof of wanting an enlarged and liberal mind. He was allowed to be mighty good, in a tone implying the notion of his

being what you call a poor creature. And there were *some hopes* of the Prince, when he spent four or five thousand pounds upon snuff-boxes and shoe-buckles the first year ; youthful follies—very allowable—it showed spirit that he could not conform to the dullness of his father's court. Aye, aye ! something might be made of *him*. This was the current language of some of those who yet survive to rail at his want of economy, and now wish to contrast him with his father. One might say to them : “ If the latter's exemplary character *had* any effect on the manners of the age, it was in spite of *you* ; and if the former did not strive to be like him, who took pains to prevent it ? ” There is a part of Sir John's speech I think quite beautiful, that which describes the sensation of vacancy ; and his waiving any observations of a political nature is extremely judicious. But I confess I am of opinion that if George 3 had reigned over the French, they would have used him no better than they did Louis 16.

I must acknowledge I should have been for Cavendish and Stanley against Curteis and Horrocks ; but everything must have a beginning. It is pleasant to see with what secret disdain Lord Burghley—a new man, originally a Curteis or Horrocks—speaks of birth ; which, he says, “ is nothing but ancient riches,”—and then to consider how we think of the Cecils, and they of themselves. And Cavendish and Cecil are much on a par. Not so Stanley, I grant ; your York and Lancaster families might have told Lord Burghley that birth was ancient valour, and he might have replied something about savages and tyrants. So it is best to waive all these controversies. This reminds me of *Ivanhoe*. I take the introduction of Scripture phrases to be neither intentional profaneness in the author nor carelessness, but

adherence to the strict letter of the time he describes. It was their constant language. They had few books to read, and they quoted *à tort et à travers* the one they knew, just as in the 17th century they did the Classics. Even Jeremy Taylor cannot bid us do as we would be done by without bringing in a passage from Plato or Homer. And *vice versâ* the monks could not order their dinner without Scripture authority. The reading scarcely anything else had the same effect on the Puritans.

I have not read the Edinburgh Magazine¹ you mention, but if it attacks Walter Scott (or whoever it may be) for a design to ridicule the priesthood, it is as unjust as if they said the Templar and De Bracey were intended to render the character of a soldier odious.

I shall not enclose this to the member for Newark, because just at present the greatest favour one can do the member for Armagh is to employ him in franking a letter—it is a pleasure correspondent to that with which a boy puts on his first regimentals. But he must learn to mind other business than franking if he has a mind to stay in Parliament, and I heartily wish he may. Meanwhile his constituents were so pleased that they sent the Primate word it need not be called a close borough, for there was not a man in it unwilling to elect his son. This is because the father does do their business; though, if the son neglects it, they may change their minds. And laziness is terribly the order of the day with young gentlemen, although, to be candid, I do not think them as fond of mischief as the same class were forty years ago. I did mean to have said more on various subjects, but I somehow am not in tune for writing to-day, and must conclude. By your

¹ See *Scots Magazine*, vol. lxxxv. pp. 54-61.

not mentioning Lady Louisa's health I trust it is at least not worse than usual. Remember [me] most kindly to her, and believe me ever afftely. yours,

Pray never scruple writing.

L. S.

LETTER XXIV.]

*Gloucester Place, Thursday,
April 13 [1820].*

My dear Lou—I have been very willing to answer your letter, but really not able, the cold in my head having continued so heavy that it made writing quite disagreeable, but I was not otherwise ill. I will first answer your last letter, as that you probably remember best. *The Monastery* was a great treat during the aforesaid cold, yet I am afraid I must so far concur with the multitude as to like it less well than any of its predecessors, tho' not to run it down altogether, call it very poor and very tiresome, and pronounce that at length the author has written himself quite *down*—he had better have done, never write again any more, etc. For this is the common cry. You will be as surprised as indignant, since you have not seen enough of the world to know the full extent and influence of that evil principle, envy. There is a species of jealousy, fortunately very rare, which will not endure the object of its regard to like anything but itself. Old Mrs. Iremonger's first husband, Mr. Dunbar, was said to have been put out of humour for a week by her expressing an admiration of Louis Quatorze, when she read his history by Voltaire. But the same sort of envy is extremely common, envy of superior merit in any way, ever so far apart from interfering with one's own pretensions. That the praises and success of Walter Scott should be wormwood to Daniel H., who scribbles himself, I consider as

pardonable, because I know old women who hate the Duke of Wellington, and delight in picking up every spiteful story that can lower his character, just as if he were their own personal rival or enemy; and, again, people who never wrote a line in their lives, yet would rejoice in a blind story that Scott found one of his poems in some nameless person's old chest, or that the Lord knows who helped Byron to write his beginning of *Childe Harold*. The least falling off in an admired author is hailed with secret delight by the whole crew whom this blessed passion inspires, and accordingly they set up a general *crow* over *The Monastery*. My opposite feeling is a little mortification at not finding it a thing as impossible to lay down as *Ivanhoe*. However, I agree with you that there is the usual interest in the characters, and the usual painting which makes one perfectly and personally acquainted with each. In short, I accede to almost everything you say on the subject, except that I believe I am rather more tired of Sir Piercie. He is correct as a picture of his time. Queen Bess herself wrote the same language when, instead of bidding Sir Henry Sydney *burn her letter*, she said, "Commit it solely to Vulcan's base keeping." Ben Jonson's plays are full of it, and Shakespear puts it into the mouth of Osrick in *Hamlet*, and most of the characters in *Love's Labour's Lost*. But for this very reason we dislike those plays, and we skip over those parts. And the bodkin and tailorship I protest against, as savouring very strongly of the incidents in modern comedies (of the Morton and Reynolds school) introduced expressly to please the galleries. I am afraid I must call this positive bad taste, and by-the bye so is the revival of Athelstane in *Ivanhoe*, a blemish I would give something to blot out. What, on the contrary,

pleases me particularly, the delicacy of Sir Piercie towards Mysie, and, indeed, the purity of a better age, so well manifested, ought to have saved him from being in a manner hissed off the stage. Cervantes never would have tossed Don Quixote in a blanket, nor did he allow any profane eyes to triumph over the hole in his stocking. The white lady herself is degraded by knowing that tailors use bodkins, and being a party in the vulgar joke against them. For her healing wounds and digging graves there is nothing to be said. I dare-say she did exist in some legend or other, but healing a real wound is something too strong. I wish she had only cast a *glamour*, as she appears to have done when Christie supposed he had slain father Eustace, and the father was unconscious of a wound, whereas Sir Piercie is to all intents and purposes run thro' the body. When all is said and done, I cry "more meat!" like the ghost to King Jamie, and shall be very thankful for three volumes more of conclusion. If inferior to their own kindred, they are far beyond any other family. Yet I would not be a Struldbrug under three volumes a month at the very least. Nor would you, if you reflected a moment on the condition.

I can say neither a little word nor a great one about any work of mine. I finished that you saw in the autumn, and it is in Lady Gardiner's possession. Then I began a shawl, but have not once touched it in this year 1820. Now I go back to your former letter of 30th March and thank you for your Barriana. Mr. Barr's friends have been practising as well as preaching in Scotland. Lady Sheffield told me the other day that a gentleman said to your grandfather, the Cato Street conspiracy was certainly a dreadful thing, and struck everybody so; all ranks of people seemed to feel the

same horror of it. Lord S. went out of the room, and the same gent. continued to her—"It is very odd how they could have got together so many arms; the truth must have been that they were supplied with them by Government." She named no names, but, as it could not be Mr. Barr, I suspect it belongs to the Wakefield-iana—do not you think so? She said she looked in his face, and asked whether he took her for a Radical. So you see Government can persuade its tools to be hanged and transported quietly for its sake, a stretch beyond the Prince of the Assassins of yore. I have a few lines to-day from Miss Murray, who is at Bothwell; she said, when it came to the push, fewer turned out than the Radicals expected, but there still appears to be a frightful spirit, which it must at best take a long time to overcome. No positive tidings of her own coming, nor any time fixed. I remember Sir Wm.'s account of the dinner he gave Ferdinand. I am afraid the Spaniards are too closely allied with the French, setting up a democratical republic with a nominal king, and a numerical (*alias* radical) representation, the end of which must be anarchy, and the final end despotism in another shape. We did not reduce our king to a cypher and a shadow at the Revolution, but sent away the individual king whom we could not trust, and kept the dignity of the crown inviolate. Assuredly they had better have made Ferdinand retire into a convent, or shipped him off to South America, and set another prince on the throne. No good can come of such a constitution and such a head. With regard to the poor Highlanders, I am quite of your mind, but don't tell. If necessary to be done, it should be done by the slowest degrees, and with every attention to their feelings and prejudices. I have a right by law to call up all my

servants and bid them walk out of my house before night, no matter whether one has lived with me five-and-twenty years, another thirty ; it is my right ; but if I look into the Bible, I find it would be as wicked an action as many others for which the law would punish me. And surely where people have occupied their dwellings for many generations, the case is still stronger ; but don't tell—as I have no land I should be held a democrat in my turn, or a visionary that viewed the thing in a poetical light, which is yet worse. I have exhausted all my leisure and must conclude. I rather think of going to Ditton next week, and shall be about ten days or a fortnight out of town—most happy to find you when I return. Wish me joy ! Capt. and Mrs. Scott are returned, and I hope to meet her at Montagu House to-day, and well, tho' she had a cruelly painful illness at Paris. I have time to add no more, but kind remembrances to Lady Louisa.—Yrs. ever afftely.,
L. S.

LETTER XXV.]

Wroxton Abbey, now Lord North's, was at this time the property of Lord Guilford, Lady Sheffield's brother.

*Ditton Park,
Monday, July 24 [1820].*

Forgive me, dear Lou, for being rather tardy in answering your letter, which, however, I was very glad to receive. Miss Murray and I have been here since Thursday, and go to-morrow to the Duchess of Buccleuch at Richmond, when Lord Douglas and his daughters likewise move hence to Petersham. What I shall do afterwards I scarcely know myself. My nieces are gone to Danesfield, and want me to join them there

before they leave it, but I cannot go immediately. I may in ten days or a fortnight hence. The Duchess has her home empty now, and I can be within reach of all these people and with Miss Murray. The Queen, the eternal Queen, will bring up three or four of her Grace's sons-in-law, and they will be backwards and forwards and take up the room. Lord Douglas means to attend—in short, must, if he can. You say Lord Sheffield does, whose great age would give him a sufficient excuse. This prevents my thinking of Sheffield Place in August, for I doubt his coming up without Lady Sheffield, and I would rather (as you wish) come when I can stay three or four weeks than make a short visit. At what time does Ly. S. think of going to Wroxton? In September?—Always *sauf le bon plaisir de sa M. la reine*—for that is the first point to be provided for now, directly or indirectly concerning everybody. I doubt very much whether very old men or invalides will be able to attend, but certainly it is right they should try. Perhaps your grandfather, after showing himself one day, may request the indulgence of the house, and he certainly will obtain it. Should this happen and he return to Sh. Pl. you may see me there in August still. I should be glad of intelligence respecting all these likelihoods when you can give it me. These days spent here have been inwardly depressing to me: to be under the same roof with so many of *them*, see the Bothwell faces, hear the voices, makes one so painfully feel the void, the want, and keeps Bothwell so constantly in my mind and memory, that I can scarcely stand it. This I say in confidence, for it has forced its way—but I will not dwell upon it, rather turn to your letter and see what I can find to answer. I am glad

your garden engages you as much as ever : there is no estimating the value of those simple natural pleasures, as long as they can be retained ; which is only as long as the mind retains its best qualities, and is undisturbed by violent passion, unshaken by cruel affliction. For the question on which you hope I should have voted in the minority, I am afraid I might not, yet I acknowledge that in the first view of the question it looks as if one ought ; but there comes what I always preach and you very naturally are not inclined to practise—pause and look at *both sides*, otherwise you will constantly be carried off by the first plausible statement you hear, and even in danger of being swept along by a *mania*. You probably have not attended to this trifling circumstance, that Lord Erskine himself admits the necessity of reserving the power of producing any other witnesses to repel what the Q.'s might allege. Do not you see, upon consideration, that this is consenting that Trinculo should be viceroy, provided Stephano be viceroy over him? It makes the whole demand nugatory, since the most material witnesses would infallibly be reserved for that occasion. If *all* are not named, there is little use in giving the names of any. The law which gives persons accused of treason the privilege of having a list of witnesses, forbids that any should be brought against them not included in that list. And then the argument—you allow this in case of treason, and here, is there not yet more at stake, the honour, the dignity, everything dear to a human mind, etc., etc., etc.? All sounding very fine, good subjects for declamation, yet there is no manner of real analogy. For how is a man accused of treason situated? Why, the safety of the state itself being at stake, and demanding his being restrained from any power of

machinating against it, he is shut up between four walls, debarred from seeing or corresponding with his friends, perfectly helpless—*therefore* the law allows him indulgences it grants to no other prisoner—and this is applied to a person at full liberty, with all the mob on her side, all the newspapers at her command, who drives by the gate of her husband's palace, and who might hold a court in opposition to him, but that none of these people who talk on her side in Parliament would let their wives and daughters attend it, as she very well knows.

Wednesday.—I came to Richmond yesterday with a frank in my pocket for you, but I am not in a mood for much more writing, and shall fill it but shabbily. Pray tell Lady Charlotte how glad I was to hear from her, and congratulate her on Lord Guilford's arrival. There is something portentous, though, in his being a whole day sooner than he fixed. After that one can wonder at nothing. He may dance or marry, or become Master of the Horse to her Majesty. This moment I have a letter from Louisa [Dawson], by which I find they are leaving Danesfield the end of this week, and that October is the time which will best suit Mrs. Scott for my visit there. This is on the whole satisfactory to me, taking away the wish for being in two places at once, and also leaving me at liberty about Sheffield Place, when Sheffield Place shall be at liberty to receive me. Meanwhile I shall stay on a fortnight at least here, and here a letter of yours will find me. Nor shall it be very long before I write again. Adieu, dearest Lou, with my kindest remembrances to Lady Louisa. I mean to write to the House of Sheffield myself shortly, therefore send no more messages.—Afftely. yrs.,

L. S.

CHAPTER III

AUGUST-DECEMBER 1820

LETTER XXVI.]

*Corney House, Chiswick,
19th of August [1820].*

The Queen, you see, would not let me be at Sheffield Place, and I have no doubt this fills up the measure of her iniquity with you, dear Louisa. Yet if I had gone this week as I designed, and her business had been over in three, I might have wished to return sooner than you would have liked, in case of Lord Douglas, etc., setting out for Scotland, as I suppose they will do at the end of the affair, unless he resolves to stay on till the defence is made likewise, of which I have no great hopes. Miss Murray is now at Kenwood with Lady Mansfield. Meanwhile I am to ask pardon as usual. I thought writing needless when I expected to see you, and afterwards it was hot, and I was lazy. Perhaps by this time you have forgot the contents of your last letter (dated 27th July). You say there that your grandfather has made it a rule since 13 to hear but one side of the question, and your meaning is plain, the year 13; but it gave me a wicked desire to ask whether it was since 13 years old?—for, I believe, it may have been pretty much his way always upon all questions His mind

can hardly be more made up than mine upon this, I own—I mean with regard to the general character and conduct of the lady, whether any particular act of guilt can be proved or not. As a man of wit whom I once knew said in another instance, “When a woman has neither feeling nor principle, whether she marries three husbands at once, or one after the other, it is all the same to me” ;—but I would give a guinea to know who writes her answers to the various addresses. Not Cobbet, for Cobbet, to give even that devil his due, is a master of plain nervous English ; his language, though often gross and scurrilous, is ever clear, and sometimes as forcible as Dean Swift’s ;—not Doctor Parr—his *buzz prose*, celebrated in the *Anti-Jacobin*, would be Latin and Greek in English words, but it would not be nonsense. The *lacerating chasm in her affinities*, the voice that sounded like *sweet music breathing over violets*, and innumerable other flowers of speech worthy of the Minerva Press, must spring in some other soil. Is it possible that Lady Morgan should have been received into her cabinet ? I cannot but think the dish manifests female cookery, and good Lady Anne Hamilton, though likely enough to take it all for very fine when she hears it, is too dull to compose it. The audacious letter to the King comes from a stronger hand, is well composed and artfully calculated to attain its end, that is, to inflame the minds of the people, though at the same time, indeed, it injures or indeed abandons her own cause by plainly showing she does not hope to be acquitted, does not once contemplate the probability of such a thing, therefore protests beforehand against the tribunal. Is not this the way with every person who comes before a Court of Justice, aware that his cause is hopeless and indefensible, and resolved to brave it out to the last ?

Then they know the jury is packed, the judge partial, they can have no chance of justice, and so forth. Her demanding to be tried by a jury is exactly the same thing as if Thistlewood had demanded a trial by the House of Lords—positive nonsense—and yet I daresay it delights many an honest John Bull. Well, I will turn to something else.

Books.—Why, I have been little conversant with them lately. Mrs. Opie's *Tales* did fall in my way. I am afraid they were heavy in hand, for I could hardly labour through them. Law's *Memorials*, published by that old cousin of Miss Murray's, Charles Sharpe, with notes containing stories of witches by wholesale, is just worth turning over to convince one that such things once were, and to show one that there was little to choose between the parties as far as persecution and cruelty went. We have just got *Fleury de Chabalon*, of which I have heard you talk, and I shall set about reading it. I should have enjoyed Dr. Rainier's *Communications* extremely by your description of them. Lady Sheffield (naughty woman) has never mentioned Lady Charlotte or told me what was to become of her when she herself came to town. I want very much to know. Still, still I hope we may all meet at Sheffield Place this autumn, but I am sorry you have been disappointed of what you are bewitched into thinking a pleasure. I always am sorry for the disappointments of youth; they are bitter in proportion as its hopes are vivid and alluring—besides, I remember them all so well!—in after life hope grows faint or ceases, and disappointment is fainter too, or at least does not take one by surprise. A violent thunderstorm is just come on to disturb me, and I was not bright or much disposed for writing before. I must conclude, for it makes my

head ache. Pray answer me soon, and, if you can, give me a good account of Lady Louisa, to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered.—Ever afftely.
yrs., L. S.

LETTER XXVII.]

Chiswick, Saturday [August 1820].

I am going to town this morning to visit Lady Sheffield, so I will carry a bit of a note for you. I have not time to answer all your letter. The business does indeed *draggle* on, and for aught one yet sees may take up as much time as Hastings's trial. I am sorry to find poor Grandmama has a visit from her saint, but not surprised, for of all days in the year that rainy Monday was the worst for a journey. I hope to see Lady Charlotte too, but she lodges at her brother's. He is a lucky man that, being a witness discharges him from further attendance. I suspect Lady Louisa may possibly advise you and the Mees Barrs not to read the newspapers at present. Perhaps their uncle will answer that they are acquainted with various *seestems* of *moraulity*. As far as I can judge from these newspapers, the defenders are cleverer than the attackers, I mean the lawyers, and the first witness produced will ultimately prove good for nothing, whether from confounding himself, or being confounded by Brougham, I cannot tell; but then there follow two people of whom the cross-examined can get no advantage, and what *they* tell is sufficient for every one's conviction. Lord Grey seems to have made a very fine speech and given both Her M. and Brougham no light raps on the knuckles, the former for her letter to the King, the latter for his bringing in the D. of York where he had so little to do. I have been deep in Buonaparte lately, between Baron d'Olben and Monsr.

Fleury de Chabalon, both very curious. I forget what you said of the latter, which I think you were reading last winter or spring. It is as if Buonaparte was writing himself, and gives one a full notion of what he wishes to have believed—the latter part, where liberty is so much talked of, but in every page an *absolute master* declared to be the thing wanted and indispensable, shows one how people *can* argue, when they please, that black and white are the same colour, and how plausibly their arguments may sound. Altogether the genius of that extraordinary man shines more and more, but I think there never did exist great genius, great abilities, with so little heart; he more resembles the Oriental conquerors than those of civilised Europe, ancient or modern. I go back to the Dss. of B. [Buccleuch] at Richd. next Tuesday, and now, dear Lou, Adieu.—Yrs., L. S.

LETTER XXVIII.]

Chiswick, Sunday, August 20.

I wrote to you yesterday, dear Lou, and ventured to enclose to Sir Wm.; I hope this was not wrong. Last night came your letter of the 13th with an apology from him (which I regret he had the trouble of writing) for not having sent it before. By this time you know all about Ly. Sheffield's coming to town, as I suppose she will do shortly. Yesterday's paper, which came in very late, gave a list of witnesses called (it did not say by which party), and I was very sorry to see Lady Charlotte's name among them, also Lord Guilford, Lord Glenbervie, and Mr. St. Leger. I trust Lady Charlotte will not be forced to appear, or to seek refuge at that vile island at last. I wish to know something certain about her; when I do I will write to her. I hear the Queen's mobs are lessening, tho' puffed by those papers that

espouse her cause, and in two or three days more her going to the House of Lords will produce as little effect as the Chancellor's gilt coach. Lord Byron, I see, is arrived to give her his assistance. Everything peculiarly profligate rallies round her. But to me the most curious part of the affair is the change of hands. How coolly politicians, when they have cut for new partners, can use all their skill to baffle those whose game they were striving to play ten minutes ago, and be no more ashamed of it than if actually engaged at whist. Lord Erskine! whose zeal against her made him even brutal, in the famous examination of Mrs. Lyell. And *vice versa* some people whom I remember so zealous for her, and whom I long to put in mind of it when I hear them inveighing—for observe this, ever while you live you will find the most violent and intemperate one way the readiest to become equally so on the other; and they can wheel about in a wonderfully little time—this for the sincere who follow their noses—the aforesaid politicians only follow their party, right and wrong out of the question.

I wish you had more amusement at the races. In my mind races are beautiful spectacles; the concourse of people, the gayety and bustle, the eagerness of the country-fellows, etc., give such life and interest to the scene. Lewes races were the first I ever saw in my life, too, when I was about thirteen, and I retain a partial remembrance of them, so you must not run them down.

I shall stay here about a week longer, and hope to hear from you in that time, if you direct your letter so as to be put into the penny post when it comes to London. Then I believe I shall return to Richmond, where possibly Miss Murray will meet me. By that time I conclude people will have some sort of notion

how long this business is likely to last. Adieu. Yrs.
ever, L. S.

P.S.—I am truly glad to hear that Lady Louisa is better.

LETTER XXIX.]

[The Mary Douglas mentioned in the following letter was the 1st Lord Douglas's youngest daughter by his second wife. She married Robert Douglas of Strathendry, Fife, in the following year.

The following lines were written on Denman's speech at the Queen's trial :—

Denman, in pleading, thought it fit
To quote some lines from Holy Writ :
But surely in his last allusion
He brings us to an odd conclusion ?
For she who in the sacred lore
Was told to "Go and sin no more,"
Avowedly had *sinned before* !

(See *John Bull*, vol. i. p. 4 ; also *Scots Mag.* vol. lxxxvi. p. 462.)

Dr. Mainauduc was a pupil of Mesmer and D'Eslon. He lectured at Bristol in 1788 with great success (see Horace Walpole, and Mackay's *Popular Delusions*).]

Dss. of B.'s [*Duchess of Buccleuch*],
Richmond, Wednesday, August 30 [1820].

At least I begin on this day. I know not when I may end, for as I sent you a note to stay your stomach, I mean to take my own time. I found Lord Guilford, Lady Charlotte, and Mr. Dodson with Lady Sheffield on Saturday. The saint¹ in possession of her face, and her left eye much swelled ; however, she seemed cheerful and otherwise well. Lady Charlotte confessed herself not quite so, she looked full and high coloured, but she had seen Dr. Holland and expected to be the better for some medicines of his. Her subpœna is not yet

¹ Saint Anthony's fire.

arrived, though she has no hopes of escaping it. I was very glad to spend an hour in their pleasant company once more. Perhaps Lady Charlotte may give us hers at Petersham. Mrs. Scott and her sisters are gone to town this morning with a design of calling upon her, and trying to entice her down for a few days. She seemed not unwilling to listen to such a proposal. I am sure it would be good for her, and Lady Sheffield is in no want of company, having plenty of acquaintance in town. I daresay you are right in supposing that Lady Charlotte's mind dwells often and with deep inward sorrow on the loss of her nephew,¹ who was to her more like a younger brother, and in truth if not the thing dearest to her in the world, yet the only thing she had to look forward to for future support, friendship, and comfort. Her prop was taken away when he died, and there is nothing to supply his place. She is used to battle with secret uneasiness, and has spirits that enable her to bear up against it and partake of whatever present amusement may offer itself: but all this on the surface and unconnected with the risings and sinkings of the heart. I would not tell you this if you did not seem to know it already, which I am heartily sorry you do. I remember full well the days when I could not comprehend that anybody who laughed might be unhappy, for laughter was happiness to me. I own, though, I was then several years younger than you are now. I do not regret in the same degree that you begin to be convinced how little difference there is between one age and another with respect to the possibility of making any absurdity whatever either an object of belief, or an idol devoutly worshipped for a certain time. When I hear or read of our enlightened age, I

¹ Lord Glenbervic's son (see *ante*, p. 28).

think of Beatrice : " It appears not by the confession ; there is not one wise man in twenty who will praise himself." The person who, by the force of his own reason, overcomes a prejudice after fully weighing the arguments on both sides, may be called enlightened ; but one who by chance escaped ever imbibing it, is not at all more so than another who by chance did imbibe it and holds to it still.

Thus for ghosts and witches and fairies and omens from spilling salt and stumbling over a threshold, if all this had been crammed into your head by your nurse, and confirmed by your governess, while I was lucky enough never to have heard a word of such things in my nursery : would that render me wiser than you ? Could I have the impudence to think myself so, without ever stopping to consider *why* I did not believe in them all ? or should I be the less likely to believe anything else equally foolish and monstrous which I had not been early used to laugh at ?—Now most people in this enlightened age are exactly in the latter predicament : they are wiser than to dread hobgoblins because they have always had such a fear called silly : but keep the word out of sight, and come to them with a grave face and an absurdity fifty times grosser than the Welsh fairy that pinched Falstaff, and you find no resistance—I desire no better proof than the currency of animal magnetism. I once played a trick not perfectly fair (as I afterwards reflected) to a fervent admirer of Dr. de Mainaduc's successor, Miss Prescott. I desired she might be consulted upon the case of an elderly gentleman afflicted with such and such disorders. He existed only in my imagination, and I was four hundred miles from London at the time. My friend, a woman of sense, of reading, of science, wrote me word that Miss Prescott desired further *data* than I had sent (very

slight ones), but immediately extended her fingers to the seat of the old man's complaints, and gave as detailed and decided an opinion of their cause and tendency as ever Dr. Baillie delivered after a month's attendance on a patient of flesh and blood. And this enormous nonsense, this arrogation of the omniscience and omnipresence of the Divinity himself, instead of opening the other's eyes, only made her desirous to know whether the symptoms of the sick person tallied with the magnetiser's discoveries. I must tell you that I did not take this step merely for diversion, but partly to undeceive some people for whom I had great affection, and whom I saw wavering on the brink of adopting Miss Prescott's opinion concerning a daughter of theirs in a declining condition, whose case had been stated to her exactly in the same way, at a great distance, without the name of person or place. *They* gave into the folly from that sort of anxiety and misery which makes both the sick and those who love them catch at a straw for the chance of relief, when regular physicians seem to offer none. They did not pretend to reason about it. The lady whom I employed in the affair was enlightened beyond her enlightened age, and would have reasoned you dumb (or deaf at least) upon that or anything else.

But I am positively preaching—“*howbeit, likewise, now to my next.*” My conclusion is, do not be surprised if you find people, above the vulgar, talking shortly like the mob and the newspapers, of our virtuous and innocent Queen—that is supposing the flame should be thoroughly kindled, and the thing become a party question, which is as yet uncertain, for Lord Grey's beginning speech (before the trial commenced) wore a semblance of impartiality. Whatever you were told of her conduct to her daughter, I have no doubt the impression made

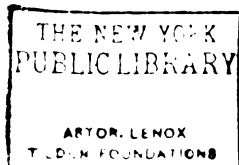
upon you was a just one, since I have heard from the very best authority that, in the opinion of those who could hardly be deceived on the subject, she never showed the least affection for her. So says a most respectable woman who was the poor thing's personal attendant from her childhood, and who remains in Prince Leopold's house. He says she shall never quit it, gives her the care of his linen and jewels to make her a sort of office, and seldom passes a day without seeing her. One may suppose that a person so circumstanced cannot be peculiarly attached to the other party, the father—yet I understand she says what I tell you of the mother, and also that of old it appeared her chief delight to draw that poor girl into a scrape ; to tempt her to something which she knew would displease him or the late Q., quite regardless of the evil it might occasion to Pss. C. herself. Probably it is something of this kind which your indiscreet informer has related to you.

Friday.—We hear now that the House is likely to adjourn about the middle of next week. If it does, I presume you will have Lady S. and Ly. Ch^{tte}. back again at Sheffield very soon. For my part, I can say nothing positive till I see what becomes of my friends here. Mary Douglas told me yesterday that she had hardly any hope of her father staying on, but thought he would go away as fast as he could. Sometimes I hope Miss Murray's many friends will prevail on her to remain notwithstanding, tho' this is merely a conjecture of my own. However, I still in any case shall hope to give four or five weeks comfortably to Sheffd. Place. Perhaps they may take the opportunity of going to Wroxtton now for a little while, as the recess will be for two months at least, some say three. I hear Brougham's pertness, sauciness, insolence, give general



LADY LOUISA STUART

From a Crayon Sketch by HAYTER



disgust, while Denman, quite as strong and steady in his cause, pleases everybody and offends none, even those of the most opposite opinions. It is a great misfortune to be a puppy born and bred—or rather to be born a puppy and bred a reviewer. Well, I will not exceed this large and close-written sheet of paper. I shall only add that I am delighted to hear such good news of Lady Louisa. Lady Sheffield also said she had not seen her so well for some years. Remember me to her most kindly, and believe me, affectly. yrs.,
L. S.

P.S.—You have not said whether I may enclose letters to Sir Wm. at C. Lodge.

LETTER XXX.]

[Miss Clinton records in her journal that Lady Louisa arrived at Sheffield Place on 16th Sept., and left on 2nd Oct. She regrets the shortness of the visit, and says, “I almost wished her not to come now, thinking it hardly worth while, the time would be so short”; but in a pencil note of a later date she adds, “I should say, ‘*plaisir différé est perdu*’; had she not come then, I should not again have seen her at Sheffield Place. She was only there once more for a short time in 1821 when I was in Cheshire after my Grandfather’s death.”

Some notes of Lady Louisa’s conversation are worth recording. “She spoke of Coxe’s *Marlborough*, which she had been reading, as curious, though written in a dull style, from the true light in which it shows the amiable character of that really great man, and from the original letters of which it contains so many. She said: ‘How wordy Coxe’s style is, not only in this, but in his travels; so many words put in to round or polish the sentence which are of no sort of use to the sense, so that you may often skip half of them without injuring it; while in Clarke, though you would often pass over pages of uninteresting or trivial detail, there is not a word that does not assist, or which you can leave out and convey the author’s meaning: that his lives of Sir R. Walpole and his brother

were also very valuable from the quantity of authentic information they contain, and the manner in which the many false representations of party spirit or ignorance are corrected. In the *Life of Lord Wharton* he contradicts himself, saying first that he was inclined to the Dissenters, and that Lady Wharton was one of the elect; and afterwards observing that he was much of a freethinker, and not unfrequently scoffed on sacred subjects. This was the case, and he was a most unprincipled man, held so not only by the Opposition party, but by his own.' My Grandmother¹ was Whig to the teeth—Whigissima. I once had a manuscript journal of hers in my possession, afterwards burnt; it was right that it should be."² Then follows the story of Dolly Walpole, Lady Townshend, much as it is given at page 68 of the "Anecdotes."

She repeated, with her usual tone and emphasis, some of Pope's fine satire on Lord Wharton's son, the famous profligate. He had amongst his wonderful talents, however, one singular failing—he was a coward. He used to boast that if he had but the power of shedding tears when it suited him he could win the heart of any woman. Though of the opposite party, he went to Sir R. Walpole the night before the Bishop of Rochester's case was to come on, persuaded him that he was much against his cause so completely that Sir R. laid the whole case before him, the arguments, etc., on both sides, and what was his view of it. The Duke went away, spent the night with a set of his vicious friends, and came from his bacchanalian orgies the next day to make a most eloquent speech in the House in favour of the Bishop, strengthened by all that he knew of the secrets of the Minister, to his no small astonishment.

In the morning Lady L. told her (Ly. L. Clinton) that Mr. Denman is said to be sincere in what he professionally says of the Queen, and that he is so far deluded as to believe her not only injured but innocent. Mr. Brougham, better acquainted with her, said the other day to Lord Queensberry's brother: "Oh! for that matter we agree; I think her *quite as infamous* as you can do."

¹ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

² See "Introductory Anecdotes" to *Lady Mary's Life*, p. 63.

Horace Walpole said to Lady Louisa, after Wilkes and his daughter, who was very plain, had passed by at a party, "There goes Sin and his daughter Death." During one of the riots of those days, Wilkes being at a window in St. George's Fields, the populace were heard to cry: "Look what a sweet smile he has!" his mouth was *perfectly* hideous, and one of his eyes turned in.

October 1.—A very sad evening and very silent, but Lady Louisa, whilst Lady C. (Charlotte Lindsay) was talking about the Queen breaking up the party and taking her away, exclaimed, "Hang the Queen," with an emphasis that I quite enjoyed; it seemed as if she really would have liked to stay longer.

(Lady Charlotte was examined as a witness at the Queen's trial on 5th and 8th October, and suffered considerable annoyance in cross-examination—see *Lady Granville's Letters*, vol. i. pp. 182, 186.)

The title of Wordsworth's verses "There is a Change," is "A Complaint," one of those "On the Affections."]

Richmond,
Monday, 9 October [1820].

My dear Louisa—The cold which you were so determined I should have, and which I escaped while at Sh. Pl. [Sheffield Place], seized upon me in good earnest before I had been four-and-twenty hours here, and since Tuesday evening I have not been, in the Scotch phrase, *over the door*, nor much out of my room. Now it has had its lawful regular course, and is preparing to go off, though my head is so muddled that I rejoice I had my frank dated for to-morrow, as I could hardly finish a letter for to-day. But I begin one, which is something gained. With regard to your farewell letter I can only say what I have said twenty times before. Your delusion is too palpable to give me pleasure, and often gives me pain, being truly the severest "satire in disguise." My

poor girl ! I am anything but mild and gentle in temper, able to bear and forbear—few days pass in which I have not occasion to lament the effects of a hasty, unequal temper, an uncontrolled spirit—all who know me would tell you so. It was said to me not many months ago by one to whom I was representing the consequences of her passions, “ I think you might allow for a violent temper, Ly. L., for I believe you have one yourself,”—and I felt the reproof to be so well deserved that it inclined me to melt a little towards her. My heart said, “ She speaks truth, *I* have no right to cast a stone at her.” As little am I what you picture me in other respects, but every way deficient in my duty, and now at the eleventh hour of life still standing idle in spite of repeated calls. Oh, how your enthusiastic admiration thus applied draws from the core of my conscience these terms—“ Me ! me, miserable sinner ! ” Do not say you have been used to see things too much as they are. With regard to the bulk of your fellow creatures you see them less well than they are, while you exaggerate and magnify almost beyond nature the merit, real or supposed, of your few favourites. But enough of all this, and let me proceed to your letter of the 5th, which Ly Shd. [Sheffield] was so kind as to send with a few lines from herself giving me a good account of poor Lady Charlotte, who is generally thought to have given her evidence remarkably well, and *I* only hear from those full as violent *anti-reginas* as grandpapa, extremely like him too in viewing but one side of the question, although not in honestly owning it, or being conscious of it themselves. However, things do assuredly tend strongly to the Q.’s side, as one may perceive by what drops even from the most prejudiced, and if I were a judge myself, I verily believe I should be compelled to

pronounce her acquitted by the evidence, as far as we have yet seen it, notwithstanding my opinion of the lady, which remains just what it did at the close of the accusation, and I am persuaded tallies precisely with Lord Guilford's, Lady Charlotte's, and that of many others whose testimony *appears* to whitewash her completely. In truth nothing can be more conclusive to one's secret mind than Ly. Ch^{tte's} *non mi ricordos*. Were I asked upon oath whether I ever said I was ashamed of Ly. Shd.'s acquaintance, should I answer that I had no *recollection* of having said so, that it was not probable, etc.? No, the certainty of never having had such a thought would make me say boldly, "I can positively swear I never did. But were I called upon to say that I should not like to associate with the Dss. — or Mrs. —, on account of their past conduct and reputation, I should make just Ly. Ch^{tte's} reply, "I do not recollect I ever did," knowing that I *had* thought of it, therefore not daring to affirm upon oath that I never said it, though I might believe and hope that I never fell into such an imprudence. There is one part of the defence to which I own I wish you to attend, on account of that by no means unnatural longing I often observe in you to see foreign countries, especially Italy—your notions that society must be on a footing so much pleasanter and less restrained than here, and your unwillingness to suppose that young people can encounter there any danger of perversion, any loss of the habits or the principles one would have preciousely preserved. The Queen's lawyers constantly draw from the witnesses avowals that things which we should think very indecent, almost monstrous here, are "the common custom of the country"—"usual with ladies of rank"—"nothing particular"—being person-

ally attended by a man, for example, receiving male visitors in bed, sitting on a man's lap and in his arms in a carriage. Believe me, to grow *used* to these things is to lose and blunt delicacy, tho' it may have nothing to do with virtue. I myself remember many years ago a lady, still youngish and pretty, returning from a *séjour* of some years in Italy with a valet-de-chambre instead of a maid. She was very poor, and she said a man was infinitely more useful. He first dressed her dinner, then herself, bespoke her horses, paid her bills, did everything. Nobody thought him a favourite of the Bergami kind, but a friend of mine who met her at country houses told me the jokes among the servants were intolerable, and she would have lived on bread and water ere she would have given rise to the same. Besides, the imitators always and regularly *augment* a little. It is like waltzing. The foreigners, who have always waltzed, are dancing a dance, but I have seen the English ladies (at first at least) in good earnest perform a very unpleasant pantomime, languishing, sprawling, and throwing themselves into the man's arms. When a travelled lady, who shall be nameless, told me she *would* take leave of my nephew the Ambr., before she left Paris, and in spite of the servant's *mais son excellence est dans son lit*, forced her way into his bedchamber at seven in the morning, and laughed at the figure she found him—unshaved, with his night-cap off from the heat, and his shirt open—I knew that a Frenchwoman of fashion would *not* have done it; but yet, being used to foreign habits had taught her to think this a very fine thing. While *his mother* quietly remarked, "Well, I declare, I don't think *I* ever went into Charles's room while he was in bed since he came from school." A native to the manner born is perhaps

not at all the worse for these customs, no more than you and Maria for showing your elbows ; but the lady who first showed hers had got rid of one grain of her modesty, and the English girl who adopts these ways must get rid of several grains.

Tuesday.—Alas! I always fall into some preachment or other. I thank you for the verses you transcribe, which have much merit. “There is a Change” is no more mine than *Waverley* itself, and if you search I think you must find it. I first saw it in an octavo edition of all Wordsworth’s poems, published about five years ago, which his patron, Lord Lonsdale, gave to my sister. I certainly admire Freddy’s desire of being *sent up*, and his spirit in claiming it. What I don’t admire is the total indifference whether one is sent up or not, and the *female* assistance given to that feeling or want of feeling, by—“Well, I wonder what use it is all of? What good does Latin and Greek do? I don’t see but people go on just as well without having learned this or that,” all said in the hearing of the boy who, like Master Flint in the mirror, is not slow to “treasure up these precious apothegms in his memory.” This is what I have been used to.

I think I must now have done, dearest Louisa. Lady Ch^{te} and Mrs. Douglas have offered to come and dine and sleep at Petersham Thursday, so I shall see them, to my great satisfaction. Miss Murray joined me here on Saturday. I am sadly afraid Lord S. will get seriously out of humour about this business, enough so to plague poor patient Granny. I trust Lady Louisa is better, or you would have said more about her. Remember me to her most kindly, and think me ever, your affec^{te}, tho’ useless friend.

LETTER XXXI.]

[The allusion in this letter to Queen Caroline publishing a story about Lady Louisa "that was not true," is explained in an amusing correspondence that passed between Lady Louisa and Sir Walter Scott in April 1808 (see *Familiar Letters*, vol. i. pp. 107-110). The Princess of Wales, as she then was, told Lady Lonsdale that Lady Louisa was about to publish a volume of poems in Edinburgh, and that she had been promised a copy. Lady Louisa took fright that Scott must have shown some verses she had written on the famous story of "Ugly Meg of Harden," and wrote to ask him. He denied entirely having talked of them to the Princess, and suggested that the false rumour was a judgment on Lady Louisa for hiding her talent in a napkin.]

October 14 [*Richmond*, 1820].

Dear Louisa—I know not when I may send the letter I am beginning, but I will begin one, because I have two or three things to say which I may forget if I defer it. Ly. Ch^{te}. and Mrs. D. [Frederick Douglass] spent a day this week at Petersham, and I met them at dinner. On the whole and all things considered I really think Lady Ch^{te}. seems very tolerably well, though I heard Mrs. D. say something about her headaches, and found her sleep had so departed from her that she was forced to win it back with something like an opiate. But 'tis well 'tis no worse after such a trial. Mrs. Scott and I observed that she had a sort of caution and fear of speaking on any subject relating to H.M. very unlike herself, but natural enough. However, she told us that Lieut. Flynn after his examination went smiling up to Mr. Vizard, the Q.'s solicitor: "Well, I hope I have done well for the cause?" "Done!" said the other; "aye truly, you have very near *done for it* indeed!" By to-day's papers the contrary party have got into a foolish unnecessary scrape by letting Rastelli be sent

away, which confirms your Grandfather's assertion that nothing ever was worse managed than their cause. They are conscientious, honourable men, and I believe them when they solemnly protest they did not know of it—but why did not they?—the question one should ask one's own steward or housekeeper, if they said they did not know what was doing in one's own family. It was their business to know. Now for something pleasanter than this eternal proceeding. I have been reading *Geraldine* at last, and I agree with you in liking it very much; the authoress represents the real world which she seems to know, and points out its real dangers, without any of that exaggeration which in other works, equally well intended, makes both the satire and the warning fall to the ground. In *Marriage*, for example, the old Lord Courtland is an exaggerated and therefore a commonplace character; there are no such fathers or very few, and as few such utterly heartless fools as his daughter. Human feelings are blunted by worldliness and extreme dissipation, but seldom destroyed, unless people plunge into downright vice. That, indeed, as Burns is compelled to acknowledge, "hardens all within and petrifies the feeling"; and yet more in women than in men. Mrs. Mowbray, not being a vicious woman, is precisely a real fine lady, neither better nor worse than those we see every day. To have made her atrocious would have spoiled the moral instead of enforcing it. A commonplace author would likewise have married Fanny to Lord Glenmore and led her to intrigue with Mr. Spenser the next day. As it is, her downward course is too natural, and the want of the one thing needful the more strongly pointed out from everything else being so agreeable and captivating. Mr. Mowbray too is very well drawn. In

short, I have not seen any one novel of that good class now in fashion, so calculated to answer its designed end; notwithstanding the grand defect, hardly to be got over by the Misses, of the Heroine marrying a parson. Tuesday—Here is your letter. I wish you would not say so much about my cold, which is passing quietly away like all its predecessors, and deserves no further notice. Nor will I answer one word of your inquiries. Your wicked doubts about evidence I perfectly understand. All I can say is this: If I had lived as much in her society as the brother and sister, and like the sister had had obligations to her besides, it would have been extremely painful to me to say anything against her, and as far as my oath would have permitted, I should have kept on the favourable side. In such a case people are so far from being required to tell their thoughts, their opinion, that they are not allowed to do it, neither to repeat what they have heard. According to my newspaper, when Lord Guilford said, "He told me" (*i.e.* his Greek servant), the Atty. General himself stopped him with, "I do not ask you what he told you; what did you see?" And if you reflect a little you will wonder to feel how small a portion of the things you fancy you know and do firmly believe, you have actually seen and could swear to. I had once in my life half a fright lest the wrong heads of a family I knew should have brought into a court of justice a matter upon which I might have been called to give evidence, and even asked my real opinion too. *That* was contrary to the wish of those who might have called me, and Heaven alone knows what I could have done! for the war of tongues was thoroughly kindled, and a party made to defend and support a person whom *I* thought such exertions did

nothing but injure. Some of your own connections were among the most violent, so it was upon the cards that you might have been early taught to hold me in detestation. But luckily there was one very sensible, cool-headed man concerned, who, as the warm ones expressed themselves, "gave up his friend's cause," or "took part against her," . . . and he at least did her the service of keeping her affairs within the bounds of private squabbling, in which I was not forced to share, therefore I remained on good terms with them all, and my character has been handed down to you blameless. Considering how I could have expressed myself, if put to my oath on this subject, has ever since given me a great compassion and fellow-feeling for involuntary witnesses called to speak on delicate points. To tell you the truth likewise it is more my good luck than my wisdom that has kept me even from this very scrape itself. I mean the scrape of intimacy with H.M. About 11 or 12 years ago she took it in her head to desire my acquaintance, but it was as a *bel esprit*, a *blue stocking*, the thing in the world I dislike most to be *affichée*, and besides she began by publishing a story of me which was not true and which made me angry. Then came an invitation inclosed to my sister Lady L.; I was restive and ill-humoured and declared nothing should make me go. She might write what she pleased and say I was out of town, and I left it that day. But as she writes a hand nobody can read, Mrs. Lyle, the bedchamber woman in waiting, understood I was to come and they waited dinner for me. I had in consequence to write her a long letter begging her to make humble apologies, etc.; and conscious I had acted from veritable *ill-temper* and *spleen*, contrary to my principles of paying all of that rank and race the utmost outward

respect, I did feel heartily ashamed of myself, and in consequence intreated my officious informer never to tell me what was said of me again, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Yet the proper step of driving forthwith to Kensington and leaving my name I could not resolve upon. All I had heard of her and her ways of going on was so repugnant to me, that as the mischief was once done, there I left it unrepaired. And now to be sure, I am as well pleased never to have had anything to do with her. Do not relate this history—it may show you, however, how little there is of the calmness and impeccability you are pleased to suppose in me.

Do not be angry with Dr. Macculloch ; you may as well expect any person or thing to be in two places at once, as a thorough chymist, mineralogist, etc., to have taste and enthusiasm. In old days my father, who was very fond of those sciences, used to have Mr. Wolf, an eminent chymist, often in the house for weeks together. He was on a footing to dine with us, and as he had been in every part of Europe—France, Italy, Hungary, Poland—and was a German by birth, you would have concluded he must have something to say worth hearing. He could indeed give you an account of salt mines, lead mines, silver mines, the catacombs under Paris, the craters of Etna and Hecla, but he had had neither eyes nor ears for anything above ground, and tho' in France just after the Revolution, remembered no circumstance but how many sous (or *sous*, as he pronounced it) he had paid for his dinner. I never yet saw so stupid a mortal ; yet had he enthusiasm in his own way, for he evidently believed in the philosopher's stone, and somehow mingled it up with something in the Revelations, making a kind of mystic jargon, which, perhaps, suits the Germans. I can no more believe that the ministers

have encouraged the spreading of the seditious handbills than I can that they write her M.'s replies to the Addresses. Putting right and wrong out of the question, you might credit that one party would do such a thing in order to cast an odium on their adversaries if the latter affected temper and moderation. But as they do not, as the Addresses and the answers are as much treason as the handbills, these could have no other effect than to increase the flame kindled by those, therefore you must put common sense and self-preservation out of the question also—which is not to be done. I have no sort of doubt that Mr. Pearson himself is at the bottom of the trick, and Mr. Franklin, *alias* Fletcher, and he understand one another very well.

It is time to finish this prosy letter. I shall stay at Richmond about a week longer, then go to town for a few days, and then I know not well what, but most likely I may write to you again before I leave it. Miss Murray quitted us on Monday, and I believe will pass the rest of her time mostly with the Mansfields till she returns to Scotland. Adieu! I know I give you pleasure by writing thus at large, but I could almost blush for it too; it is as if I were a girl myself.

LETTER XXXII.]

[Mrs. Mary Tighe, *née* Blachford, authoress of the beautiful poem "Psyche," was the wife of Henry Tighe, M.P. for Inistioge, brother of William Tighe of Woodstock, Kilkenny, who was the father of Lady Patrick Stuart. Lord Patrick was Lady Louisa's great nephew.]

Gloucester Place, Tuesday [7th October (?) 1820].

A thousand thanks, dear Lou, for all your letters; in a day or two I will really answer them more at large,

but my letter to *Granny* shall not go without a line to you. No, it was not Mrs. Cross ; your asking more than once ought to remind me how thankful I should be that it was not, for, in truth, *that* would be one of the greatest misfortunes, and greatest sorrows too, that could befall me, as she is more a friend than a servant, and I know scarcely a person in any rank of life with such sound sense, such perfect rectitude, and such a really high mind, as much above a mean thought or action as ever Sir Philip Sydney's was. The sick woman is just a common sort of honest, sober servant, nothing particular, but her illness is a most serious inconvenience notwithstanding, and tho' she seems considerably better, I find they have fears of the consequences in the future. I mean to return you Mrs. Tighe's sonnet, thanking you much for the others. I think Louisa, living chiefly in Ireland, may well get that for herself, or I may from a grand-niece of mine (by marriage), whose father was Mrs. Tighe's brother-in-law. It will be something to talk about when we pay each other dutiful visits. What would Mrs. Vernon say if she heard me? I have not seen *Malek Adhel* since he first came out, and only remember (take it as you will) that I did not like him, tho' most other people, many *my betters*, did—Miss Murray especially was quite wild about him for the whole season. I do not like Madame Cotin neither—is not that worse? I am much of a Goth about most modern French novels, but I once read one of hers that quite fixed my opinion of her principles and morals in spite of the sentimental jargon all those people deal in. However, *Malek Adhel* really I should not speak of, for I believe I read very little of it.

I own I do feel sorry, nay, almost *shocked*, that *party* could lead Sir J. S. to propose such a health to his

tenants to sanction their delusion : in them it is innocent and praiseworthy, but in their superiors who know the truth—Oh, fie ! fie ! And to rejoice at *her* getting the better in any other light than as it rids us of a contest. But more on this and all other points in a day or two, when I shall inclose to Sir William. Remember me always to Ly. Louisa.

LETTER XXXIII.]

Chiswick, Tuesday, November 7 [1820].

Dear Louisa—I am much to blame in not having thanked you sooner for your two letters, as I am in very good health and have no excuse to make but indolence and dejection, for November is November to me. My poor maid goes on in much the same state, rather mending, and I think likely to recover at last, but they will not pronounce her out of danger, and it seems as if one could not look forward to any period—it may go on a month longer. Meanwhile she keeps her bed, totally helpless, and requires constant attendance. So that I can neither be in my own house, as I would wish, nor go elsewhere, and I fear I must give up my visit to Danesfield. I had a glimpse of Ly. Shd. [Sheffield] and Ly. Ch^{tte}. one morning, both looking well, though I fear the latter must have had some vexation from what I have seen in the newspapers about letters and Mr. L. I do not know the meaning of it, for I have no other information. An Irish bishop who is in Parliament this session and claims kindred with us, calls here on Sundays. I asked him if your grandfather still attended. He said he did not know him, but thought he had heard the Chanc^r. read a letter of excuse. By the bye, your *Chief* has got into a sad, silly scrape ; why could he not do as he pleased without

proclaiming it? This bishop is a jolly, blunt Irishman, but I listen to him because he probably is impartial, for he says he never was in Parlt. before and hopes never to be so again. He vows he does not believe there is one man in the House whose conscience does not pronounce her guilty, least of all Ld. Grey's: yet his speech was very fine—Lord Liverpool's finer—Ld. Grosvenor's still more foolish to hear than it was to read—your poor cousin's very silly—Lord Redesdale's excellent sense and argument so tiresomely delivered that all the peers ate beef steaks and wrote letters while he was speaking. Since I began (by the bye I cannot finish this to-day) the newspaper is come in, and I see the bill was carried by a small majority, but including *one* of immense weight, whose opinion I have always been anxious to know—Lord Grenville. Our paper here is the *Morng. Herald*, which simply gives facts and the debates, without one word of comment, neither the nonsense of the *Morng. Post* (with which I was sickened at Richmond) nor the mischief of the country papers. Ld. Shd.'s (Sheffield) name is in the list of votes, therefore I presume our Bishop heard wrong. Were I H.M. I should like Lord Liverpool's and Lord Grenville's verdict ten times better than those of L. Calthorpe, L^d. Harewood, etc. etc., yet had I been in the House I am not sure I should not have voted with these latter. Somebody told a story here of a Quaker who was coming down to Hammersmith in the stage-coach in company with two or three women who talked violently in her favour—he said nothing—they attacked him for his opinion: "Why, friend, if thou wilt know it, I think she is good enough for thy King, but not good enough for thy Queen"; the true state of the case.

I am heartily sorry that Lady Louisa's illness has lasted so long, and is still so far from mastered. Pray write again soon and tell me she is better, for I really am anxious about her : besides, your letters are charitable, for I hear nothing to cheer or amuse me. My sister is well in health and I think not quite so deaf as in the summer, but her weakness rather augments than diminishes ; she is often very drowsy, and sometimes I perceive evident marks of failure in memory. In short, a state of decrepitude is approaching, and one cannot have a more melancholy contemplation. My nieces [Dawsons] are now in town ; they have been delighted with Buxton, and are looking uncommonly well. L. prettier and more captivating than ever. They talk of going to Brighton, a place they are very fond of, but don't mention this, for their schemes are apt to be in the air, and it may not take effect. They did talk of Hastings. A water-drinking place of some sort is certainly what they like best. At Buxton they fell in with some people likely to be pleasant acquaintances in future, which I am always glad of.

Your country lady who thought *The Abbot* written in favour of the Q—— does not surprise me at all, for I have just seen the same thing under the hand of a very fine gentleman : “so W. S. has written *The Abbot* for the Queen, which tells well, having just got all he can from the K.—a baronet and a sinecure place”—which place is *not* a sinecure and was given him in the *late* King's time, and, by the bye, while the *Talents* were uppermost fourteen years ago. Don't repeat this, I will tell you the person when we meet. I have lately heard the point of these books *being* W. S.'s violently contested, but without its working any change in my opinion, I own. How can I write

all this while without thanking you for the *Iron Gates*? It is far more applicable to our times than *The Abbot*, and I presume connected with the Cheshire prophecy of Nixon. I wonder *the miller* should have no share in it. But are these really Nurse Ryder's own expressions and not a little licked over by her young ladies? For the language seems to me just that of all books nowadays. It is curious to trace the coincidence of superstitions, as authors have done of fables. The horses and soldiers in the cavern are exactly a counterpart of Don Roderick's vision of Moors in the cave of Toledo, and you know Montezuma or one of his predecessors saw the forms of the Spaniards in the same wonderful manner long before they arrived at Mexico. I do not suspect the good people of Macclesfield to have known that Don Roderick ever existed, yet I daresay the story originally sprang from his. I wonder the prophecy was not more brought forward in the year 1745, when George the son of George was on the throne, and that part of England was sufficiently disturbed.

I like the match you would make, and should not wonder if it had really been in the lady's own contemplation at the time when she paid such court to Marat and all the rest of those people. I cannot help fearing that her son-in-law *has* been induced to do wrong on this occasion, and it quite grieves me, as it must do all who either wish him sincerely well or admire his character. If he had gone at first, and before she had written that letter to the K., and given those answers to the addresses, which even Lord Grey strongly censures, one might have thought it done from an impulse of the heart, without consulting the head; but now one cannot tell what to think—I hate to think of it at all, and there is an end. The edition you mention of the *Diversions*

of *Purley* in 1786 is only half the work, but whenever you come to town I can lend you the whole. I see very few books here. Mr. Hookham does not supply my sister as he does Ly. Louisa. I have been labouring through Malthus on Political Economy. I am very glad your favourite Freddy has the holidays you speak of with your father. Is the latter quite recovered from his long illness? Adieu. Forgive this dry and stupid letter. Remember me always to Lady Louisa, and be sure to send me an account of her soon.—Yrs. ever.

LETTER XXXIV.]

[The “Green Bag” mentioned by Lady Spencer refers to the bag containing the evidence against the Queen which was laid on the table at her trial. The popular cry against it was so great that bonfires were made by the mob to “burn the Green Bag.” Since then the colour has ceased to be used for official or legal bags.

The wish expressed at the end of this letter, that Miss Clinton’s mother might be preserved to her, was fulfilled. Though constantly in bad health, Lady Louisa survived her daughter by a fortnight, dying on 14th May 1854, and her daughter on 1st May.]

*Gloucester Place,
Thursday, November 23 [1820].*

I wish, dear Lou, I could persuade you once for all to forswear all excuses for writing, professions of unworthiness, doubts, scruples, reverence, and I know not what. Consider whether you ever read the apologies for *not* writing with which some people would fill a page or two before they let you get at what they have to say. In both cases it is like the butter on potted meat, something you want to scrape off in order to eat your food in comfort. I hope my remarks on the Welsh

scene did not hurt you. I must explain why I think tenderness for the Queen's wrongs a good feeling in the lower (*i.e.* the ignorant) ranks, but a disgusting cant in the upper, at least the Whigs. They always defended the Prince's usage of her, as well as supported him against his father till 1812, when he entered full upon his sovereignty, and chose his ministers from the other party. This first opened their eyes to her injuries, sixteen years after he had turned her out of doors. For when they were in power in 1806, Lords Lansdowne, Grey, Holland, Spencer, Mr. Tierney, the Duke of Bedford, cabinet counsellors, Lord Erskine, chancellor, their first step was to bring forward an accusation that, if proved, would have cost her her head; their next, to represent to the King that tho' it failed of proof, some circumstances were so suspicious, and her conduct had been at best so light, that it behoved him to mark his displeasure by due reproof and not admitting her to his presence. There it is in print and upon record, with Lord Erskine's name at the head of the paper. On the coming in of her defenders, Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, they passed a counter-resolution whitewashing her, and advising the King to receive her; which he did, but his good opinion of her, I believe, was gone for ever. However, being so far triumphant, she would fain have played in the key she does now; and quarrelled with Mr. Perceval because he would not go the length of setting her up against her husband, by demanding of Parliament to pay her debts separately from his. From that hour she began courting the opposition, but they remained coy and distant, unconcerned for the poor oppressed woman, till the time I have mentioned. Draw your own conclusions. I do not want you to adopt mine, but judge for yourself.

Both parties whirled fairly round, that is the truth of it, and I suppose the Chancellor must feel his former support of her a millstone about his neck. Yet I am persuaded neither he nor Mr. Perceval thought her guilty when they declared her otherwise. Common sense was not against her as it is at present, and the plea of her being deserted, deprived of her proper state and privileges, etc., so monstrous when urged as an excuse for associating with couriers and kitchen maids, was fair enough to palliate more familiarity than suited a princess towards Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Sir Sydney Smith, and Captain Manby. This I am sure of, those who then justified her in public did so in private too. Those who do it now laugh at the farce they are playing as soon as they leave the House of Lords. I happen to know that she is talked of at Lord Lansdowne's just as she is at Lord Sheffield's. Lady Charlotte owned that Lord Holland seemed quite disturbed [that] his wife (about whom he is right to be nice !!!) should have been named as her visitor. And Lady Spencer protests she could have brought over a green bag of her own. But you now behold a genuine *mania*, and need not despair of their all talking themselves into something like belief of what they say. Was the representation read to you in spring exaggerated? Does not Sir John S. prove that the plague begins to seize those who ought to be the physicians? It is a study for you, dear Louisa, not to make you a politician, but to hinder you ever becoming one. A violent party woman, as the *Mirror* says, "is the most ferocious animal suffered to go loose," and often the foolishhest. If you bear what you now see passing in constant remembrance, you will know how to keep your feet in any storm for the future, but don't profess it. "Think with the wise and speak with

the vulgar," for there is nothing so provoking to the zealous as impartiality. I have no guess who wrote in a passion, but am tempted to think his epithets just. I should like to know the truth of the Lindsay story. Our Irish bishop told us at Chiswick it was supposed the crown lawyers had got hold of a letter of Lady Charlotte's, and Lord Liverpool, out of regard for her, had hindered their producing it. But he did not say it was to her husband. There was nothing ridiculous in Lord Balcarras's speech, as I saw it. He merely justified his brother's character, and said the letters were now in his hands, and contained not a word about the Queen. I suspect your *Morning Chronicle* kept you in the dark respecting the sentiments declared by several of "the faithful ninety-nine." Did I tell you that one "could willingly say *Guilty*, though he could not say *Content*"? that another "had no doubt of her conduct being most criminal and disgusting, though he must vote against the bill"? and that many more paid her equal compliments? These things are carefully stifled, and the poor people led to think she had ninety-nine acquittors. Mark, too, that with all the big talking, no indictment is yet laid against the witnesses for perjury, and you will see that none will be, but that that threat be suffered to die silently away. Yes! some of the Contents were very like the Mahometans with Piggy; some of the Non-Contents verified the Scotch proverb, "*swallowed the cow and worried (boggled) at the tail.*" But I hope your newspaper did not withhold from you that "Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson arrived in town from his seat at Charlton, and soon after the worthy baronet set out in a very elegant style for Brandenburgh House,"—to prove the consistency of your bell-ringers.

Your grave assertion that you never were romantic

makes me laugh—and sigh. For *I* thought I could not be romantic, because my notions were taken from *Plutarch's Lives* instead of romances and novels. Our mistake, like most others, proceeds from minding the word more than the thing. But I will not dispute the point, as I remember that disputing it with me only made me the surer of my proud exemption ; and experience must be bought. Alas! would it could be given ! But I have entered deeply into all you said (in your first letter) of your anxiety for your mother's health : read it again and again : though being very low myself while at Chiswick, I always deferred answering it. God grant she may be preserved to you. I shall expect a farther account of her soon, and of Lady Sheffield, whose St. Anthony makes me fear her winter quarters will do her no good. Be assured it is charitable to write to me. I have been imprisoned by the rain and fog these three days, and my sick maid is sick still ; yet I find my mind relieved by the quiet of my own house, otherwise I could not have written you this long letter. I return Mrs. Tighe's autograph as I promised. Answer me very soon, and believe me afftely. yrs., L. S.

LETTER XXXV.]

[Gloucester Place], Friday evening,
December 15th [1820].

I know how much I was already in your debt before this note came, dear Louisa, but I have had a bad cold, apology enough for not writing. Now let me thank you for all the amusement you have given me, especially for the account of Lady Charlotte. I shall wish Lady Sheffield joy that the Alps are crossed, which must be a great ease to her mind. I am very glad poor *Granny*

herself has had that little holiday at Brighton, and is safely returned before the snow, which seems about to fall for variety. Weather, I believe, has now nothing to do with my sick maid, whose recovery appears every day more unlikely, yet her end not near at hand : the scene is very melancholy, the distress and inconvenience every way most serious ; however, *grievancing* never improves anything, so I will quit the subject.

I fear you may have forgot the contents of your letters, but you cannot Clarendon and de Retz. There is no denying the former's tediousness ; yet many parts, all the portraits for instance, will surely bear reading over and over again. I could say something even for his style : exuberance of matter makes his words overflow ; he has not the art of compression, but still less has he the modern blessed talent of diffusion, spreading over a whole page what might be said in three lines, every sentence mightily well turned, while half the words in it add no more to the sense than variations in music do to the original notes of a tune. I can endure Lord Clarendon's periods as I do a tedious stage I must travel in a journey. These authors make me almost swear, like Lord Ogilvy at the "crinkumcrankum" of Mr. Sterling's gravel walks, "where you see a man an hour before you can get to him." For de Retz, he was one of my first loves, and I am afraid the *vaurien* will be one of my last. Your comparison would be fairer than Miss Berry's, that is, have more feet to stand upon ; though both the ladies had one point of resemblance (*virtue*) not to be found in both the men. Mark the difference though between de Retz's age and that of enlightened philosophy : vice was careless then, not impudent ; it had not learned to justify itself with sophistry, or try to pass for virtue,

which you may see that de Retz sincerely respected in man and woman, instead of affecting to disbelieve its existence, or by vile metaphysical reasoning ascribe it to base inward motives. He revered the President Molé, he admired the Prince de Condé, he seals Mde. de Montbazon's character with "*je n'ai jamais vu personne qui dans la vice avoit si peu de respect pour la vertu.*" His sins as a Churchman lie on the heads of the pious parents who forced him into a profession he disliked; he would probably have been a better man in any other.

While you were reading Clarendon, I was engaged in that new book, *Burnet's Own Times*, and I recommend it to you as a sort of continuation. These original writers, who tell what they saw, have a raciness very unlike professed authors, exercising the mind so much more that I hold them ten times as instructive. The good bishop is a gossip and an egotist, besides having violent prejudices, yet I think him an honest man, who believed himself what he said; and it is your business to sift and weigh what credit you ought to give him, before [you] go to the formal compilers who offer to do it for you. He grows less interesting in his second volume, because less fond of introducing himself. See there human nature: while (as Swift says) "a little Scotch parson of forty pounds a year," he would have you think he was at the bottom of all the state affairs, and the chief adviser of all the great men. When a great man himself, a bishop, a member of the H. of Lords, closely connected with the ministers, or else with the heads of the opposition—in short, when state affairs were become his own proper business, he had less vanity in being supposed to meddle with them. Read also *per contra* Swift's political writings—*Four Last Years of*

Queen Anne, Conduct of the Allies, etc. His style, far different from Burnet's, would make anything palatable. He is neither gossiping nor an egotist, though sufficiently vain, but more prejudiced and far more bitter than the bishop. You need not fear my reading Mr. Maturin's novel. I was near turning off the *Morning Herald* for giving me one day four columns of extracts from it that made me perfectly sick. As for the affairs of this world, a hermit in his cell knows just as much about them. Only one anecdote has come to my ears:—A zealous youth, related to me, declared the Queen the most injured of women. I knew which of the opposition guided his politics and did not wonder. Presently a lady called, lately come from the said leader's country-house. "Well (said I), do all stand up for H.M.'s innocence at ——?" She burst out a-laughing—"No, I can't say I have heard much of that; the last observation made was that if those fools (*i.e.* the ministers) would give her a palace, etc., *the bubble would burst* of itself." I fancy this is a fair sample of what takes place always in the head and tail of a party. Adieu, dear Lou, for it is so dark I scarcely see what I write. By your saying nothing of Lady Louisa's health I trust she is much better. Remember me to her, and believe me, afftely. yrs., L. S.

CHAPTER IV

JANUARY—MAY 1821

LETTER XXXVI.]

[Sir Walter Scott's letter which Lady Louisa speaks of is printed in *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 100.

New Year's day 1753 was the date of Bet Canning's disappearance. She returned on 29th Jan. A house on the Hertfordshire Road was the place to which she said she had been taken. The Lord Mayor, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, started the further investigations. The gipsy's name was Squire. There were thirty-eight witnesses in her favour, and twenty-seven against. Strange to say, Fielding was one of those who believed in Bet Canning; and Dr. Hill, "the Quack Doctor," took up the opposite side. Bet Canning was transported to New England for seven years in 1754. She died in Connecticut in 1773. (*See Chambers's Encyclopædia and Page's Paradoxes and Puzzles.*)]

Chiswick, January 1st, 1821.

After wishing you a happy New Year, dear Louisa, I must thank you for both your letters, of the 19th and 21st. The information the latter contained will really be useful to me, as I am likely to find your grandfather's epithet very justly bestowed; therefore do not want any unnecessary addition of expense. The former pleased me still better by the good account it gave of all your family. I hope the severe cold since set in has

not brought back Sir William's rheumatism, or Lord Sheffield's cough, or done any other mischief to the society. It may have done one good otherwise by making the access of Sheffield Place easier than usual. Here at least the ground is hard as iron, but the wind has been so bitter, and I have such remains of my old cold, that I cower over the fire and take no exercise. Mr. Ebers (to whom my sister at length returned upon sundry affronts from Hookham) has sent down *Melmoth*, but I believe I shall not open it. I had enough of the cream given in the *Morning Herald*. Yet we are in woeful distress for books. I cannot wonder at your admiration of *St. Leon*; Godwin would have been one of our finest writers if he had but had an honest heart, and, let me add, a sane mind: for it is impossible to read some of his later productions without thinking the tinge of madness given to his heroes belongs to his own character. *St. Leon* is far his first work, being free from the gross misrepresentations of Caleb Williams, compared to which it is a very venial error to make Bethlem-Gabor flourish before he was born, since many a good English reader does not know whether he ever was born at all. Racine took liberties with a much more recent story in *Bajazet*, merely because it happened in Turkey. I have not seen the *Life of Cromwell* you mention, but would recommend to you taking the other side of the question—"audire alteram partem," from Whitelock, Ludlow, etc., rather than any modern compiler. Reading them first, I mean; for afterwards the modern (if a clear) writer may arrange their contents in one's head better than one can do for oneself, just as the plan of a great rambling house which one has seen, helps one to find one's way in it. Those times produced some fine specimens of human beings on both sides, Colonel

Hutchinsons and Marquises of Montrose, to make amends for the Wilmots and Gorings. The true use of history is to make us in some measure know our fellow-creatures, and judge of things as they really are, however commonplace the observation may seem.

I have a story to match the burning of Mr. Burrough's library. Somebody came and told me they had seen such a circumstantial detail in the newspaper of a regular attack made by the mob of Selkirk upon Walter Scott's house at Abbotsford (four miles off) the night that the news of what is termed the Q.'s acquittal arrived, of the damage done, and of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, having rushed out boldly and seized two of the ringleaders, that I (all incredulous as I am reckoned) wrote him a letter to enquire how his wife and daughters bore the fright. He answers, they bore it perfectly well, for two good reasons—first, they had long been in Edinburgh; secondly, no mortal had attacked Abbotsford, or any other place upon that occasion; therefore, he concludes, the history was invented by "some of those ingenious people who mistake a dull lye for a good jest." He observes that it would be a singular mob who marched four miles; but one always forgets such little calculations when one swallows a wonderful story. I wish the wise mortals who believe *The Abbot* written in H.M.'s behalf could see his letter. "How well (he says) John Bull has chosen his own emblem; for would anything but a bull driven frantic at the sight of a red rag run bellowing mad upon such subjects as the Popish plot of 1682, or more lately such as John Wilkes, Bet Canning, Lord George Gordon, and Queen Caroline?" One of these names is most likely unknown to you, though it holds a distinguished place in the history of manias. The

thing happened about the middle of George the Second's reign. Elizabeth Canning, a servant maid of decent connections, went out one Sunday, and disappeared. Four or five weeks afterwards she returned to her friends, pale, feeble, emaciated, and thus she solved the mystery. Two men had seized her in Bloomsbury Square, blindfolded, gagged her, and dragged her along, she believed some miles, till they reached a lone house, I think, in Epping Forest. There some women stripped her of her gown, cut off her stays, and drove her into a small wretched room where there was a bedstead, a plate with a few crusts, and a pitcher half full of water. With no other sustenance she remained a month in this prison, the door of which never was opened. As the lawyers observed in her trial for perjury, she had some miraculous intimation how long she was to stay, for, instead of eating the crusts and drinking the water on the first assaults of hunger, she husbanded her provisions, so that they were but just exhausted when she bethought herself of scrambling out of the casement window and making her escape. You are laughing, I dare say, at this short statement, but John Bull did not laugh; he ran bellowing mad, as Walter Scott says, taking up her cause as zealously, almost as generally, as he now does the Queen's. Subscriptions were made, pamphlets written, heaven and earth moved to bring to justice the monsters who had thus treated her, two of whom, one a poor old gipsy, remarkably hideous, called Mary Squires, received sentence of death. Before this was executed, however, some men of sense (and courage) interposed, and, by representations to the secretary of state, got the poor wretches reprieved. Then arose almost a civil war, the lives of the anti-Canningites were hardly safe, and when she was at

length brought to her trial for perjury, the fury of the mob was so great as to threaten not only the witnesses, but the court of justice itself. The judge in his speech (which I have read in the state trials) admonishes the jury to disregard the danger they might run from the deluded populace clamouring in their ears at that moment. They obeyed him, did their duty, and Elizabeth Canning was transported, but I believe carried away money enough to establish her comfortably in America, and continued to be a victim and a martyr in the imaginations of her partizans, till the affair gradually faded out of memory. If you have heard all this before, it is very foolish to have entered upon a long story.

What you say of your brothers is very satisfactory, and especially the sentiments of honesty and independence shown by Henry about his expenses; mind, I use these words (and in their full sense), not the more common one, prudence; for never was anything truer than Mad. de Sévigné's "*les airs de grand seigneur, de qu'importe? d'ignorance et d'indifférence, conduisant fort droit à toutes sortes d'injustice*." As for the gravity and dignity, I am glad they should be a little abated, but to be "proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like," as Master Stephen says in the old play, is a desire very usual on the first approach towards manhood. They are so mightily afraid of being mistaken for boys!

This is Tuesday—I could not finish yesterday, and now I must do so abruptly. Remember me most kindly to Lady Louisa and Lady Sheffield, not forgetting my Lord and Anne.—Yrs. affly., L. S.

LETTER XXXVII.]

*Ditton Park, Friday,
19th of Jan^y. [1821].*

I have so little to say for myself that I believe I should longer forbear answering your letter if I did not think the enclosed would amuse you and Lady Louisa, not to say Lord Sheffield and granny. They are copied from among a collection of the Edinburgh *Squibs* sent to Lord Montagu. The parties have been mustering their forces there, as you will see in the papers. Jeffrey and his brother lawyers headed an address, then resolved on a meeting of the Fox Club, but the other side fixed the same day for one of the Pitt, and this was twice as numerous. Being triumphant, they have *chansonné'd* their adversaries without mercy! The *Gathering* seems to me remarkably good, and it requires no glossary, for I suppose you know the meaning of *Pibroch*, a piece of war-music played on the bagpipe. Macculloch, they tell me, is the editor of the *Scotsman*, the Radical newspaper of Edinburgh. The Cowgate and Canongate correspond to the Seven Dials and St. Giles's in London. For Raddy and Whiggy, it is an excellent parody of an old song—"Jockey said to Jenny, Will ye marry me? Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good (*i.e.* my good portion). For my tocher good I winna marry thee. E'en's ye like, quo' Jockey, ye may let it be"—*you may let it alone*.

There are more, but I do not understand the jokes in them so well, nor would you, as they relate to the different Edinburgh lawyers. I took Geordie to mean the King, and I found it was Mr. George Cranstoun, the head of the Scotch bar. You will have them all, I am afraid, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but perhaps not till February, so I shall at least come before it.

I am sorry you thought I spoke sarcastically about the novels : nothing was further from my thoughts, and truly nobody could have less right to throw the first stone, if any sarcasm on the subject were just. I did not read novels when very young any more than you, and possibly I liked them all the better afterwards ; they are like a glass of wine to a person not used to them, but I fear I have now been a downright dram-drinker, so long they have lost their effect. So I naturally smile with a mixture of complacency and envy when I see it on a young, fresh mind. I am now in the middle of John Wesley himself. I found Southey's book here and applied to it directly. It is a most valuable work, from its clearness and impartiality, being less a life of Wesley than a history of the sect, which it sets before one in the fairest light possible. With all Wesley's weaknesses and errors, he seems to have been an admirable man, and I do not doubt he did infinite good. This book shows me that most of the evangelicals who have come in your way and mine have not belonged to his flock but Whitfield's, which I believe is now far the most prevalent sect of the two. Bating the wild enthusiasm which the doctrine of instantaneous conversion must lead to, I see nothing in Wesley's doctrines that would not be pretty sure to make us all better, while Calvinistic tenets tend to render one absolutely desperate. I have been looking over Whitfield's journals ; I see no instance of preaching producing fits in England, but several in America, and he mentions them with as much complacency as Wesley himself. The truth is, this is a subject better understood by medical men than it was eighty years ago. In 1783 Mrs. Siddons produced hysterics and convulsions every time she acted. I was in town in the autumn of

1782 when she first appeared ; nobody went into fits then, it was not till the town became full ; yet the fits were for the most part very real, tho' perhaps not *bona fide* caused by her acting, in one person out of twenty ! They were partly caught by sympathy, partly proceeded from fear. Wesley, I dare say, attributed them to the power of Satan, and never dreamt that his preaching people into them was a parallel case, only a stronger. The *Sketch-book*¹ has not yet cast up for me. *Kenilworth* I can give you news of. Mrs. Stuart had some business with Longman and Rees ; I accompanied her on Saturday to Paternoster Row, where we saw the great Mr. Longman in person. He said it would come out the end of this week, adding that he had just been reading it, and thought it one of the most interesting of its family. But to be sure, if he had thought the reverse, it was not his affair to say so, and depreciate his own wares. I am sorry your little excursion (so lucky for me) ended with finding Ly. Louisa less well than you left her. I hope, however, not worse in any material respect ? For the coughs and colds of the juniors, I do not see that they would have been a bit the better for your staying at home. Ly. Shef.'s saint is methodistical, no doubt, and the most provoking saint in the Calendar, but I believe it one of St. Anthony's demons who impudently takes his name. Give my love to her ladyship, of whom I hope soon to hear a better account.—Adieu, yrs. ever,

L. S.

¹ Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* was published in 1820.

LETTER XXXVIII.]

[There is a gap in Miss Clinton's journal for the first part of this year, so the mystery that puzzles Lady Louisa remains unsolved.]

[Addressed]

Colnbrook, January twenty-eight, 1821.

Miss Clinton,

Clinton Lodge,

Uckfield,

Montagu.

Sussex.

Ditton Park,

27th January [1821].

I received yours of the 23rd yesterday, dear Lou, and am much inclined to borrow a phrase from the Quaker in Dr. Franklin's story—"Friend, thou seemest to me at present to be out of thy right senses,"—for after reading what you say three or four times over, I remain without the least conception of its meaning. I should not even guess what particular circumstance you alluded to, if the expression that you would not have cared "had all the St. . . s in Christendom entered," did not point to your meeting my sister-in-law and niece that unfortunate morning, when, as I supposed, you were seized with a sudden fit of shyness, as young people will sometimes be, and be concerned for it afterwards. I never gave the matter a second thought; indeed, was rather surprised at your writing a long note about it before you left town. But what it is you are now confessing, what you imagine me to have imagined, what my looks said or did not say, and above all, what business Lucifer could have with it that his name is brought in, I am wholly at a loss to divine !!! !!! !!! Of *what* can you say "not guilty upon your honour"? *What* is it you fear I *suspect* and even *wish*?—*Plait-t-il*?—*Encore*? *Je n'y suis pas*? If the language were Hebrew I could

not understand the words less, and the further on you go the more puzzled you leave me. But though I cannot conjecture the cause of your perturbation, I can comprehend the frame of mind which fosters it, because I remember the time when I was liable to indulge such cogitations myself. Therefore I will take up the text and preach against them, well knowing their sure attendant mischiefs. An ardent and thinking spirit, soaring above the common, everyday occupations of life, added to warm affections, makes one apt to ponder, especially when one lives out of the world, and cares for only a few in it. The habit is dangerous, being, in fact, that of indulging imagination unchecked by reason till we work ourselves up to the very same point at which "trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong," etc. They are so because the jealous, more than others, ponder over words, looks, etc., till they form of them something that the person who occupies their unceasing attention is as unconscious of as I at this moment of what your letter means. I had this unfortunate habit in my youth, and many a miserable hour did it cost me, brooding over fancied unkindnesses, recalling expressions carelessly uttered by the speakers—in short, as Lady Emily Macleod used to tell me, "*me faisant des dragons pour les combattre.*" I have outlived it, but I know people who have not, and am often consulted what *can* be the meaning of what I, in cool blood, believe to have no meaning at all: why and wherefore a letter is not answered by return of post, whether it gave offence, whether it was thought cold or hot, or wise or foolish, whether it is intended to pass it over altogether and send no answer,—nor dare I always say the simple truth, "Your correspondent may be lazy, or have something else to do." I ponder still some-

times, but have acquired reason enough to check myself, and not suffer my imagination to influence my judgments when I have to do with my fellow-creatures. I once got an absolute fright for a friend of mine, whom you would have thought the most sober, rational, and unimaginative of human beings, but who had this propensity wherever her affections were strongly interested. She was the widow of a man who had acted in public life, and during his political career opposed himself violently to another public character, whom, therefore, she thought it her duty to detest. We had been talking over these past passages one day, when unluckily a letter came in from an upholsterer who had the letting of a house of hers in London : a gentleman had called, liked it, and offered a handsome price, but declined leaving his name ; what should he say when he called again ? “ Who could this be ? ” said she. As the circumstance is a very usual one, I could not help her to guess. She began pondering, and presently worked herself up to suppose that, of all the people in England, it could be no other than her husband’s old antagonist, who probably did not know that either she or her house existed. She grew as angry as if he had been present, protested he should not have it for ten times the value, and declared she would instantly write to forbid the man’s letting it to Mr. Such-a-one (by name) on any consideration. Seeing her far beyond being reasoned with, I sate considering how I should steal her letter and put it in the fire, as the upholsterer would undoubtedly have concluded she was *literally mad* ; but after a time it subsided, and she only refused to deal with anybody who did not give his name. I tell you this story that you may see how far it is possible for a person of good common sense to be carried by the

habit in question, once confirmed by indulgence, and I beseech you to make a good resolution and strive against it. At leisure tell me in plain English and in three words what the three first pages of your letter are filled with, otherwise I am likely to die in utter ignorance and innocence.

As for the Cheshire business, Sir John wanted no defence in my eyes, for the only account of the matter I happened to see was neither in *Courier* nor *Times*, but an Edinburgh newspaper where his name was never mentioned at all. *Query*, whether either he or his lady would like *this* better than the grossest misinterpretation malice could devise? Forgive me if I suspect not. I cannot say his letter gives me the notion of a moderate or cool judging man; it is evidently that of a contrary character, and what he says about the Q. makes me stare. What more would come up to his conceptions of a *strong case*? If he only alleged that the charges were not proved, or that he disbelieved them, well then, despise them as much as he pleases; but taking them for granted, he seems to cry, And is that all? I am afraid I am as much *blasée* about the cant of corruption and public spirit as about the horrors of goblin-novels, and the names now in fashion of whig and tory make me sick, being applied point-blank opposite to their former signification. During the reigns of George 1 and George 2 the Whigs were in power, the Tories out of it; a tory and an independent country gentleman were synonymous terms in common discourse, *vice versâ* a whig and a placeman, a friend of bribery and corruption, a seller of his vote, etc. etc. etc. If you would but read the correspondence between Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and their friends, you would see how exactly they talked Sir John's language, how they bemoaned

the enslaving of their wretched country, the load of taxes to support arbitrary power in ministers, and all the rest of it. But you will say, "*Were* the taxes as great then?" No, surely; but were the estates as great? Let Sir John take his great grandfather's taxes on condition of being reduced to his great grandfather's income, and see how he will like it! Another case was parallel. The danger government then had to fear was the prevalence of a party who wished to bring in the pretender; the worse danger now threatening is that of the Radical faction, who desire to overturn everything. Both such parties had and have a very real existence; in both cases it was the game of the ministers to attribute these evil designs as far as they could to all their opponents, and that of their opponents to deny and ridicule as far as *they* could any such design or danger. Many an honest man who opposed Sir Robert Walpole did not wish George the 2nd dethroned, but he often in his zeal played into the hands of those who did, and unconsciously did the work of the Jacobites. And I believe the case is exactly the same at present. I confess I think Mr. Stanley the clergyman would have done better to stay at home. "My lads, now three cheers for the field!" sounds to me very unclerical language; whoever stirs up the mob to *any* thing is "*one that letteth out water*," and he had no right to murmur that the similitude of sound made it supposed he bade them cheer the Queen. He degraded himself to the level of becoming their leader, and that done,—no matter for the sequel. By this time you will learn to call me a tory, but I do not own to it, because I find just as much absurdity in what I hear from the violent on that side, and am as apt to pursue them back to the roots of the matter in my own mind. Time was when an "*atheist*

and a democrat" in the mouth of a Scotch person on one side of the question signified one who in any way opposed Henry Dundas, and on the other, a slave and a bigot, one who supported him. To judge fairly, one should always begin by setting aside *names*, for they are usually *nonsense*. Do not be angry, but I think it very possible you may live to see Sir John a very great courtier : such transformations have happened in cases more unlikely—a few civilities have often a miraculous effect, and were I a king or a prince, how I should enjoy working it !

Peace to politics ! We are in the midst of *Kenilworth*. I think justice is done to Queen Bess, for whom I was rather jealous. I am inclined to say of it as of all the rest, there are a thousand faults to be found, but you never want to lay it down, and it takes fast hold of your mind all the while you are censuring this and that. Many people will be disgusted with the old language, but I am too much used to it to feel any such drawback, and I should suppose you will not either.

Sunday.—I have got a frank for this long letter, and mean to send no message to Sheffield Place, because I will write to themselves shortly. Remember me most kindly to Lady Louisa. I am very glad to hear she is better. Another time mind what she says when you consult her, for you see she is apt to be in the right. On second thoughts I am half afraid that what *I* have said above may give you pain, that you may conceive me inclined to ridicule your feelings. Far from it ; the fact is, as I tell you, that I really do not in the least understand the cause of your vexation and agitation, but having long been addicted to brood over my own imaginations myself, I am the last person who would laugh the disposition to scorn. I only beg you

to resist it. Some people think of themselves too little—never scrutinize their own thoughts, motives, impulses; others too much—which is your case and mine. One does not make oneself any better by anxiously dwelling on every trifle done or said or thought by oneself or others; increase of discomfort is the only effect sure to be produced, and that nobody wants in this world. Now adieu—direct to Windsor, not Colnbrook; the letters go by the latter, but come by the former.

LETTER XXXIX.]

[“The words used by Leicester to Varney” are evidently those in chapter xxxvii., “What thou dost, do quickly.”]

D. P. [*Ditton Park*], Friday, 2 Feb'y. [1821].

Your letter came yesterday, and I take a spare half-hour to begin this morning what shall not go till Sunday. In the first place let me say how gratified I am that mine pleased Lady Louisa and coincided with her sentiments; though I was pretty sure what these must have been. But why will you still leave me in the dark, as to the purport of your uneasy cogitations? I really felt a curiosity on the subject, which it would have been only fair dealing to satisfy. I wish you would honestly tell me, and then I may perhaps be able to say more in return. There is nothing like clear explanation, be the matter sense or nonsense: it saves a world of future trouble. Now the chapter of *Kenilworth* shall be fully treated. On most parts of it we are fully agreed. I too thought the beginning heavy, was tired of Mike Lambourne and Giles Gosling, and not over pleased with Wayland Smith and his history of Dr. Dobooby. Yet when I had gone through it, I felt that all this had its use, that one thing depended upon another, and was necessary to compleat the living

picture of the times. Flibberty Gibbet is a little too like Gilpin Horner : and I cannot justify Walter Scott (or whoever the invisible may be) from the accusation your magazin-ist brings against him. In the later works I do think the characters are sometimes too fanciful, and, like those of a modern play, seem to know their own foible and exaggerate it to make you laugh, in a manner that only suits buffoons, and is quite contrary to the very nature of humourists. It appears to me that *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary* are quite free from this, and even *Rob Roy*—but Lady Margaret in *Old Mortality* recurs to his sacred Majesty's Disjune too often, and Sir Dugald in *Montrose* far too often to the Lion of the North—the phrases grow like the catchwords, “Keep moving, etc.,” in Morton's and Reynolds' comedies. The euphuism in the *Monastery* is farcical, and the reappearance of Abbot Benedict as a gardener in the *Monastery* seems on purpose to render him a buffoon personage. One has too much of the schoolmaster in this and rather too much of Michael Lambourne. Blount too with his yellow roses is mere farce. However, take it for all in all, it is a delightful work. The catastrophe you must not quarrel with, because there he keeps pretty close to fact. Leicester's first wife died, as was given out, by a fall down stairs—it was supposed that Varney and Foster first stifled her, then threw her down to affect the appearances of bruises. You will observe that the histories of the first and second wife are confounded together, for he was married to Amy Robsart when a boy, in the face of day : King Edward and his court being present. It was Douglas Howard, widow of Lord Sheffield, whom he married afterwards in secret and disowned. Queen Eliz. told her ambassador Throckmorton that the first

wife's death had been inquired into, that he was absent at the time, and nothing appeared to impeach his honesty and honour. And indeed, in his *Secret Memoirs*, taken from Leicester's Commonwealth, a most virulent attack upon him, it is allowed that perhaps he was then young in crimes and might shrink from knowing the exact moment at which she was to be destroyed, or the manner of it: a hint to his emissaries might be sufficient. We have been poking out all these old documents, and those *Secret Memoirs* blacken him so outrageously they would almost make one think he could not deserve a quarter of the abuse. However, when the second wife, after his death, strove to prove her son's legitimacy, she expressly defends herself for marrying again in his lifetime, by saying she had been more than once poisoned, and found she had no other chance for her life. I think this is well managed in the novel: he is not rendered a villain as yet; but you see the possibility that he may become one after you have done with him. Monday.—Returning to the charge, I am ashamed to see how I have scrawled and what uneven lines are above¹—this *par parenthèse*—Now to proceed, I perfectly assent to your observation about the words used by Leicester to Varney. Leicester *would* have used such words without scruple, and that not because he was a bad man, for Bishop Jewel or Richard Hooker would have done the same, to a better or a more indifferent purpose—it was the manner of the times. They were but lately become acquainted with the Scriptures (as well as with the Classics), and perpetually engaged in disputes and controversies about them, which made their language familiar to their ears, besides that it *was* their every-

¹ Writing very good, as usual.—ED.

day tongue, not one sanctified as belonging to Scripture alone : therefore we may be confident such allusions recurred as often and were used with as little scruple in their common talk as they were in their letters and writings. Shakespeare intended no profaneness when Claudio says to Benedick, "God saw him hid in the garden," far less in that beautiful passage—

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And he that might the forfeit best have took
Found out the remedy ;

or—

Ever against the time
Where-in our Saviour's birth is celebrated.

Nor does one feel shocked at such words (in the two latter instances) being pronounced on the stage : but one should if a modern author dared to use them, and all I have said does not in the least excuse the writer of *Kenilworth* for putting so awful a sentence in Leicester's mouth. It was not necessary to mark either the times or the character, as perhaps the too free use of Scripture may be in the case of Mause and Kettledrummie : and I heartily wish it had been forborne. I was the chief reader of the two last volumes, for Lord M., who began, went to town to attend the H. of Lords : and certainly we all sate up to a most undue hour for two nights running, unable to leave it ; but having thus either listened or read aloud, I know I am not half acquainted with it, and when I come to con it by myself (which I will not do till I am at home and have it of my own), I shall find out many little traits that have escaped me. I do now begin to think the fountain absolutely inexhaustible, for I own I somehow had little expectation of *Kenilworth* proving so interesting. I rather believe I prefer it to the *Abbot*, let alone the *Monastery*, and it

seems to me the opening of a fresh field. Lady Queensberry writes that in her neighbourhood (Dumfriesshire near Annan) it is rumoured that two more are on the anvil, but I do not much mind this, because it was from thence that came that ridiculous piece of gossip believed by some—for what will not find credit?—that a *lady*, Mrs. Thomas Scott, wife of Walter's brother, was the authoress of all [or] some of these books. Some of the relations live thereabouts and like to spread the notion, to which I will accede, when I believe a cow was the Duke of Wellington's charger at Talavera or Vittoria. Could one get anybody to say so, it would find believers, never fear.

I enclose a note for Granny, Mrs. Scott [of Petersham] having had good tidings of Lady Charlotte worth communicating to herself. And now I think I must have done for the present. Adieu!

LETTER XL.]

[The details of the duel mentioned in this letter are fully given in Scott's *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 108-116.

The good old sister of 83 is evidently Lady Lonsdale. In July this year came out the letters of Adolphus, proving clearly that Sir Walter was author of the Novels.

Lord Sheffield died this year on 30th May, aged 86.

The Ladies Scott mentioned were the sisters of the Duke of Buccleuch, nieces of Lord Montagu. "Flibbertigibbet" was the youngest, Lady Harriet, afterwards married to the Rev. Edward Moore.]

*Gloucester Place,
Wednesday, February 21st [1821].*

Here have I been since Monday afternoon, dear Louisa, and your letter of the 19th has overtaken me before I could begin answering the former one, which I could not attempt at Ditton, because the house was

fuller than usual and I had little time. Walter Scott came for a day and a half ; a very happy man, having just received the news of his daughter's being safely brought to bed. She had had severe attacks of illness, which made him expect the event anxiously, and leave her with great uneasiness when forced to meet his brother-in-law's widow in town on her arrival from India. But his joy was dashed on Sunday morning by other news that seemed to vex him heartily—a duel, of which, I daresay, the papers have told you enough. A Mr. Scott, the editor of a newspaper and a magazine (the same who wrote the *Visit to Paris*), had abused his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, in one of the two : Mr. L. commissioned a friend in London to go to him and demand a recantation. Scott asked sneeringly whether the gentleman was not in Edinburgh? On hearing this, Lockhart stepped into the mail-coach and presently gave notice of his arrival here. Scott then shuffled and split hairs, and at last the affair concluded by Lockhart's writing him word he should stay four-and-twenty [hours] longer in town, and if he heard nothing from him during that period, go back to Scotland, considering him *a liar and a rascal*. He heard nothing, and went. The father-in-law, viewing Scott as a man below this kind of notice from a gentleman, held the proceeding hot-headed, and was hurt at it, his daughter being so ill and near her time. But with Mr. Lockhart's absence Mr. Scott's spirit rose, or perhaps he found the contempt of the world too much to bear, for he has mended the matter by challenging Mr. Christie, the friend first employed by L., and now lies severely wounded, though likely to recover. Sir Walter's humanity was shocked, and besides he knows the world, and knows that there are people with whom you only

dirty your fingers by meddling. Whether you are in the right or the wrong, your character is in some degree lowered by descending to a contest, and sending your name forth to the indifferent gossiping public along with theirs. Your beloved *Blackwood's Magazine* had something to do with the business, by the bye. Scott affected to think Lockhart its editor, and would not stoop to apologise on that account : but the original story took up two columns in the Edinburgh paper, and my patience failed in two sentences, so I am by no means mistress of it all. Sir W. was otherwise in very good feather. We wanted to ask him whether he had read *Kenilworth*, but nobody would hang the bell about the cat's neck : however, the Ladies Scott, who have christened their little sister Flibbertigibbet, called her so to his face, and he said it was a *very gude name*, as composedly as Mr. Barr utters his apothegms. No wonder ! since Mrs. Thomas Scott's writing all these books "is now quite ascertained. I really have taken pains to examine into the matter, and there can be no sort of doubt about it. She must be a most clever woman. I heard a very good-natured thing of Walter Scott, though—very good-natured indeed ! Mrs. Lockhart told it me, and she said she positively *knew* it. The first the sister sent him (*Waverley*, I think) he was vastly delighted with it, and he offered directly to be her editor ; and do you know he actually took the trouble to write it all over in his own hand. Now this was true good-nature." Do not read this to anybody, dearest Lou, for in truth it was my good old sister of eighty-three, who sits at home, receiving all the gossips that will call upon her, and believes every word they say. I held up the newspaper to hide that I was laughing behind it, and did not try to shake her

belief,—in which I joined as far as his having written *Waverley* in his own hand—a bad service to do for another, as it happens to be more difficult to read than most I am acquainted with. Mark the spring, the origin of this disposition in human nature : it is nothing new, it has shown itself in all times : if the merit of the work cannot be denied, the author (even when avowed) did not write it himself—“Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*,” says Pope—Miss Burney’s novels were Dr. Johnson’s—the Lord knows who secretly wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds’ lectures—Le Sage stole his *Gil Blas* out of Spanish manuscripts—and so on in other things : the successful general had an imp at his elbow in the shape of a secretary or emissary that nobody ever heard of, who planned all his campaigns—the wise minister was in truth a poor creature for whom some clever underling settled measures and wrote despatches—it is well if an admired orator is allowed to have made his own speeches in parliament. Why? Wherefore? Why is the fancied discovery always made with such evident glee ; why so readily caught by every hearer ? Why, because the feeling which to *your* mind is the most pleasurable it can experience, that of warm admiration, that of looking up to a distinguished fellow-creature as something superior to yourself, that feeling which seems to swell your soul, which makes your heart glow and your bosom throb, which you cannot endure to have disturbed by any doubt, alloyed by any blame cast upon the object—that feeling is painful to many, if not most, common minds. They would do anything to get rid of it, to pull down the statue from its pedestal, or set up some shapeless image along with it ; to convert the shining blade into a row of pins, to change the guinea into a heap of farthings. Yet let me make what I think

a ridiculous supposition, that Mrs. Thos. Scott *has* written these books, and will one day acknowledge them. Suppose her received and admired in consequence ; then mind if the very same people who so triumph in her name at present are not the first to tell you, "Oh, very fine talking, but you may be sure Walter Scott wrote them for her ; it is nonsense to think otherwise"—because then she will become the object of the same envious spirit now pointed against him.¹ I have been interrupted, and shall not be able to finish my letter for to-day's post, so it shall stand over, and I will write to Ly. S. [Sheffield] a few lines only to thank my Lord for his pamphlet, and inform them that Mr. Morritt is gone to settle his young people at Brighton, and will probably call at Sh. [Sheffield] Place in his way back to town.

Ly. Sheffd. wrote me word that you found Wayland Smith underground in Camden. I looked through his *Britannia* and could not discover him, but possibly it might mean Camden's *Life of Q. Eliz.*, which I did not think of. Your Grandfather's pamphlet is a wonderful performance at his advanced age—clear, spirited, and forcible, as if written by a man of thirty. Whether it might not as well have been let alone is another question. It throws no new light on the subject, and as that is now waning out of public attention, will perhaps not attract many readers ; truly, I suspect Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh will hardly be of the number. There I should secretly agree with Mr. Barr. I heartily hope Lady Charlotte will return to enliven him and us after

¹ "He was grieved at the injustice and meanness of mankind which was always seeking to depreciate the fair fame of another, which the greater or nobler a man is, is always more eager to decry him."—"Jowett's Recollections of Tennyson," *Life of Tennyson*, vol. ii. p. 466.

her Roman campaign. I am really very sorry for your long separation from the Stanleys, and enter into all you say on that head, but it is now too late, and in order that this may be left at Foley Place to-morrow morning early, I must end it now. Adieu. I may perhaps prose on another time, so excuse an abrupt conclusion.

LETTER XLI.]

[Mrs. Holroyd is the "Aunt Serena" of *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*.]

Wednesday, March 7th [1821].

My dear Louisa—I was very much pleased with your last letter, and I could find a great deal to say in answer to it, but must write *short* at present because I am going out of town and expect the carriage every minute, only I want to tell you what you asked me twenty times last winter, and I never succeeded in finding out for you, the direction of that Mrs. Proby—simply *Mrs. Anne Proby*, Croydon. Her niece, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie (ci-devant *Lady Hood*), is in London at present for a short time. On my telling her why I enquired, I found that she had also known Mrs. Holroyd and corresponded with her, and she desired me to beg that her letters, if any existed, might be destroyed or returned to her.

You do not disagree so much with Thomson as you suppose, for teaching the young idea how to shoot *may* be very delightful, for aught you know, as it appears you do not find any to shoot, or at least that it does not shoot in the case you speak of. You put me in mind of an old passage. My sister Mac^y [Macartney], endeavouring to discover whether one of our Dawson nephews, an Etonian of fourteen, had any notion of the history of

England, he assured her with disdain that, "Lord! he knew all that well enough," for with these gentlemen ignorance and diffidence are by no means apt to go together. "Well, then, do you know anything of Charles the First?"—"Yes, to be sure; I know he had his head cut off." "And do you know the history of his son?"—"Son! what son? I know nothing about his son." "What, not James the Second?"—"Oh, James the Second—yes, I know he was in Ireland." "But what else? What became of him?"—"Lord! I don't know. What does it signify?" So there was a trifling incident called the Revolution that seemed to have been unheard of.

I am going, I believe, to the Dss. of Buccleuch at Richmond for five or six days; but as poor Ly. Mac^r is not very well, I shall take Chiswick in my way, and possibly may stay there instead of going farther. I assure you Mr. Morritt was very much pleased with his walk, which I am afraid he preferred to his Lordship's politics: he has set you down as a future friend for his nieces, the greatest compliment he can pay, since people always look to the quarter where their own affections are lodged. The carriage is come, and I have time for no more, so, dear Lou, farewell.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER XLII.]

[The reason for Miss Clinton's fear she should not see Sheffield Place again must have been Lord Sheffield's great age or some illness, not his death, as one might suppose, which did not take place till 30th May; Sir Walter Scott, whose visit is mentioned, left London in April, so the date of this letter must be earlier than that.

The quotation from La Bruyère is from the fifth chapter—"De la société et de la conversation." It is a quotation from memory; the sense, but not the precise words.]

Thursday [(March), (1821)].

Dearest Lou—I am quite ashamed of myself, but really have been hindered from writing in various ways. I had no time at Rich^{d.} and was besides very anxious about Lady Mac^y. [Macartney], who has been extremely unwell, not, I think, from any direct illness, but the increase of weakness throughout her frame. I returned to town Tuesday, after spending two or three hours with her in my way, then went to a Charity meeting with Mrs. Stuart the moment I came. All yesterday had visits to pay; to-day was just sitting down to write when in came a visitor, but being by name Sir Walter Scott, you will not suppose I was very sorry to be thus hindered. He stays in town a week longer, and does not go, as he intended, to Bath. I now write merely to return you the inclosed, but do not suppose that I have read yours with indifference, or your longings after Alderley without sympathy. It is a thing I can most particularly enter into, having bid farewell forever to the places where I have been happiest, the remembrance of which sits still at my heart. But such, dear Lou, is life. For you, tho' at present there seems small chance of your seeing Alderley again, yet there is no bar to it; it still may happen, for one knows not what an hour may bring forth. But I am sorry, very sorry, the Stanleys do not come to town. As for the evenings you ask, you would promise them if you knew what a favour you confer in devoting so much time to me, and how much it tends to cheer and soften my existence, to give it some of that "*beautiful*" Wallenstein speaks of in the fine lines quoted in your former letter. Of all this more when I can write at leisure, which I fear will not be till the beginning of next week; but for a *bonne bouche* you shall have a story of your favourite Mr. C.; don't repeat it as

coming from me. A particular friend of his got into great debts and difficulties which he durst not divulge to his father. The father, discovering them, was much pained, but resolved to set him free, and made great sacrifices for the purpose. The son felt this kindness deeply; he said he was now bound to his father for life, and must ever hate himself should he disobey or vex him again. Such a sentiment scandalised the high-souled Mr. C.; it was so base, so mean, he said, to confess that his affections could be thus *bought*! He owned that gratitude was the vice of a noble mind, but still it *was* a vice. Now you, in your wrathful zeal, will fall to detesting his heart. I say, Heaven help the poor man's head! Whenever such a compleat sophistication takes place, depend upon it that is the weak part, and one may tell these superior-minded people what La Bruyère does to "les diseurs de Phébus." "*Ce qui vous manque (quoique vous ne vous en doutez pas) c'est l'esprit.*" What you want is the *intellect* you are always talking about.

I met Eliz. Fanshawe at Mrs. Weddell's last night. Adieu in haste.

LETTER XLIII.]

Chiswick, Saturday evening,
March (?) [1821].

Your letter was so *piercing*, from the humility of your complaints, that I must have died with shame if I had not written to you yesterday. But as I had, I will look up confidently and proceed straight to congratulate you on your change of habitation. I have always reckoned Q. A. [Queen Anne] Street a very good situation, one of the best in the Cavendish Sqr. region, because it is the only handsome street that

runs east and west, and I assure you if you went into a house in any of those running north and south, you would feel the inconvenience of the western sun very severely, considering that it is chiefly in warm weather you visit London. It must be near old Mrs. Anson's, 49. I have visited her and thought her house very pleasant. No doubt it is much nearer me. I cannot find 54 in the book, which gives me some fear it is a corner house; but one cannot have every thing—then so near Granny [Lady Sheffield] too, to be picked up for going here and there! Indeed I am very glad you are so well established. I trust I shall see a good deal of you, for my sister here is so recovered, so much better than I ever hoped to see her again, that she talks of letting a nephew of ours (a clergyman with many children) come to her with two of his daughters to make some little stay, therefore she will not want me, and except going for a week to Richmond about ten days hence, I have no excursions in view. You name Mr. D——. He was the very man whose meanness in feeling grateful for his father's generosity provoked Mr. C.'s magnanimous indignation. The speech about the F.'s sprung from the same source, a desire of seeming superior to common things, and finding no other way of becoming so, but by affecting contempt for what a mind really superior would have valued. Another saying relating to them (not his) I wish I had not heard, because it unluckily hit right, therefore will come into my head again. It was in a letter somebody happened to read before me on a different account, but the writer (a man) mentioned having dined with them, and said, "You know the *Demon of Good Behaviour* has got into that house." I have so often felt just this, that it helps me to an

expression. I have missed them once or twice, but met E—— one night at Mrs. Weddell's. She kicks off the Dæmon when P—— is not by, and can be as little proper as her neighbours.

I never saw *L^y. Dufferin*, and have been forced to look into the Irish Peerage to see who she was. I am always glad when you meet with anybody you like. I remember nothing of the family but the presentation of his mama, *Lady Dufferin and Claneboye*, on her creation to those honours. She herself gave her card to the Lady in waiting, my cousin Cardigan, who is not very quick at any time, and the scrawl being illegible, she took all this for one tremendous word, which she had no power of decyphering. So she stood astounded, the poor Queen looking at her, waiting to hear the Lady's name, and the new Peeress colouring, bridling, and growing angry that she and her consequence were not perfectly well known at Court already. . . .

I must conclude this Monday morning, just going back to town. Remember me as usual to Lady Louisa ; it is delightful to hear of her having been out. My sister here has actually taken a little walk this morning, and is in all respects wonderfully better. I believe I said this before.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

[Written on the back in another hand, probably Lord or Lady Sheffield's :—]

This letter is just arrived. We were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lord Glenbervie and Miss Boycott yesterday to stay till Thursday.

LETTER XLIV.]

[The allusion to the Austrians in Italy refers to the Carbonari rising in Naples, and the entry in March of the Austrian

troops at the invitation of King Ferdinand, which resulted in the defeat of the insurgent General Pépé.

The Hungarian Brothers is probably the novel by Miss Porter that is alluded to.]

*Gloucester Place, Friday,
23rd of March [1821].*

Always in the background and always pardon to ask! But I should have kept my word in writing the beginning of the week, if a fit of the toothache had not utterly unhinged me for three or four days. Then I went for one to Chiswick, whence I came back late-ish yesterday. My sister is considerably better, indeed has rallied more than I expected she ever would again. I am going to her again to-morrow, but only for a couple of days. Now let me return you thanks for the German translation, which I enclose as you desire, but I should be obliged to you one day or other for a copy, because some of the lines strike the right chords. The third stanza, I believe, I wrote myself, it is so exactly what I feel and experience, though, if one continues to exist, one must grow callous, and seek to grow so; therefore no more of this.

Mr. Barr instructing Mrs. Moore in Brantôme must be a scene worthy of Fielding. No one living author, I think, could do it justice. I have a set of the French *Mémoires Historiques*. My poor father took them in and gave them to me as they were published, but the French revolution disturbed the original design of bringing them down to Louis 14th time, and they closed at Brantôme. As they were all uniformly bound, when I had a house of my own I placed them in the hanging shelves near the fireplace. Not a man ever entered my room who did not by some sort of instinct dart at one particular volume, take it down, open it,

grin significantly, and put it up again. So at last I took it down to see where the very good joke lay. Behold, it was Brantôme's *Dames Galantes*; and when I saw what a heap of beastly particulars were gathered together, I sent for a bookbinder and insisted on his separating it from the rest of the work, and taking it away, though he *argued sair* on the absurdity of spoiling the set and diminishing the value, as it must to my heirs. I am sorry poor Mrs. Moore meddles with Brantôme, decent or indecent, and wish Mr. — *Waverley* could have taken out a patent for historical novels, and been authorised to prosecute all who incroached upon his ground, for they are becoming a pest. Miss Holford, you know, got into the middle of the *Thirty Years' War*. Here is Miss Porter has taken up the tail of it in four mortal volumes: *The Village of Mariendorp, Marshal Torstenson, Austria and Bavaria, the Emperor and the Palsgrave!* They were reading it aloud at Richmond, and I rejoiced to be the reader, for the advantage of skipping all the useless words in a page, and yawning rather less than I should have done as hearer. But you are now, I daresay, too busy and too eager about the Peninsula of Italy to think of anything else. An old prejudice (imbibed from Petrarch I believe) gives me a dislike to the Austrians as masters of that country, *I barbari tedeschi*. Yet it seems a decree of fate that Italians should never govern themselves; and when they did, in the times of the small republics, what a blessed state of society! Tumult, uproars, plotting, murdering, poisoning, each party proscribing the other. At present the rage for constitution-making is something like that of manuring land with yeast. If one resolved to dine upon whatever egg should be laid to-morrow, hen's, or raven's, or sea-

gull's, it would be about as rational as the Piedmontese and Neapolitans declaring for the Spanish Constitution, the Spaniards as yet not having settled what Constitution they will have. This practical bull was pointed out to me by a red-hot whig, who, however, could not help laughing at it heartily. I have been keeping such company lately—friends who are in town for a short time, and much engaged—dining one day with Ld. Lansdowne, another with Ld. Holland, another at Lady Jersey's. They are most agreeable, sensible people themselves, but, as usual, the lady vents the violence of her party, the man (from whom it really comes) apparently checks and pats it down. By something she has said to me, and some books I see on her table, I can perceive they are leaning to what is called growing *serious*, of which you know the meaning. Yet mark the inconsistency of human nature, and the strong influence of party spirit. Both talked last night with visible exultation (to use a familiar phrase); they *crowed over* the brilliancy of an assembly at Lady Holland's; assured me they had never seen more good company assembled; counted up the names of the respectable women they observed there; boasted of her beauty, her grace, her graciousness, just as a good courtier describes the king's, and said that indeed she seemed regarded by all her visitants with the deference paid to a crowned head. Yet what is this but the triumph of vice?

The Russell Square seminary sinks to nothing before Mrs. Mott's. I can find nothing to admire in it but the *ring*, the use of which I am at a loss to comprehend. The men point it out directly "to be in readiness for a journey to Gretna Green." If so, they are grown terribly lazy, and a poor young lady will next have to

bespeak the post-chaise for herself and lover ; nay, set out first, and pick him up at quarters. Well ! this is a very inadequate return for your letters, but the spirit of writing is gone from me, only let it purchase me one in return very soon, and as March is verging to its close, tell me when I may hope for you in town ? I had a most entertaining billet from Lady Sheffield. Wednesday, promising to be here (if various things permitted) next week. Adieu, with kindest remembrances to Lady Louisa.—Afftely. ys., L. S.

LETTER XLV.]

Richmond, Thursday [before May 1821].

You mistook, my dear Louisa ; I am here at the Dss. of Buccleuch's, not at Capt. Scott's : however, it made no difference with regard to your letter, nor does it make much otherwise, for it is not ten minutes' walk, and I see Car most days. I was starved on Friday by coming down without muff or fur tippet. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were warmer and finer than one usually feels it in June ; and now again it blusters, and is cold enough, I hope, to reconcile you to Q. Anne Street West. I have been reading the *Sketch Book* and like it very well ; I do not think it the work of a man of genius, but it shows a mind imbued with the spirit of good (and old) English literature, and that is a great deal to me. Your protestation that you cannot be *be-glamoured* is very like (I borrow my comparison from *The Simple Story*) an insane person protesting he is quite in his senses and may be safely trusted abroad. But this I forgive, because it is perfectly natural. *I do not* (I fairly tell you) the mock modesty of its being so little worth while to turn your brains ; because I have repeatedly said to you, that with all the

real modesty possible you would not be a little mortified if classed along with some of the former temporary favourites of the person in question, who might in general say with great truth what the Dss. of Queensberry wrote to Swift : "I like very few people, and when I do like anybody it is not for any merit of theirs, but because it is my humour at the present moment." Did you ever read *Emma*, a novel of Miss Austen's? I have seen three or four *Harriet Smiths* taken up and let down again, and you not being quite a Harriet Smith, your *good genius* would rather you were not of the number. The present inmate is, I acknowledge, rather of the *Miss Jane Fairfax* class, and the first I have known so favoured. All this is Hebrew to you if you never read *Emma*. Oh! how I wish (and have long wished) for the *Mr. Knightley* to come and take the government on his own shoulders, then everything would go on as it ought. I am glad your brother is at last fairly entered into life. I suppose before the time of joining he will get into some other corps, or the corps will have left Armagh, else I would ask Mrs. Stuart for recommendations to respectable persons there. No more at present, but that I shall be in town on Saturday, and hope to see you at eight o'clock the latest. Kindest Remembrance to Lady Louisa.

[Lord Sheffield died on 30th May 1821, aged 86. Lady Sheffield survived him till 1832. Lord Pevensey, who succeeded as 2nd Earl of Sheffield, was the only son, and by this third wife. He was born in March 1802.]

CHAPTER V

JULY AND AUGUST 1821

LETTER XLVI.]

[Miss Clinton records in her journal that she left London for Alderley on 4th July, with her uncle John Stanley (afterwards 1st Lord Stanley of Alderley), and "little Owen," as she calls him, eldest son of Mr. Stanley's brother, the Rev. Edward Stanley, the future Bishop of Norwich. Owen Stanley, then a boy of ten, elder brother of Dean Stanley, died 1850, a Captain R.N. Miss Clinton evidently started on her journey much disturbed with a feeling that it was her duty to stay with her mother, and not realising that she was distressing her mother by objecting to her wish that she should make this visit. From her journal it appears that the old house at Alderley had been pulled down, and a new one built and half furnished since she had last visited there. Her uncle's father, the 6th Baronet, was still alive. He did not die till 1827.

Marlborough House was occupied by Prince Leopold for some years after the death of Princess Charlotte.]

G. [*Gloucester*] Place,
11th of July [1821].

My dear Louisa—. . . Sir William came in, very much disturbed about certain fees demanded of the G.C.B.'s, but in good spirits and humour nevertheless. I had a glimpse of Maria and half a glimpse of Henry. I

mean to put an iron in the fire for securing the former a coronation ticket, but, till sure of success, will say nothing of it. Apropos of that business, do you recollect my declining to be introduced to a lady whose party we met in a certain Hall, and your wondering I was so odd and churlish? I will tell you an anecdote of her that perhaps may make you acknowledge my *instinct* rather clear; at least, of what would or would not suit myself, as I have an old-fashioned partiality for a gentlewoman. At Marlborough House one night Sir Robt. Gardiner was offered the same advantage, and did not refuse it; so when bow and courtesy had passed, she began acquaintance with: "Pray was Prince L. really sorry when his wife died?" Sir Robert's breath being taken away, she answered herself: "I daresay it was only because she was to have been a queen. Pray is not he a very weak man?" Anger restoring speech, he found words to say, "Very much the reverse, Madam." "Umh, but I believe he *is*, though. And do you reckon him handsome?" "Yes, Madam, I do." "I don't think him so at all—but what a large head he has!" Are you satisfied? Will you not agree with me that this denotes a coarse and vulgar mind? that your kitchen-maid, if she had *not* one, would feel her way before she began abusing me to my footman the first time she ever saw him? And will you take for an apt comment on this text the words Miss Hawkins makes a man say to a young woman—"If you treat us as gentlemen, we *must* treat you as ladies; but who do you think is to treat you as ladies, when one comes up with a slap, another with some rude speech, and one stares us out of countenance, and another—does things that make *us* stare?" Having

just heard the story, I could not forbear treating Lady Louisa with it, though I did not tell her (nor must you) the lady's name, and we argued that in Miss Hawkins' book it would have been pronounced an exaggerated picture of modern manners. So you are disposed to throw away that book in disgust? I thought I should not like it at first, but it has ended with my conning every word twice over. You must not view it as a story, or think of the story,—thus it is with her others,—but suppose the *Spectator* or La Bruyère embodied and put into action, and study it as a lesson for the world, and the world as it now exists. I assure you that you will find more that is useful and valuable, more instruction for the regulation for the mind (of a woman's mind), than in most works expressly stiled moral. *You will*; I would not say so to Maria or anybody capable of only reading a pretty story. The reflections lie too deep, the stile is too intricate, indeed too pedantic, for she often uses words in a Latin sense rather than an English one, and her allusions are what Miss Such-a-one would never comprehend. Her writings are beef, requiring a strong digestion, and giving solid nutriment to whoever possesses it. In the old Dutchess of Queensberry's expressive language: "I like it, for *it gives me to think.*" I confess I have wished to believe her pictures of insolent fine ladies, of people who take their rank for a privilege of being rude and impertinent, and doing what they please where they please, a little overstrained; but there comes Lady H—— H——, you see, and teaches me my own ignorance of the present world. I shall be very angry with you if you do not feel the excellence of Mr.

Broderage, and wish for the self-government he taught Carilis.

How far more applicable to Buonaparte than to Charles the 12th himself are Johnson's lines :—

He left a name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

and many a reflection does his fate present to one, especially when one sees how little is thought about it. But you must not expect me to deplore him as an ill-used person. After all the misery he had brought upon mankind, to be allowed personal liberty and every comfort of life in a temperate climate, was surely no severe measure. At least before you pronounce it so, consider the three last days of the Duc d'Enghien's existence, read over attentively Clery's *Journal du Temple*, and enquire how the poor queen of France fared in her dungeon for near a year after that ended, and Posterity will say he was most mildly and mercifully treated ; and though the lion in the tower be an object one can never see without a feeling of compassion, yet common sense tells one, when he *is* there, only one of three things can be done—let him stay there, giving him every physical comfort you can, shoot him through the head, or open the door and allow him to tear in pieces whoever he meets with.

I was at Petersham on Monday and spent a very pleasant day, finding both [the Scotts] better and the weather being good. This is all, at the present writing.

I shall expect to hear a great deal of Alderley news in return, and shall rejoice if you will but condescend to feel yourself happy with your cousins. Adieu, and God bless you,

L. S.

LETTER XLVII.]

[The first sentence of this letter refers to a small scolding omitted in printing Letter XLVI.

A description of Lydia White will be found in Sir Walter's letter to Lady Louisa in Lockhart's *Life*—16th June 1808.

Lady Caroline Lamb was the daughter of the 3rd Earl of Bessborough and wife of William Lamb, afterwards Prime Minister as Viscount Melbourne.

"Lucy," mentioned on p. 152, was Lucy Stanley, afterwards Mrs. Hare.]

*Gt. [Gloucester] Place,
Tuesday, July 17th [1821].*

My dear Lou—Yes, I will shake hands with you heartily now, for your last letter has put me in good humour, and effaced the impression of your first. Let me whisper in your ear that I did not receive the former till Saturday evng., but say nothing about this, because Maria owned to me on Sunday that the delay was her fault, though I could not make out exactly how long before it had arrived : by the date it should have come Wednesday at latest ; but possibly it took more than one day to write it. You will rejoice to see that the G.C.B.'s have tickets of their own for the Abbey : besides which good-natured Granny has secured Lord Guilford's : indeed my sister-in-law, Lady Stuart, who is just come from Paris, found Lady Guilford and her daughters still at Rochester, where the illness of one had detained them, so perhaps they may not be able to go. At any rate I trust Maria will have her amusement, and as I am sure I should have been very eager for it at her age, though then as little fond of common dissipation as you are, I should really have grieved had she been disappointed. By this time you must have received my letter, sent to Queen Anne St. Wednes-

day, the 11th, I think. I am almost sorry it was a scolding one, since you are now become a good girl, and treat me as I could wish with accounts of pleasurable feelings, delight in wood, hill, and dale, and greater delight in the society of the companions of your childhood. The only thing I disliked was your having extolled me to Sir John. I do not doubt you could dress up your phantom in colours that he must admire, but I am too conscious that it is a phantom of your own raising, something not only foreign to me, but in too many respects the reverse of me, to have any satisfaction in your persisting to give it my name. Could you know the actual pain, the stings I sometimes suffer from your exaggerated commendations, you would forbear them: and could you also know that with most people you can speak to, you counteract your own design, provoke them to find fault, or, as Pope says, "ridicule beyond a hundred foes," you would learn the prudence of measuring your terms. Remember the fable of the owl's children devoured by her ally, because she described them as so beautiful that the little monsters were not supposed to belong to her. Once for all, talk to me no more of myself—I bar that subject: as much as you please of *yourself*, of Lucy [Stanley] and Co., of beech woods, and glens, and dingles, and magic poles, and country entertainments, notwithstanding the sighs you may cost me, for places I shall never see again rise up before me as I read your accounts of these things. Oh! if you were my niece, even yet I could feel some reflected pleasure in rambling with you to beautiful scenes; I will not say that I might not even go abroad—but my lot was otherwise cast, and not having made the best of it as it is, I have

the less right to talk of what I should have done had it been otherwise.

Walter Scott is come up to see the coronation, as he half said he should when he went down. I saw him at Montagu House on Sunday evening, he had dined at Lord Guilford's the day before, and was greatly edified with the discourse of the ladies invited to meet him, namely, Lydia White, Mrs. Coniers, and Lady Caroline Lamb, especially Mrs. Coniers, who never came in his way before, and who is worth paying half-a-crown to see at any time. Whitehead said in a satirical poem on the fashionable follies of my day that "gentle ears are cannon proof," meaning that they would endure any quantity or quality of nonsense. To my mind men's ears have a still greater power of endurance. I never yet knew a very remarkable, a super, an extra female fool, who was not popular among them. Mrs. Coniers for example. If Walter Scott himself were to see a little more of her, he would grow fond of her company. When folly arrives at that pitch which excludes every feeling of diffidence, every sensation of what is proper or improper, it is a battering-ram carrying all before it. "*Chassez un chien du fauteuil du roi, il grimpe à la chaire du prédicateur,*" says La Bruyère—"il n'a pas, non plus que le sot, de quoi rougir." Accordingly after getting a kick or two, which he does not in the least mind, he becomes presently, "poor fellow—an honest dog after all—a good creature, with no kind of harm in him," and everybody considers him with complacency. Walter Scott complains of the civilities paid to his second son in Wales: he sent him to a clergyman there, because he was lively, clever, and had great talents for amusing, and everything else but application to study, and the father hoped that absence from all

temptation would leave him no choice but to make himself a good classical scholar. Lo ! the neighbourhood have discovered him, one gentleman invites him to a jovial dinner, another to a fishing party, another promises him a week's shooting, another lends him a spirited horse, and the classics are as ill off as they were at home. Mrs. Lockhart, Scott's married and favourite daughter, has recovered her health and lives near him in the country. I do not hear the other advantageously spoken of—it seems she thinks it spirited to *quiz* her father, and affect contempt for him, which would be very bad stile, even if he deserved it.

Be assured your letters must always give me extreme pleasure, provided you steer clear of panegyric and of murmurs at having gone to Alderley. Company interrupts me, and I must conclude.—Ever truly and
afftely. yours,
L. S.

LETTER XLVIII.]

[Penrhoys (properly Penrhôs) in Anglesey, was the property of Lady Stanley, the mother-in-law of Lady Maria Stanley. See *note*, p. 165.

Lady Charlotte Homan was the youngest daughter of Lady Louisa's brother, the first Marquess of Bute. She married in 1797 Sir William Jackson Homan, Bart., and died his widow in 1847.]

Glr. [Gloucester] Place,
24th of July [1821].

I assure you, dear Lou, I began an answer to your letter last week, but unpleasant news interrupted me, and now it is better to take a fresh sheet of paper. A sad tragedy has happened in a branch of my family :

I will not say an *affliction* to myself, because I had not habits of familiar intimacy and attachment in the quarter ; only general kindness and good will. But in its own nature it is deplorable : my poor niece, Lady Charlotte Homan, has lost her only son—only child—by a week's sudden illness, which seized him at Ghent, on the road to Dresden, whither his father was carrying him to a military academy. They left England on the 5th, the poor boy in perfect health and high spirits ; on the 16th he was no more. God help his unhappy mother ! who lives in the south of Ireland, and possibly does not yet know her calamity. If grief ever killed any one, I should hope rather than fear it might be fatal to her.

I am glad Lucy has the wisdom to discourage, both in you and herself, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy” —but I give both leave to be as high wrought as possible at sight of the Welsh mountains. Lady Louisa, with whom I sate an hour on Sunday morning, seemed in good spirits, rejoicing not a little that you had yielded to go to Penrhoys, and holding herself sure that the beautiful country would repay you for the effort. . . . If you could but have been in two places at once, or borrowed Prince Houssein's carpet ! For I do lament your not having seen the Coronation. You may talk disdainfully of the show, and *quiz* the imagined figure of Old Nick or any individual, but you do not know how much there is to attract the *mind* in a great *public* spectacle : how different a feeling it raises from a ball at Carlton House, or Almack's, or my Lady Such-a-one's brilliant assembly. All who were there speak of it as a scene they never can forget. And I observe that the young people in particular, going

merely with the expectation of a show, were evidently taken by surprise, and found themselves affected in a manner they never dreamt of, with feelings of awe and solemnity—they held their breath when the sovereign was making his vow in the presence of God, and found the tears springing to their eyes when his brother knelt to make that of allegiance. Instead of being inclined to giggle at Old Nick in white satins, they seem to acknowledge that the antique dresses aided the illusion, and transported them back to the days of chivalry. “It was Kenilworth,” says Louisa Dawson, who, after determining not to go, did go, tho’ far from well the day before, and declared it cured her of all illness. But she is a person calculated to enter into the spirit of anything interesting, therefore I was much more struck with the sort of animation your sister Maria showed in speaking of it: it quite *inspired* her, and made her sure she had felt something she never felt before and did not exactly comprehend. Now *you* would have enjoyed it so much more than twenty Marias! or than Mrs. W.’s cold nieces, the . . . whom I met last night, and who likewise warmed into enthusiasm in speaking of it. I met also Mrs. Gally-Knight and a young lady belonging to her, who had had the luck of seeing the curious scene *without doors*, her party arriving at the time Her M. was seeking entrance. She (the Q.) took hold of one of them and said, “Do you wish to go in?” The lady, pretending not to know her, said she had a ticket, which she spread out. Mrs. G.-K.’s friend (whose name I never learnt) told us the Q. looked pale and trembled; there were hisses and horrid things said to her by the people—“in short,” said she, “I could not help pitying a person in such a state of degradation, tho’ it was by her own act.” For my part I retract my former opinion

that they had better have given her a seat if she *could* like to have one, for I am now persuaded she would have done something to interrupt the ceremony, perhaps stepped between the King and the altar. She gathered a mob of thorough blackguards on her return, who broke a few lamps and windows ; but by her sallying no more during the remainder of the day, I conclude she was conscious of being totally defeated. What an owl Lord Hood must be ! since if he had refused to go with her (as he would, had he felt for her dignity), she could hardly have done it by herself. Lady Anne [Hamilton] *I know*, so I do not wonder at any folly or stupidity on her part. Lady Charlotte Lindsay had much the same account from Dr. Holland, who was at a window commanding the platform, and who said he felt a mixture of disgust and compassion that turned him almost sick. But those who advised and supported her formal claim to be crowned, and drew up the dignified protest against the decision of the Council, were ready to murder her for rolling herself in the kennel with this *finale*. It is very like actual derangement. Lady Charlotte rejoices that she resisted the temptation of going to the same place whence Dr. Holland had the view, a room belonging to Lord Guilford's office of the tally court. Her nephew George was there, as he could not appear in the Hall or Abbey without putting off his mourning. She looks thin, and though delighted to have half an hour of her company now and then, I am sorry she came to town, because it was (as Mrs. Douglas feared it would be) to meet . . . I had not heard from her previously, and was quite surprised when she walked into my room on Saturday morning. She then gave me a piece of Sunday evening, not a large one, for she had dined somewhere at a

fashionable hour. I have not picked her brains, of course, present matters engrossing most of our conversation. She says Anne [Holroyd] is considerably better in every respect, and Ly. Sheffield tolerably well.

I asked after Cat. Fan. [Fanshawe], of whom she gave a good account, except that, she said, she seemed to her uncomfortably situated abroad in not having any one particular person by way of friend to cling to, the C.'s being over and above their self-sufficient impertinence remarkably ignorant of the world. Catherine at Rome chiefly attached herself to Lady W. . . . Now the Fans. themselves (it always strikes me) are ignorant of the world, and, with all their cleverness, want *tact* in discerning characters, of which this is a proof. Lady W. is very entertaining, has parts and eloquence, means well, has preserved her reputation unspotted in a difficult situation and while doing all manner of odd things. But she is wild as the winds, a little more than mad in a way of speaking, since she once on a time attempted cutting her own throat. This was while quarrelling with her husband, and having got rid of him, it is to be presumed she will not do it again; but what else she may do, one can never be certain. Assuredly, whatever happens to come into her head; and if you were to hear the torrent of words she pours forth you would say so. Poor Mrs. P. once reproved me for saying before the Fans. that Lady A.'s manner and conversation were odd and comical; "for they," said she, "are quite unconscious of any singularity in her; they had a very precise education under most strict parents, and they know nothing of what has passed in the world; they have no rule of comparison to enable them to perceive when anybody deviates from its ways"—though I should have thought a pair of ears alone requisite to discover

that Lady A. spoke like a country girl in a play. The same cause may prevent Cat.'s finding out Lady W.'s eccentricity, or may make her lay it to the score of superior genius. I am confident one should amaze and *horrify* the whole family if one told them what one would think every child bred up in London must know, that William S. is held an unprincipled, profligate fellow. I have got through four pages, and said little in answer to yours, not even thanked you for Mrs. Baring's epistle. I had forgot Sister Susan—only recollect there were various illustrious descendants "*of royal Tudor and of old king Cole*" (according to an epigram made at the time) concerned in the Berkeley cause. It is one of the consequences of the fine style prevalent in these days, when some are pleased to say that "everybody writes *well*"—that ignorant people learn to string together phrases they themselves do not understand, which in my mind is anything but writing *well*. I think the conquest of Owen a very flattering one, and agree with you he should wear either red or blue [*i.e.* army or navy]. His being at the Charterhouse is nothing against it: poor Charles Macleod, whose monument you saw in Westminster Abbey, was bred there; and a nephew of mine, who became a sailor; but alas! did not succeed equally well, for he killed himself with drinking.

Thursday.—This has waited for a frank, and I am glad it has, as I can now acknowledge your letter of the 21st, which gives me real pleasure. Oh, how it recalls the feelings of my youth! I am delighted that you thus enjoy the scene before you: be assured you will come home with a mind invigorated, and be ten times fitter for home employments, ten times more useful to your younger sisters. You set the family fully before my eyes: there is no comfort in the world equal to

that of a country house where all are cheerful and good-tempered—no society like it. I can now add only a few words. I am going out of town this morning (presently) to spend a few days with the Scotts at Petersham. I have had a cold for a week or ten days past, not a very bad one, but of my own usual sorts, and my horses are at an end, therefore I have staid a good deal at home. Walter Scott I did not see again, but I hear he was very much pleased—like everybody else, for on that subject there are not two opinions—people who hesitated and at last went against their will, say they would not *but* have been there for the world. Of Mr. Morritt I have heard nothing since he left town; of Mrs. Knox, only that she was returned to her children in the country, but would revisit her father in Dublin when the King came over. I don't want you to write about Heraline now, but, as you have done, about all that lies before you and is around you. Your last letter is quite after my own heart. Adieu, adieu! All good happiness and comfort attend you!

LETTER XLIX.]

[The marriage Lady Louisa attended was that of her nephew, William Stuart, eldest son of the Archbishop of Armagh, who married, on 8th August, Henrietta Maria, daughter and heiress of Admiral Sir Charles Morice Pole, Bart., of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, the successor to Nelson in the command in the Baltic in 1801, after the Battle of Copenhagen. Stoke, where they went for the honeymoon, was the house of Mr. Stuart's mother, a daughter of Mr. Penn of Stoke Park, near Windsor, celebrated in Gray's *Long Story*. Mr. Penn was the last holder of the vast estates in Pennsylvania, which were lost in the American War of Independence.]

Henry Dawson, brother of Lady Louisa's nieces, married a Miss Moriarty, granddaughter of the 1st Earl of Carhampton.]

1821]

To Miss Louisa Clinton

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[Addressed]

London,

August fourteen, 1821,

Miss Clinton,

Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bt.,

Penrhôs,

Holyhead,

W. H. Clinton.

Anglesey.

G. [Gloucester] Place,

August 11th, 1821.

Dearest Lou—Your last letter from the Rectory delighted me. I read it over and over again with something of the feeling expressed in your favourite speech of Wallenstein, "it stood beside me like my youth," bringing to my remembrance times when such pleasures as you were enjoying still existed for me. I am now glad to see Sir John Stanley's name foremost in the accounts of the King's reception in Wales, because I hope you will share a sight that must be uncommon and interesting. A great assemblage of people in good humour is always so, much more honest peasantry in their Sunday clothes, most of all the natives of a remote province with a national spirit to distinguish them from common rabble. Do not be very much surprised if immediate contact with those one has abused and *frondé* at a distance, together with great civility and graciousness on their part, which is not likely to be wanting, should considerably mollify some people's general tone of speaking. I have seen this happen so often that I do not wonder in the least—the more violent the tide the more possible its turning, and then woe be to you if you presume to recollect that it ever set the other way.

Your grandfather gave the world a letter or two (in his miscellaneous works of Mr. G. [Gibbon]) that

enable me to judge of her [Lady Maria Stanley] style. They were admirably written, but it was probably their being admired and shown about, and his setting her up as an idol, that produced the degree of self-opinion now observable. In few words, she never knew any contradiction, and tho' an unpalatable medicine, it does us all a great deal of good. If her husband had exerted himself mildly but firmly (not quite like Petruchio in the play) to be master at first, it would have been for their mutual benefit. Even Lady Spencer says, "If Lord Spencer had not given me many a lecture when we first married, I can tell you we should not have gone on comfortably together so long." You mistake the date of the camp at Ashdown, I think; it was in '93. Well do I remember being at Tunbridge Wells that year, and I remember too going to Lord Loughborough's one evening, but scarcely noticing who were there besides his family. I am afraid too I recollect Lady Erskine (his sister) saying one day when we met her, "The chancellor is a little worn out with Lord Sh——'s long stories"; which the teller of them was far from suspecting.

Now to give you my own history, I staid from the 26th to the 31st at Petersham, thence went to Chiswick, and returned home on the 4th of August, this day was sennight, being invited to the wedding on Thursday, which I would fain have escaped but did not dare to refuse, as he had no other female of his father's family to aid, and his mother and sisters were absent. Otherwise it is no cheerful spectacle; I felt very much for the father and mother, who seem honest, kind-hearted people, wrapped up in their children, and whose mingled emotions of joy and sorrow affected me extremely.

Oh ! what it must be to marry a daughter when you do *not* approve the choice ! where you think in your conscience she is going to put herself in the power of a man likely to render her unhappy ! yet there, you know, the parents are everything that is cruel, for withholding or delaying their consent. If I had been a mother I hope I should have thought, as I do think, that grown people have a right to fix on their own lot in life, and not *quarrelled* for the matter ; but I never would have been present if I had disapproved the person chosen. The bride was pale and trembling, but commanded herself so far as to make no scene. We narrowly escaped his R.H. of Clarence's presence, which he had signified he would vouchsafe ; he could not, of course, on account of the Q.'s death ; his daughters were bridesmaids. One of them is pretty. I made no further observation, for they seemed quiet young women. The clergyman, Mr. Edward Conyers, is Mrs. Stuart's cousin-german, and married her to the Primate. It is curious the same man should have done that office to father and son. After the ceremony we had a breakfast at Sir C. P.'s, whence the new-married pair went to Mr. Penn's, Stoke. On Tuesday they go to her father's in Hertfordshire, and Monday sennight set out for Ireland.

Sunday evening.—I got your letter of the fifth yesterday afternoon, but what has possessed you to direct twice to Petersham, as if I had taken up my abode there for ever and aye ? To answer your concluding paragraph first, my dear Lou, if I had ever so much mind to go to Ireland, *this* would be the most unfit moment to pitch upon. Remember we are now almost in the middle of August ; what has happened [the Queen's death] must keep H.M. in seclusion

for a week, therefore prolong his stay in Ireland and theirs in Dublin, where I presume you do not think I should visit them, so they will probably not get back to their own homes till September, and in October they are all to be in England again. If the P. (Primate) cannot come so soon, Mrs. S. certainly will, for her younger son is then to go to Cambridge for the first time ; and it was settled the Knoxes should, to look for a house in town. Now there is one little consideration which naturally enough never occurs to you, viz. that a long journey costs a great deal of money, and having had several extra expenses this year, my finances would by no means stand such a flight for a month's visit. If they were so situated that a hundred pounds more or less did not matter, instead of going over to Ireland, I could come and pick you up, carry you to the lakes, and set you down at home in October. For what I *am* about to do, I have only just resolved upon it, and hardly dare tell it you, I am so afraid you will make it a serious grievance. Do not, pray, my dear girl : do be reasonable. I am going to Sheffield Place, though perforce for a very short time, but I find Lady Shefd. wishes it, and as her spending a year or two abroad is determined, I cannot lose the only opportunity I may have of seeing her for a long long while. She is to come to town early in September, Ld. Guilford having fixed that month for their all leaving England, and I cannot, I am afraid, go sooner than to-morrow sennight. Therefore my stay will not exceed ten days. I came to town for this wedding. I am detained by a little domestic bustle, changing a servant. The poor girl I took in old Peggy's place is so decidedly unhealthy that it will not do, and she herself wishes to try her native air. I hope I have hit

upon one likely to suit me every way better, whose good-humoured face will charm you, but I must stay till she is fairly installed in office. You see therefore that the few days I am at S. must be devoted to *Granny* more than used to be the case when she had so many avocations; tho' I trust I shall see Lady Louisa. By the bye, Anne Holroyd has been in town with Lady Charlotte and Mrs. Douglas; she looks much better, but rather takes to heart parting with Mlle. Mercier, which one likes her for. After Sh^d. [Sheffield Place] I hope to go to Danesfield for two or three weeks, then shall most likely be at Richmond. I think you may certainly direct to me to Sheffield from the 20th to the middle of the next week. . . . Your letters amuse me extremely (*N.B.* Another *this* week may be directed hither, to Gloucester Place). I should agree with you about the steam-boat, for I hate the sight of them upon the Thames; but alas! what a dreadful catastrophe has happened to the Liverpool packet, and in so shocking a manner! You must be near enough for it to damp your spirits I fear, yet I hope for your account of the K.'s landing, Sir John's presenting the address, etc. Monday.—This creeps on by degrees, but I hope to send it to Q. A. [Queen Anne] Street this morning. My nieces leave town to-day, they are going to Lady Carhampton's and thence to Tunbridge Wells. Louisa has lately been far from well, and her physician tells her country air and exercise will do her more good than anything. In the Autumn they talk of visiting Lady Melville in Cumberland. I shall be quite alone all this week, unless when Ly. Charlotte charitably calls upon me. But beside the *maid rummage*, I have to settle painting my *outside*, new balconies for my front, cleaning a

drain, washing my furniture, and, in short, disagreeable matters, to the tune of £50.

It will be strange to conclude without saying something of what has so lately happened. An awful event in any case, and especially after all the previous passages. The accounts in the *Times* I have read. I do not like to ask Lady Charlotte many questions, and I see she would rather avoid the subject, but what she did tell me before it actually happened (what I heard from Dr. H. in short) convinces me that the poor woman was in no state for the long conversations mentioned there. But one thing I cannot but remark even there, tho' you see much declamation on her forgiving her enemies, on their injustice, on the wicked calumnies spread against her—you do not see one thing (*ergo* it was what they durst not affirm)—you do not see that she made a positive and solemn protestation of her innocence. Surely at the approach of death (and Ly. Chtte. told me that she said to Brougham at the beginning that she felt she should not recover) it would have been natural for an innocent person unjustly accused to attest it before that Being who knows all secrets. Would not you or I have done this? The Bishop of London lives within half a mile of B. House : if she had sent for him he could not have refused coming : if she had asked for the sacrament he must have given it her, and he must have received any declaration she chose to make with her dying breath. He voted against her, it is true, but that was only a reason the more for doing it, since she must have known him from general report to be a very real Christian. I knew him well when plain Mr. Howley, and he so far answered my idea of all a clergyman should, that I used always to say if we were all Catholics he should have been my confessor and *directeur*.

We have met seldom since his elevation, but when we do, I see the same unaffected, simple, conscientious man. Had she done what I say, it might have distressed him extremely, but he would have stuck to his duty and performed what he was charged with. It is plain that, so far from having any such thought, she let the subject altogether rest—for, as for being ill-used, that she might justly call herself at any rate, according to your aunt's phrase, "injured iniquity."

Well, dearest Lou, I must now conclude, that this may go to Q. A. Street. Believe me ever, most afftly.
yrs.,L. S.

LETTER L.]

[Miss Clinton had gone with her cousins, the Stanleys, to Penrhôs ; she gives an account of it in her journal. She describes the drive with Lady Maria Stanley's three eldest daughters and second son, leaving Alderley at 7.30 on the morning of 30th July, sleeping at Abergele, starting next morning at 7—"The piers for the chain bridge over the Menai Straits are rising fast—it is a prodigious work and I almost doubt its succeeding. Anglesea struck me as more dreary even than I remembered it—the height of summer, but no summer hue, no summer shade, no summer flowers ; but for the warmth of the air and some cornfields, one might have supposed it winter, even the furze looked dead. As we approached Holyhead Isle, however, it improved, not in fertility but picturesqueness, more abrupt rock, more broken outline, an occasional glimpse of the sea, and the bold outline of the Head terminating the prospect—the party grew merrier—William made us all laugh heartily and called upon me to admire this and that object, or told me what I *should* see, or some old legend of the country. At length, having swept up by the seat of the Headless Woman and the small mound of graves near the peaceful Twyn-y-Capel, we turned off from the Holyhead Road and reached Penrhôs—where, in spite of all my disbelief, I found thick,

though not lofty plantations, a lawn as green, and jessamine covering the house more beautiful, than could have been found in Cheshire. We drank tea with Miss Landor and the rest who went off last week, and then Lucy took me out among the plantations and Berceau walks down to the Bathing-house Bay. It was a beautiful evening, the wind was hushed, light clouds passing over the mountain, and either the hour or my feelings gave an awful calm to everything. I walked along the path indented by the small rocky bays, knowing that I must pass by the spot where poor Elfrida¹ was lost, and feeling something within me that prevented me from speaking and gave a melancholy yet unearthly feel I cannot describe. We sate a few minutes in Corinne Bay, Lucy's favourite spot, and then returned just as the sun was setting, and Aunt and Uncle arrived. There is a new lighthouse erected at the end of the Pier, which is all built since I was here last, and the gas-light about two miles distant looked beautiful. Slept with Lucy in her room, as the room I was to have slept in will make us a nice sitting-room—it is the old library from which the books are now removed, where Miss Owenson, who was a friend of old Lady S.'s, wrote *Ida*,² and where Lucy used to study the old divines.

“1st August.—A very wet morning, which cousins spent in arranging themselves, and I in hunting over the old library full of curious books, mostly old theologians, but there are many that I hope to read before I go away. The afternoon was lovely; Lucy and I went to Corinne Bay, where we sate undisturbed for two good hours talking over many things. After dinner we walked down to the Bathing-house Bay on the fine dry sand. 2nd.—A chilly day. Lucy was not quite well and did not go out. I bathed for the first time these twelve years, and did not like it much, as the sea was rough and high. Heard that the King had sailed, and that he would

¹ Mr. Stanley's (1st Lord) youngest daughter was named Elfrida and died 1817, aged 4.

² *Woman, or Ida of Athens*, by Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, was published in 1809, and reviewed in the first number of the *Quarterly Review*.

land here. I think with a contrary wind he cannot possibly come for a week, but others think he may arrive to-day.

"3rd.—Lucy better. We went in a boat to the Pier and saw the lighthouse, a pretty one. The day was fine and I enjoyed the row much—no King.

"4th.—Mrs. Stanley,¹ Maria, Mary, and Arthur arrived in the morning; they told us that Mr. Stanley and Owen are gone to Liverpool intending to go in the steam-packet to Dublin and thence here as the shortest road. We all went in a good sailing-boat to meet the steam-packet, but landed at the Pier before it arrived and produced Mr. S., Owen, and Francis Dawkins, which pleased us much, for we thought they might have been delayed and we expect the King every hour. Three natives dined here, two of them intelligent men—the Harbour Master and the directors of the works, Evans and Brown—they gave us the paper of flags to be put up at the signal station to announce the approach of the Squadron.

"5th.—Went in a boat to the Pier at 2 o'clock (as the morning service is in Welch); went over the Prince Regent Yacht, which is here to take over Lady *Conyngham*, and then to church. Sir Michael Seymour, a fine-looking old man who lost an arm on the first of June, commands her. . . . 6th.—A lovely morning. I rode with Ri., Bella, Francis, and Edward, to *Porth Dafarch*, a bay of beautiful golden sand surrounded with high black rock. Saw some ships at a distance, but nothing royal, though we strained our eyes to look; returned by the mountains through the town. Just before we sate down to dinner there was a cry that the first flag announcing a squadron in sight was on the mountain—'*Mynydd-y-Cwmmwl*' (the mountain in a mist), as they call it; so, though the gentlemen ran in without their coats and the ladies used all their eyes, we could not be sure, but sate down to dinner in much *agitation*, leaving the younger girls and Owen in charge to stamp on the floor over us if they saw the red flag, which meant that the King was with the Squadron. Such a dinner I never was at before, and probably never shall be at again; talking, laughing, anything but eating, which no one

¹ Wife of the future Bishop of Norwich.

could do. Edward alone kept a quiet gravity. Francis was very entertaining, and all the party in high spirits and good humour. At length, such a clatter overhead, all jumped up from table; the mist was gone, the red flag seen, the signal gun heard. Cheese, Dessert, who could bear the idea—off we set as we could, some in morning, some in evening dresses, some in thick shoes, some without; equipped as they might quickest. Some in the carriage, some in the car, some riding, and those who might no better do, walking. So completely was the house cleared, that when we returned at night there was not a soul in it, truly and literally speaking. The Landau inside and out carried 16—unluckily the Chevalier Tardif was only in time for the Car. Just as we reached the end of the Pier, a black cloud which (between some bright sunbeams and our eagerness to go to see what could not possibly be seen for 5 hours) we had not perceived, began to pour down upon us; and though we ran for our lives, and though cloak and umbrella came to our help, with many gallant squires, two or three of us were completely ducked, and Maude and I were glad to return from the lighthouse and dry ourselves at Mrs. Brown's. When the thunder shower was over we returned to the lighthouse, and being a little cold and convinced at last that a fleet at the very least 14 miles distant could not be in the bay in half an hour, we staid to see the gas lighted, and came home tolerably tired, some in the Car, which had a large pond of rain in it. When we returned we found all our attendants had been as loyal, as simple, and probably as well ducked as we were, for not a living soul was to be met with throughout the house, but one kitchen maid.

“7th.—One of the finest days and sights I ever beheld. The first thing on getting up was to run to the battery and see the squadron at anchor in the bay fronting us, whilst a salute was fired by Uncle's guns, then breakfast, then hurrying down to the Pier to be in the way of hearing the latest report of whether the K. would or would not land, which varied every minute, but most for the *not*, as the news of the Queen's danger had reached him. If the K. would not look at us we would look at the K.; so presently we embarked in two boats, every one

of us, down to Emmy and Owen, and rowing round the Yacht, bowing and being bowed to, repaired to the *Active* frigate, where we were most graciously received by Sir Jas. Gordon, hoisted on board most comically, and entertained most courteously, going over the whole ship, and hearing the fine band of the marines play Napoleon's March, Auld Lang Syne, etc. etc. etc.—thence we returned by the other frigate, the *Liffey*; we staid less time there, but were equally well received, and Capt'n. Duncan, 2nd son of Camperdown, is a most gentleman-like, agreeable man. We were recalled to the Pier in consequence of signals being made that the King was going to land, and took our station in the Balcony and topmost story of the lighthouse, whence we could see what was going on on all sides—the bustle of expectation among the crowds on the Pier, the small boats or light cutters rowing the natives to look at the Kg.'s ship and darting lightly among the stationary large vessels of the squadron.

In the morning about 80 of the tenants had assembled in front of the house, some coming from 20 miles off; they sate down on the grass before the house, had abundance of cheese, bread, and ale, and the two flags delivered to them, and then marched down to be sworn Special Constables. Many were good-looking, and all decently clothed.

At length, after long waiting with great impatience, the signal (lowering the Royal Standard from the masthead of the Yacht and hoisting Sir C. Paget's swallow-tailed Pennant, which was to be done the moment the K. left his ship) was given, and from that moment nothing was seen distinctly, all was confusion of sight and sounds; but that had an effect I cannot describe—beauty, pleasure, and enthusiasm, even to tears. The guns of the whole squadron were fired, every ship was gaily dressed in colours, every yard crowded with little blue and white men, and the King's Barge, with those of the men-of-war and a crowd of boats attending it, was seen to issue from the cloud of white smoke that curled up from the sea, and now hid, now disclosed, the different parts of the magic scene; whilst the echo of the cannon from the surrounding rocks, the repeated shouts of the multitude below us, all striking us instan-

taneously, had the effect of magic, contrasted with the silence and stillness of the expectation preceding, when there was nothing to be seen but a number of anchored ships, the waves gently and noiselessly moving, and the bright blue sky. The Barge shot so rapidly, that, though it had a quarter of a mile to come, the salute was scarcely ended when the King landed—the Marine Band on the Pier playing God save the King, which was soon drowned by the shouts of the crowd; but the moment he reached the top of the Pier, Uncle advanced. There was perfect silence whilst the King spoke to him, which he did so gracefully, notwithstanding his unwieldy size, that one almost fancied one could hear him speaking, and then Uncle read the address, which we could really hear, he spoke so distinctly and in such a manly way. Then the King walked to Lord Anglesey's carriage, which was waiting for him at a short distance, and drove down the Pier bowing to those on it, who followed so rapidly, closing behind the carriage as it proceeded, that in a few minutes it was quite clear. Capt. Duncan and Sir J. Gordon came up to us in the lighthouse, and soon after we got into a sailing-boat on an invitation of Capt. Adams to visit his yacht the *R. Sovereign*. We, means all the elder ones, Aunt Kitty, Maria, Francis and I, for Uncle and the boys went home. But the wind got up and the waves danced us about, and occasionally splashed over us more than some of the party liked, and our Pilot could scarce speak English, the men nothing but Welch, and were not used to him or the boat. It soon appeared clear we could not get into the ship without danger, and off we drove towards the Penrhyn Field, the Pilot not understanding what we wished to do, and we supposing (especially from the repeated orders given by him to the men in a harsh Welch tone, which seemed like scolding though we did not understand the words) that we were doing what we wished not, because we could not do otherwise, and that if the waves that splashed over us, and the wind that filled our sail rather too much, did not completely master us, at least we should go dinnerless and possibly houseless for that night. But Francis was a great treasure, for he kept up the spirits and good humour of the whole party, and

at length, coming to an understanding, the boat was turned and we at length reached the Pier and got home only rather late for dinner. I walked out with Uncle in the evening and at ten all went to the *ball* given on the occasion in the National Schoolroom, to which we entered by the window, and danced to the Marine Band by favour of sundry rush-lights, in a small room much resembling a barn, quadrilles with some of the officers of the *Liffey* and *Active*, who had leave to come on shore.

“8th.—Rainy morning decreed a fine one, and there was a report that the King would return on board, so we were all to go down to the Pier. Waited there till 4, when he returned, but he did not look in such good humour as yesterday, whether in consequence of the Queen’s being reported better, or for what reason is not known, but he walked along to his barge, taking notice of no one, and only speaking to Lord Sidmouth, who was with him. The scene of yesterday was then renewed, with the addition of a second salute when the R. Standard was again hoisted on the yacht, and the smoke formed beautiful wreaths and avenues as the gentle breeze drove it between the ships. But though the afternoon was beautiful and there were all the objects and sounds that struck us yesterday, we had not the same pleasurable feelings, for enthusiasm was gone and the magic of the scene with it. It was like the effect of the ‘hollow valley of Bagdad with sheep and camels grazing,’ on Mirza after his vision was past.

“9th.—Awaked early and, disturbing no one, went down to the Sandy Bay to see the sun rise ; I hoped it would have done so over the mountains, but it was to the north of them over *Tre-Fadog*, and had just shown its whole face above the earth (a light cloud hovering near it) when I got down to the beach. However, the morning was so very beautiful that I sate there a long while revolving sad and pleasing thoughts, there being something in the still cheerfulness of the scene that made the latter predominate ; the waves came with scarce a ripple to the sand, the sky was cloudless, the ships lay motionless upon the water like living things asleep, only catching a bright gleam from the level sun on their cabin windows, and the sea birds

flying near seemed to bear hope and joy on their white wings. I returned home and wrote to mama, then went with Maria, Louisa, and Bella, Francis, Mr. Stanley, and Uncle to the Pier, to find out if the King was to sail this morning. We walked along the Turkey shore, from whence a boat took us over, and we staid some time in the lighthouse whilst our gentlemen went to discover the news. At last we grew very hungry, and after long waiting, got a boat, but landing in or near *Alban* cove was impossible, the tide was so low, and the waves rose a little and Uncle began to be in a fidget. However, we landed safely in the slippery, seaweed-covered rocks in the Tower, not, however, till Francis had christened Uncle the ‘chevalier sans reproche mais avec peur.’”

[Here there is a break in the Journal of 13 months.]

The Harvest Home alluded to in the following letter is described by Lady Louisa in a letter to her sister, Lady Portarlington, dated 16th September 1801. She there says, “I cannot very well say why we all fell a-crying when they marched by the door, but so it was, and by perfect surprise on my part, for I could have said like the maids, “I don’t know what is come over me.”

The end of the letter refers to the Queen’s funeral and the disgraceful scenes in the city.]

[Franked]

Uckfield, August twenty-three, 1821,

Miss Clinton,

Sir John Stanley’s, Bt.,

Penrhôs,

Holyhead,

W. H. Clinton. Anglesey.

*Shefd. [Sheffield] Place,
Thursday, Augst. 23 [1821].*

Dearest Lou—Here I am, and here I received your letter of the 16th yesterday morning, along with one from Mary [Knox] giving an account of the King’s entry (I

mean his formal entry) into Dublin, which she says was the finest sight possible to imagine, and which he himself told her father exceeded that of the coronation procession. But she does not enter into particulars or describe as you do, so as to set the scene before one's eyes and make one feel the sensations excited by it. I cannot conceive why you repeatedly say I may smile contemptuously or despise you if I will? What makes you imagine that likely when I have all along told you that such would be your emotions in such a given case? I suppose because you were so confident you should remain unmoved? No, it is far too common a thing for people not to comprehend feelings till they try them. I remember Miss Fauquier and me labouring vainly to explain to Mrs. Weddell why the Nuneham Harvest Home made us cry—"Well, the country folks in their best clothes, and a cart full of children hallooing, and wreaths of flowers round the horses. Well? I daresay it was a very pretty, cheerful sight, but what could there be in it to draw tears?" Yet she was just the person who would have been surprised into shedding abundance herself. I am extremely pleased with all you tell me, only a little disappointed that *He* did not do his part to keep up the illusion by continuing gracious. *Per malice* I would fain have had him enchant the family (as he could have done if he pleased) and you entertain yourself with watching the change it would have produced in all their opinions. However, one cannot wonder. To be just, one must allow his situation at that moment was very agitating and embarrassing. I have no doubt matters will all go perfectly well now, as far as Ireland is concerned. He does not deceive them; he certainly has and ever had a very marked predilection for the Irish, and it is

natural they should be delighted to feel themselves the objects of it. Between you and me, as I have not the same partiality, I am not sure the grounds of it, if narrowly examined, would do honour to either individual or nation. I believe they might say as a countryman of theirs did (Sheridan?), whom he was formerly very fond of—"Ah! I can tell you he likes me for my faults, not for my good qualities." In short, what passes through my mind now is just what did pass through it long ago, when an Irish lady, who had been much abroad, told me how much better they were liked and received in France than the English—"There is something of a resemblance of character between the French and us, something congenial, they are attracted by our careless openness, so like their own, and disgusted by the English reserve: we always go on well together." "I am not at all surprised at it," replied I, and I own I thought many traits of the French Revolution and the Irish Rebellion afterwards served to prove the truth of her observation in a manner she would not have been pleased at. *Per contrâ* John Bull was the creature (with all his faults) congenial to the poor father, and spite of party, faction, ups and downs, pros and cons, they had a natural attraction for each other. It strikes me that John may possibly grow jealous of Paddy, and by no means admire the expression of "an Irish heart."

Retournons à nos moutons. Hither came I on Monday half broiled with the heat, which, however, till Saturday and Sunday had been by no means what real heat is in London, but bearable enough, allowing me to work hard at dusting my books and fussing and fidgeting, preparatory to the coming of the new housemaid, whose face it will delight you to behold instead of old Peggy's,

as it does me to see her strength and activity, in lieu of her predecessor's wan looks and distressing cough. I was not quite solitary the last week. Ly. Charlotte came and dined with me one day, and she and Mrs. Douglas walked in to tea Sunday evening. Here I found the young Lord and Mr. Dodson going off to Oxford and Wroxton with two or three blackcocks, their morning's chase. Lord Glenbervie and Miss Gordon came about an hour after I did, and went away yesterday morning, leaving Grandmamma with only Mrs. Vernon and me. She looks remarkably well notwithstanding that widow's cap. I cannot say the same of Mrs. V., for she looks ill, but I hope that may partly proceed from a cold. I ought [not?] to omit altogether a friend Anne has with her, a little Miss Bowens, who, I am told, is eighteen, but does not look twelve. They breakfast below (and M^{lle}. Mercier), otherwise one does not see much more of Anne than one used to do. When one does, I think her much improved both in looks and manner. On Monday evening Maria and Anne, guarded by Lill, walked down (from Clinton Lodge). On Tuesday Maria and Sir William came in after dinner. It is quite too hot to stir the middle of the day, but Maria brought a kind offer from Lady Louisa to send the carriage for me. Accordingly I went yesterday at three o'clock, and staid with her till five. I have great delight in assuring you she looks twenty per cent better than when she went out of town, and I thought I had hardly ever seen her in such calm, even good spirits, quite free from nervous twitches; beyond measure pleased with your being where you are and having seen all you have seen, which, by the bye, you will be glad to *have* seen many a long year

hence, and your thoughts will recur to it as mine do to the Duchess of Kingston's trial, and the illuminations on the poor King's recovery 13 years afterwards, the only fine *public* sights it was ever my good luck to see ; and (save that I personally loved *him*) the season of youthful enthusiasm was gone by at the latter period. This is a parenthesis. Sir William and Maria brought me home and dined here. He was very agreeable both days ; and he and I got into a discussion of my poor brother's military character, of his campaigns, and aide-de-camps most comfortably : it brought back old feelings, and made me recollect the days, as my beloved lamented Lady Ailesbury used to say, "*when I was a soldier.*" I have said nothing yet of what has passed in town : one party were pretty well resolved there should be mischief, and their housemaidish secretary—though "she dictated every word of her letter herself"—*dictate* one's own letter!—pretty plainly told Lord Liverpool so. But the other blundered the business sadly—for if her own friends did not chuse the usual honours to be paid her, why insist upon it, why send the poor soldiers to be insulted and provoked into what might be laid hold of to raise a clamour? If it had gone through the city, they could only have made one day's parade ; now there is work cut out for two months. But the breaking up of the roads, placing waggons, etc., etc., must have been the doing of something more than mere mob. As usual, however, there is no sort of scruple of downright *lying*. You will see in the papers that no clergyman attended the corpse at Chelmsford. I wondered, because I know Mr. Ward, the rector—a most sensible, agreeable, gentlemanlike man. I blamed him in my own mind for letting party zeal sway him

on such an occasion. In a day or two they are forced to publish his own letter asserting that both he and his curate in full canonicals met the corpse with every solemn token of respect. The Editor of my paper (*Morn'g. Herald*) excuses himself by saying "the crowd prevented *us* from seeing the clergyman," but gives poor Mr. Ward a good *claw* for his "*vulgar illiberality*" in being angry at the falsehood.

Ly. Sheffield sends her best love, and does not write, as I do. I trust I shall soon hear from you again, if I do, will write again, while your father is here to frank. Adieu. Affectly. yrs.,

L. S.

CHAPTER VI

AUGUST—DECEMBER 1821

LETTER LI.]

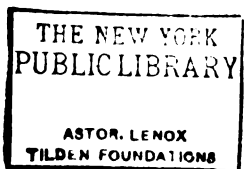
[Mr. Cavendish was created Lord Chesham in 1858.

Lady Cecilia Johnstone was Lady Cecilia West, daughter of the 1st Earl Delawarr. She married General James Johnstone, Colonel of the Enniskillen Dragoons, a distinguished officer. See notes to Horace Walpole.

"Murado" refers to Miss Edgeworth's tale *Murad the Unlucky*.]

*Sb. Pl. [Sheffield Place],
Thursday, August 30th [1821].*

I was in hopes to have heard from you again, dear Lou, before this time, though a letter may possibly be wandering about, as your father went away on Tuesday. Monday is the day fixed for my going, I believe to Richmond—indeed am pretty sure. Lady S. I find does not move till late in the following week, but I am under engagements to Mrs. Scott (Danesfield), and besides think she will find ten days little enough to put her house in order. Lady Shelley has written to ask the terms on which it will be let, etc., for Mr. and Lady Catherine Cavendish. I wish they may become its tenants, both on her account, and because they are reckoned pleasant people, who may be desirable acquaintances for you. Saturday morning.—Your letter came last night. I watched the clouds all day yesterday





SHEFFIELD PLACE

in hopes of finding my way to Clinton Lodge, but it rained every five minutes as a prelude to pouring throughout the evening. Wet as this has left it I will try to-day. Tuesday and Wednesday were complete rainy days, and thus the week has passed away. George [Lord Sheffield] and Mr. Dodson arrived after Ly. Sh. had gone up to bed, very uneasy about the former. The latter was to meet him in town, and could not get a conveyance from Ramsgate in time to reach it before six o'clock, so they performed their journey in the dark ; but having expected them to dinner, she had the fear of something being the matter, which always keeps one in a fidget. George appears to me much improved by the little I have seen of him, and Mrs. V. [Vernon] tells me instances of essential good, of affectionate respect to his father's memory, of stopping to consider what he would have wished, what he would have liked ; which denote not only what is usually called "a good heart," a phrase often bestowed upon the casual feeling of the moment, but a disposition really well formed and supported by principle. I hope he will prove a blessing to his mother. Aye! Sheffield Place, and you absent!!! Don't suppose I have not said that to myself likewise, and thought of you very sufficiently in the few solitary strolls I have been allowed to take, for the extreme heat of last week was as adverse to walking as the rains of this ; but I should have been ashamed even to wish you here for my selfish gratification, when I saw how pleased Lady Louisa was at your being elsewhere, and fully agreed with her in her motive. . . . Your father and I always go on well together ; in my mind he is very agreeable, and I suspect I should prefer his conversation on the whole to "Uncle Stanley's," for I like few things so well

as that of a man who has been actually engaged in the active scenes of life. Are not books written about such men? Then it seems absurd to like the writer better than the actor; it is taking things at second hand. All I could say on the subject may be expressed by the good old English proverb, "An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy," to which I faithfully adhere. For tho' nobody respects solid learning more, I fear I am what you may reckon rather heretical with regard to my reverence for *liter-a-pudding*. To taste that happy expression you should have known its coiner, the late Lady Cecilia Johnstone, who had several pounds of mother wit, without half an ounce of clergy, and was ready to disclaim the half ounce when in company of those she thought pretenders to a greater quantity. First and foremost her own daughter Mrs. Anderson. Mrs. A. rather liked associating with the very fine ladies of her day, rather also with the *beaux esprits*. "Umph!" said the mother, on her quoting some of the former; "don't tell me of your friends of exquisite ton." "Bless me, Ma'am, I am never so fortunate as to please you: when I live with people of the world, you are sure to find fault; and (*consequently*) when I live with people of *literature*—" "Liter-a-pudding," quoth Lady Cecilia, and not a word more. The droll effect of it, and the sudden stop it produced, are not to be described.

Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] staid in town with Mrs. D [Douglas] expecting Miss Berry every day, who had been so ill as to compel her returning to Paris after she set out. She did come, however, tho' still (by what I hear) ill enough, and Ly. Ch. is now along with her at Mrs. Damer's, whence she will go to Captain Scott's for a few days, and there I depend upon

finding her when I arrive at Richmond, the day after to-morrow. We have been reading nothing new. I am trying to answer all your questions. Old Barr came and played at quadrille with us Thursday evening, and last night Mrs. Vernon proposed teaching me tredrille. I suspect to keep Granny from pondering on what might have happened to George.

I always honour the innocent, plain people at a distance, whether in high life or low, for their inclination to take the Q.'s part, which on the surface undoubtedly appears the injured one. Nobody that has not lived in the same world with her can easily comprehend this to be a total mistake : yet nobody who has can very well esteem it anything else. That she was ill-used at first I believe, but I cannot that she was a meek, patient sufferer even then, or that she ever tried in the least to conciliate him. In short, though far from partial to his character, I am persuaded that it would have been *possible* for a better and more amiable woman to have gained some ground with him, have softened him, won upon his feelings, and forced him to treat her at the least decently and respectfully. I do not believe that *she*, on the contrary, would have gone on more correctly with a better man,—she might with a *worse*—with one who could have inspired her with terror : if she had married a prince with the power and will of Buonaparte, for example—and these could not be united in our country.

I am afraid I shall disappoint you, for I cannot approve of the Catholic Bishops being received *in pontificalibus* and permitted openly to tell him they could influence four-fifths of the population. If King William could lift up his head again he would be somewhat amazed, and yet more if told it was *whiggism* (of all things!!!) to support their cause—the very word

Tory, by the bye, originally meaning an Irish Papist. I know nothing but from the papers, as my letters go no further than describing the entry. To act Madame de la Ferté, however, there is another thing that seems to me very foolish and imprudent. The Lord Mayor of London, as head of the first commercial city in the realm, is highly privileged: while in office he ranks at court as an earl. Accordingly when a king dines with the City, which most sovereigns have done once in their reign, this great officer has the honour of standing behind his chair and presenting him with his first cup of wine. The king drinks his health and then dismisses him with "Now my Lord Mayor, you will please to go to dinner."—All an established ceremony from time immemorial.—And so *we* accept a dinner from the city of Dublin, also in form and state, and place the Mayor on our right hand and the Ld. Lieut. on our left!!!—Oh dear!—It is so unwise to lessen one's own power of conferring honour!—Then the healths and the songs following in tavern guise. Oh dear again!

At night. Just as I was preparing for my walk, a most violent shower put an end to it, so I can only sit an hour with Lady Louisa to-morrow after the rest have paid their visit. I shall then leave this letter to be forwarded to you. Poor Granny says she will write to you shortly: it has been an uncomfortable worrying day to her, the gardener having gone suddenly out of his senses, whether from downright insanity or a brain fever cannot yet be known. It is said he drank a good deal one of those hot days last week and complained of his head and stomach for a day or two previous to this attack. It is very distressing at any time, much more on the eve of quitting or letting the house, of which his wife was to have had the care. Well! Adieu!

I have scribbled enough for one while. Till I have Mrs. Scott of Danesfield's answer, I cannot bid you positively direct there (Danesfield, Great Marlow, Bucks) and I shall hardly go till the 12th or 13th. Till then Gl. Pl. is best. No more Murado, for all has gone right.—Ever afftely. yrs., L. S.

LETTER LII.]

[The "kettle-drum" in this letter is evidently meant for Lady Malmesbury (see *post*, p. 195). The number of the *Tatler* is 157. The Kettledrums that fatigued Lady Charlotte Lindsay were probably the Miss Berrys, who were staying at Petersham at this time (see p. 189).

The sketch of Abbotsford mentioned still exists.]

*Danesfield, Great Marlow, Bucks,
Thursday, September 20th [1821].*

My dear Louisa—I received your letter of the 10th on Saturday, but as you promised another soon I waited the arrival of that other, which perhaps may come to-morrow. So, altho' this is a rainy day, favourable for writing, I shall not finish what I am now beginning. Hitherto the weather has been fine and I enjoy it like "one long in populous cities pent," for (to go on with the quotation¹) the environs of London have very little more of "each rural sight, each rural sound . . ." than London itself. Even the stillness of the real country gives pleasure. As yet the trees are almost unchanged in colour, and as the woods are chiefly beech, their first fading tint will be peculiarly beautiful. This place has every charm that can belong to one not of the romantic class. Put mountains, torrents, rocks, what painters call distances, wholly aside, do not insist on the magnificence of a great park, or the venerable remains of

¹ *Paradise Lost*, ix. 445.

antiquity in a mansion, and then, barring all these, I should say it was the sweetest spot I knew ; the prettiest house, the gayest garden, the most picturesque conservatory, the most cheerful view over hill and dale, cornfields and cottages, continually catching the windings of the Thames through its green meadows—in short, best described by the French word *riant*. Antiquity there is, however, but not of the sort that our imagination loves to cherish, further than as an object of cold curiosity. The whole paddock (or whatever you term it) is as the name expresses, a Dane's field—a Danish camp. The trench and mound covered with trees, but remaining perfect, except where Mr. Scott levelled a part which rose before the windows and obstructed the prospect. The roads are excellent all around, the drives so pretty, the walking so good, that altogether it is luxury to be here, especially as the owner suits my taste almost as well as the place, having something about her, I know not what exactly, that I always thought uncommonly agreeable. She was once extremely pretty, and has the remains of it ; she has very good sense, good nature, a right way of thinking, an affectionate heart ; is a kind sister, an excellent mistress, a constant friend—but I could say as much of several people, not in the least pleasing to me, so again I must refer to the *je ne sçai quoi*. Nobody is here at present except her unmarried sister, Miss Smith ; next week she expects more company. By the bye I believe I shall stay about a fortnight longer. Pray did you ever read those papers of Addison's in the *Tatler*; classing men and women as musical instruments? If not, go and read them, that you may understand me when I say one of the ladies expected is an old acquaintance of mine, yet not a favourite, because an eminent *kettle-drum* ; a

species to which I must always submit, for lack of physical powers to resist. I cannot raise my voice above a certain pitch without disturbing my temper. And still, for want of due humility, my submission is not of the contented, placid kind which does one good. *Apropos* of the kettle-drums, Mrs. Douglas, whom I met one day at dinner at Petersham, seemed to think Lady Charlotte's spirits were in reality injured instead of enlivened by having too much of that music. It thoroughly overpowered her own, for she did not speak six words all day, though I believe she likes Lady Charlotte's friends notwithstanding: perhaps she had the headache. Your father franked a letter of Lady Sheffield's to me along with yours. She was to stay a week longer than she designed doing when I left her, finding (as I prophesied) that clearing that pig-sty, the library, and making a catalogue of the books, were much harder tasks than she thought them. Many thanks for the sketch of Abbotsford; I trace in it no vestige of the absolute cottage I saw when there some years ago. They are making me read *Ivanhoe* to them in an evening; in my mind few books gain so much as those by being read aloud. When you have to pronounce the words, you are struck with their full meaning, with picturesque expressions, brief allusions, passages awakening a train of thought, that your eye glanced over without attention before. I am very sorry the source should have dried up at last, for so it seems to have done; no notice, no advertisement betokening any more upon the road. Every gossip assures me there are half-a-dozen, but nobody quotes the authority of Messrs. Longman and Rees, whose interest it would be to announce their coming betimes. I am trying to read *Lalla Rookh*; it has a great deal of beauty in it,

yet something unsatisfactory. Forgive a coarse figure (*taste* itself, you know, is only a metaphor), but I feel as if I were eating raspberry and apricot jam till they cloyed and sickened me; a little of it would be delicious. The *Fire-worshippers* I like best, the prose I think detestable. The thing *persiflage* belongs to the French language almost as much as the word, and when attempted in ours, is, nine times in ten, pert, flat, and insipid; it requires a lightness, a delicacy of touch, very different from the description of the Chamberlain Fadlalleen, or the notes with which Lord Byron takes pains to counteract the effect of whatever is sublime or pathetic in his own poetry.

Friday.—No letter from you to-day, so mine must go without further writing. Next week you will be at Chester, and have no leisure to write, tho' you assure me you will find it to read. Yet I am afraid this will only worry your head, if it arrives in the middle of the music meeting. I shall expect an account of your gaieties with impatience. Adieu, dear Lou. Ever afftely. yrs., L. S.

LETTER LIII.]

[The character of the Ladies of Llangollen is well-known. For Lockhart's description of them, see *Scott's Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 334.

"Bishop Pelham" was Bishop of Lincoln, brother of the 1st Earl of Chichester and of Lord Sheffield's second wife. Mrs. Pelham was a Miss Rycroft.]

Danesfield, Monday, 8th Oct. [1821].

My dear Lou—To do things in order let me thank you for two letters duly received, one dated Chester, Sept. 28th, the other from Alderley which came yesterday morning. The former discomposed me, trenching upon all the old forbidden ground. Even

Madame de Sévigné's reiterated encomiums on her daughter, and extreme professions of fondness, have in some degree this effect. And you may depend upon it, dear Lou, that exaggerated praise of any person, nay, of anything, is sure to leave on the mind of every hearer an impression rather unfavourable to that person or thing. One's own reason tells one there is something to be deducted, and not knowing precisely what, one is tempted to deduct rather too much than too little. The moment Pope had said—

“He dedicates in high heroic prose,”

the next line “And ridicules beyond a hundred foes” made itself: the consequence was as certain as “*I fell*” after “*he knocked me down.*” This is a scold, I grant, and so intended. Pray let it work a reformation, but now I have done.

I never saw the Ladies of Llangollen, but for these forty years past have heard so much of them and seen so many of their letters, that I think I can give a peremptory answer to your gentle, hesitating question, and be quite confident that had Bishop Pelham and his lady visited them the day after Lady Maria, it would have been “the dear king” at every word—“well, after all, I fancy there is nobody so charming”—“for my part I was always in love with him”—“one does feel glad he has got rid of that horrid woman,” etc., etc., etc. They are the very grossest flatterers and palaverers upon earth, and keeping, as poor Edward Hamilton¹ used to say, a “*gossip shop*” between England and Ireland, have contrived to learn the characters and private history, the foibles and predilections, of almost every individual above a cobbler in both, therefore know

¹ Mrs. Preston's brother—connections of Lord Boyne.

exactly in what key they should play to every fresh visitor. In the year of our Lord 1782, when I first heard of them, I was disposed to be captivated with anything so romantic. I came to my senses on being assured in course of time that there was nothing the least romantic about them, and that nobody knew the world so well, or was so desirous to keep up a close connection with it. By the bye, take this for a maxim ever while you live. No character becomes so thoroughly worldly as one that sets out with being romantic, and can entirely overcome the propensity ; all the enthusiasm having (pretty surely) belonged to the head, which clears, grows wiser, and ends as cool and calculating as head can be. In men this process often makes the most hardened kind of libertine. In women, only those who can coax, and wind, and manage other people most cleverly, and play their own cards to the best advantage : for having once had something like fine feelings, they are able to work themselves up to them again on proper occasions with amazing effect, and talk sentiment to admiration, where sentiment is the current coin.

Wednesday.—You may think me severe on these poor ladies, but if I were to count up to you the persons of my acquaintance who have at several times visited them, and been each the very individual they had all their lives particularly longed to see, and for whose favourite relation, or friend, or patron, or *chef de parti*, they had ever had the most peculiar partiality, or admiration, or veneration (as the word chanced to suit), you would not wonder. Poor I myself have been in three or four instances the object of their distant passion. In one I was comically coupled with a brother of their visitor, who assured me that the two people on earth they had most set their hearts on seeing

were myself and his said brother—only remarkable for having been once the greatest coxcomb, and always the greatest profligate in England, but esteemed by everybody (even his own family), as shallow as he was worthless and impertinent. I am afraid you would have found me less complaisant than Aunt S., for all the beauties of the valley would not pay me for being forced to spend a day with them. I was yesterday complimented as very tolerant; but I cannot be so to the Genus Mountebankum, and they clearly belong to it. Poor Mrs. P. [Preston] used to cry Faugh! when they were named.

I shall not scold you for your sensations on the Capelcurig road. I know full well that there are people who act as an extinguisher to those of your temper and mine in such given cases. Our *kettle-drum*, for example, who went away yesterday morning, and at whom you do not give a right guess, though a droll one, because I believe she and the person you mean hate each other. The latter I left at Petersham, where (as I hinted) Mrs. D. [Douglas] seemed to think the noise overpowered Lady Charlotte. Ours you do not know. She is a matron, and having been used to domineer through life, delivers opinions without appeal, in the voice of a pea-hen, is supreme judge of everything and everybody all over Europe, goes and tells ministers at home and ambassadors abroad what they ought to attend to, being determined they shall not pretend ignorance; "but," says she (probably with great truth), "though I explained it all to him (say Lord Londonderry or Sir Charles Stuart) my own self, he only fell a-laughing—in short, they never will mind anything they ought to do." She was extremely wroth with the Duke of Wellington some years ago for the removal of the

statues, etc., from Paris, so went *her own self* and asked a private audience of Louis XVIII., to assure him that she and the better sort of English highly disapproved of what was done, for she "was resolved he should know the real truth." Like all of the vehement class, she sometimes veers about, and poor fat Louis is now altogether out of favour, as well as George IV. Then for everybody's private history, it has somehow or other come to her own certain knowledge—"Such a one! Lord bless you! why, he lived in our house, he was like my own son or my own brother,—*you* might hear what nonsense you pleased on the subject, but I tell you I knew every circumstance about it, as well as they did themselves—for that matter, perhaps better." Add to this an unceasing *clack* such as makes one say to a child, your tongue must be glad when you are asleep: but often a good deal of humour; and for my part I am only too thankful to anybody who makes me laugh, which she has done so often that I am in perfect charity with her, after passing a fortnight under the same roof—to be sure the house does now seem so still and quiet! To return to the Welsh mountains, I should be sorry to view them, or the Swiss, shut up in a post-chaise with her, and I have a notion that ——— fill up the blank I dare not. On these occasions, however, one does especially want a companion of a taste and disposition not totally foreign to one's own, for it is unpleasant to stifle every feeling and repress every word that would distinguish one's admiration of Snowdon and Helvellyn from the praise due to a service of Sevre China—"Charmingly pretty indeed!"

I am afraid the *Sapphire story* is much too true. As for the harm of the connection, there is a great deal

of harm according to an old Scotch woman, who, when people talked before her of drinking as a mischievous vice, gaming as a worse, etc., exclaimed, "None of you have named the most mischievous of all—it is Folly": but I am one of those who suspect there is no other harm; *suspect*, I say; no thanks to *them*, for they are evidently desirous the contrary should be believed, and both highly vain of the appearance, which is quite as unprincipled as if they went every length. Don't be scandalized when I say I wish it were on the regular Montespan footing, for then it would be outwardly decorous and dignified, which is all *we* have to do with. Louis 14 certainly never fell into the error Mrs. Millamant cautioned her intended husband against in a clever wicked old play¹ that you never read: "Good Mirabel, do not let us be familiar and fond before folks, like my Lady Faddle and Sir Francis." Whereas now it is my Lady Faddle and Sir Francis in Westminster Abbey and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Thursday.—This goes on dribblet by dribblet, sadly disjointed, but I have not much time for writing. I enter fully into your feelings on taking leave of Granny by letter. The loss she will be to you is the circumstance that hurts one most in the business, for I fear you will feel it every day, both at Cl. [Clinton] Lodge and in London. It is a loss to me likewise of society very congenial to me, but I have nothing else to expect than losing all which is so, sooner or later, and when I leave this place have no prospect before me of almost ever enjoying the real country again, unless I should give up London entirely, and settle somewhere at a great distance, a change I cannot resolve upon. I go from hence on Monday to Petersham for a few days. *They*

¹ Congreve's *The Way of the World*.

begin their journey to Scotland on the 27th. Alas! alas! to that Bothwell which they left with regret in March 1817, looking forward to their return as what would be joy and delight. And what is it now?—it makes me almost feel as if I were going there myself—but the effort is become due to her father and sister, and I am glad she has at last resolved on making it, though I fear she will never be able to command her feelings on first sight of those walls—and to those who staid on there, and are used to every object, you know it is so different a thing. Oh! the other night I dreamt I was to take that journey as I used to do, and that nothing had happened to hinder me—a sort of suspicion made me ask myself, “Am I asleep, am I dreaming or not?” and I felt perfectly sure I was awake and all was real. Oh! the slow and bitter consciousness of reality that returns after such dreams! But I have written myself into a fit of crying, so must have done.

I know nothing of Mr. Morritt, Mr. Wharton, nor (lately) of Mrs. Weddell. I am going to write to the first, fearing his long silence bodes no good. I wish you and myself joy of the announced “*Pirate* by the author of *Waverley*.” Mrs. Scott (here) is as thorough-paced a lover of those books as either of us. I have been looking over the Ayrshire Legatees, which I do not like at all. Mme. de Staël’s *Dix Années d’Exil* is here, but a lord of the creation has got possession of it and reads so slowly that I have no chance of it while I stay.

Well, dearest Lou, farewell—till further orders write to Gloucester Place; if I move again beyond the penny post (which I only shall in case I go to Chiselhurst) I will let you know. Believe that your letters are ever a great pleasure to me, if you will but forbear what is noticed in my first page—indeed more than a

pleasure, a comfort to my solitary existence. And so God bless you! Amen!

LETTER LIV.]

[Lady Harriet Scott, the delicate grandchild of the Duchess of Buccleuch, mentioned here, married the Rev. Edward Moore in 1842, became the mother of a large family, and lived till 1870.

Belzoni exhibited this year in London the model of a tomb which he had discovered at Thebes in 1815.

Mrs. Scott of Petersham's sad journey was to her father, Lord Douglas, at Bothwell Castle. Lady Louisa's touching remarks in this and the previous letter refer to Lady Douglas. Mrs. Scott's brother, James, afterwards succeeded his brother as last Lord Douglas. On his death the estates went to his half-sister, Lady Montagu, and from her to her eldest daughter, Lady Home.]

[*The Duchess of Buccleuch's*]

Richmond, Tuesday, October 30 [1821].

I shall obey your commands by writing immediately, my dearest Lou, having this morning received your letter, which was a pleasure to me, for I began to think you had been silent a longer time than usual. But you account for it just in the way I could wish, and what is more, that your mother could wish. You have been employed, amused, you have cultivated and confirmed your earliest friendships—in short, passed your days and weeks in a way that must turn to profit. And now I am vexed that I cannot answer you as you wish, for I stay here a fortnight longer, and am so circumstanced that I feel it would be unkind to go away sooner. No. On looking at your letter again, I perceive you say about the 10th. Why, about the 12th I do believe I *shall* be in town, and remain there a week at least. In short, I will so settle it, as not to make any further arrangement for leaving it (voluntarily) until you shall be come and gone again, and about the 12th or 13th I

hope to be there. Now are you content? It is not unlikely that Sir W.'s [Clinton] Shropshire business may detain him longer than two or three days; all the better if it does, for the end of the week after next would suit me better than the beginning. I will therefore beg of you to write to me again on Sunday or Monday to say what is probable in this respect. If he should have left you never mind a frank; but if he does frank your letter, let it be in a *cover*. You will wonder at this, but I promised a *collector of franks* whom I met at Danesfield, to gather together as many franks as I could for him, and I want Sir Wm.'s to add to the number. It sounds a very uninteresting thing, yet somehow when I saw one of his volumes ranged in order, with the hand-writings of many remarkable people among them, I assure you I rather entered into it. The Fanshaws are almost at my elbow, though as yet I have seen them only once. The Dutchess does not know them, and from various causes is not in spirits for making new acquaintance (a thing always difficult to the old), nor can I often leave her, as she has absolutely no inmate, no companion, but my single self, a situation which I believe she never was in before in her long life. Two of the Lady Scotts, her grand-daughters, will come to-day from Sandgate, where the rest of them and the Montagus are detained by the illness of the youngest, Lady Harriet, who, just when they should have left it, and the Ms. [Montagus] were preparing to receive the Dutchess at Ditton, was seized with a fever that lasted five weeks. She is recovering, but in no state to be moved even yet, and the worst is, I fear she will ever remain a delicate child, the subject of much anxiety, as her birth was the cause of deep affliction, for it cost the poor mother her life seven years ago, and was the

beginning of many, many a sorrow. I came from Danesfield on the 15th to Petersham, where I staid four days before I removed to this house. *They* set out on their long and sad journey last Saturday, for her brother James's living in Northamptonshire first, where they will be most of this week. Oh! how I wish the rest were well over! Many, most mortals may be taken away, and the place thereof know them no more; the trace of the ship cleaving the waves is lost when it is gone by; but there are (alas! there have been) some whose traces are deep and cannot be defaced, nor their places in any way filled up, because but one or two such can be produced by an age or country.

I have not been at Chiselhurst: Miss Benson, to whom I applied for intelligence, wrote me no very good account of Mrs. Weddell, altho' (and *tant pis!*) her great dinners go on as usual, wearing her out, I am afraid. From London I shall go and see her, but whether to stay more than a day or two will depend upon the further report of Miss Benson, who continues pretty well herself.

If we do meet in London prepare to go with me to Belzoni's tombs. I have now nearly read his book (aloud), and feel a great desire to see them, as I shall understand a little what they mean, which, by the bye, would not have been the case without reading it. I think it very entertaining, and *so* much better for being in his own words (wonderfully well chosen, however, for a foreigner!) and not a book-maker's fine sentences.

You burn—as they say at hide and seek—it was something very near Lady M. [Minto], her sister *Malmv*. [Malmesbury].

Pray give my best compts. to Sir William, and also if you please to Sir J. [Stanley] and Ly. Maria, not

forgetting *Lucy* in particular. I can easily understand your satisfaction at the Quarter Sessions. Now farewell! It is fine and I will call on the Fans. [Fanshawes]. Remember and write to me as I desired above.—Ever affectly. yrs.,
L. S.

P.S.—My last account of Granny was from Ly. Ch^{tte}. on the 12th; they had delayed going, because she (Ly. C.) waited for a letter on business. Granny had had a bilious complaint, but was better. My *kettle-drum* wanted to cross the water with them, which I believe they rejoiced to escape.

N.B.—Blotting paper, so called because it blotteth or doth blot whatever it toucheth.

LETTER LV.]

[Sholto Douglas, whose death is mentioned, was the eldest son of Lord Douglas by his second wife, Lady Frances Scott.

Mr. Hamilton's broiled phoenix is an allusion to a saying of his that if you cannot get a broiled phoenix you should be content with a chicken.

Mr. Edward Hamilton was the brother of the Mrs. Preston frequently mentioned.]

Richmond, Wednesday, Nov. 7th [1821].

My dearest Lou—I have this moment received your letter and write by return of post to say I shall be in town next Monday the twelfth, and should you have arrived on Saturday, request I may find a note from you on my table, and see you as early as you please that evening. I may not arrive till four, therefore will say nothing of the morning. If I do not find the said note I shall conclude you will not come till Monday yourself, and I will send to inquire and to fix a plan of operations early on Tuesday morning. Be assured I look forward to seeing you not only with pleasure, but

as a great pleasure, the sugar-plum of a moment, when most other tastes are bitter. You will "stand beside me like my youth." My holidays were over for the year when I quitted Sheff^d. Place and Danesfield. I returned to a thousand anxieties and vexations, whence I shall have no means of escaping any more. I have not seen the Fans. [Fanshawes] since this day sennight. I meant to call on them again, but Monday brought news that overpowered me, and unfitted me for visiting. Alas! news that will overtake poor Car, or meet her on her first entering Scotland—the death of her brother Sholto, the eldest of the *whole* blood, and but a year younger than she. He was a captain in the Enniskillen dragoons, and with his regiment in Ireland, where one of these inflammations so rapid and fatal this year carried him off before his family could hear of his being ill. He never gave it or any one else a moment's pain before. So all is dark and saddened in that quarter.

I am pleased, extremely pleased, with all you say, and with your increasing attachment to Lucy and Aunt Kitty, but really glad also that you will probably better your acquaintance with the Sneyds. Mr. Hamilton's roasted chicken and broiled phoenix should never be despised or forgotten.

My mornings (the first two or three) will be a good deal taken up, but I must have a carriage (that is *horses*) for the day, soon after I come, and if that can be so arranged as to send for you *Tuesday evening*, all the better. I mention this because I think you may lack a conveyance. Adieu, dearest Lou. I trust nothing will hinder our meeting, but disappointment has ever been my food, so I will not count it too sure.

L. S.

LETTER LVI.]

[Lord Lothian's eldest daughter Lady Elizabeth Kerr married in 1831 the 17th Lord Clinton.]

Gloucester Place, Monday, Nov. 19 [1821].

My dear Louisa—I am ashamed to say I have not yet executed your commission about the prayer-book ; or rather not ashamed, since the violent rain has allowed me to stir out of doors very seldom : but the day you went away I got a lift to No. 14 Great Marlborough Street, and there inquired of Messrs. Bossanges et Masson about the *French book*.¹ They knew it, said it was in two volumes, and had been so much asked for lately that they had sent an order for it to Paris, and expected a number of copies in a fortnight. They had it not then themselves. I left directions that when it came they should send two copies to Q. Anne St. and one to me ; this they promised, and also that if they could find one at any other bookseller's in the meanwhile I should have it ; but I have as yet not received it. The man said that being anonymous, it had not made its way at first, but he understood it was now very much read, *puisque c'étoit un très bon livre*. I am going to send him a note desiring he will address one of Lady Louisa's copies to Mrs. Stanley, as you direct. I hope he will not make us pay unreasonably for it, but not being on the legs of my own horses, I was forced to choose what bookseller I would go to, instead of driving to two or three and comparing their demands. I hope to get the prayer-book when I return to town. I am going to-day to Chiswick to stay till Wednesday, and on Friday I believe I shall go to Mrs. Weddell's, at least I have offered it. The post is so late in this

¹ *Les Confessions* (see next letter).

part of the town on Mondays that though I have no answer at one o'clock, still it may come.

It is come, and delays my going till Monday next ; nor do I feel *very* sure by her way of writing that she much wishes for me then, so I shall settle nothing till the time comes. I have received your long letter also, but shall not attempt to say anything to it as yet, indeed shall not thoroughly read it till I am in the chaise. This is merely to stay your stomach and give an account of my commission ; though I must add my congratulations on your finding Lady Louisa so well. Downright health or sickness may be independent of mental causes, but they have much to do with all the intermediate shades of both, therefore I dare confidently pronounce that she is some degrees the better for your excursion, which has gratified her, cheered her mind, and enlivened her spirits—all this was visible to me when I saw her at Clinton Lodge. My poor niece Louisa D. [Dawson] is quite laid up with the rheumatism. I yesterday dined with Lady Emily Macleod, who is in town for a short time, and lo ! one of her daughters was also laid up in bed and in pain, tho' not with the same complaint. Lord Lothian and his eldest daughter came to town Friday evening, and he kindly brought her to me the next morning, as she had gone to Bothwell on the first sad news arriving and was there when Car came. The account of them all gave me as much satisfaction as the circumstances would admit of, and at least certified me that Car had made wonderful exertions. What she inwardly felt, perhaps, a young, gay person could not exactly judge of. Probably one of your D—— cousins would not discover that the sight of Sheffield Place at present was anything more to you than to Maria.—Adieu, dear

Louisa, with kindest remembrances to Ly. L. and the said Maria.

LETTER LVII.]

[The late Lord Sheffield's first wife was a Miss Way, so probably the Mr. Way mentioned was related to her.

The "rooms adorned by the house of Gibbon" may refer to Gibbon the historian, who frequently resided at Sheffield Place (see *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*), or to Grinling Gibbons the wood-carver.

The greater part of Luton House was burnt in 1844, and the estate was afterwards sold.]

Gloucester Place, Saturday evening
[after 19th Nov. 1821].

At last, my dear Louisa, the prayer-book business is accomplished in all but one point, where my memory has quite failed me. I think there was another name beside Lucy to be inserted, but I cannot be sure, nor can I recollect what it was, whether Anne, Jane, or what else. These little things compleat a small matter, and therefore I am very sorry to have thus spoiled it. I have written Lucy with space enough to add an initial before the Stanley. Otherwise I believe it will tolerably answer your intentions. The type is good, the binding handsome, blue morocco gilt, with a good deal of *blind tooling*. The price twelve and sixpence; the size five inches and a half long, a hair's breadth above three broad. I thought it best to pay for it myself, have it packed up here, in flannel first, then in strong paper, and send it straight to Q. A. Street. The shop people might have neglected it, and my man really wants a walk to air him, the weather confines me so much within doors, and I have so few messages to send. No tidings yet of *Les Confessions*. If they

would drop into my lap just now I should esteem them doubly, for I do not care to unpaper my books, and I can get at very few of them. Those few, however, are Swift's works, *toujours bon*.

Monday.—In my nursery of yore it was held unlucky to begin anything on a Saturday, "it would never be finished," in which wise saying I verily think there is truth—but the stormy winds do blow, do blow, as the glee says, and the rain doth beat and patter, and my head gets stupid and confused. I have not told you that I staid at Chiswick till Friday: before I came home that day Lord Glenbervie called, and left word that if I chose to write to the travelling sisters he had an opportunity of sending a letter. Accordingly I wrote a *bit* note to Lady Charlotte. I made my servt. inquire at his house how Lady Guilford did. They said one day better, another worse, which sounds ill at the commencement of the winter season. I fear we shall have a severe one after all this rain has ceased to fall: it commonly happens so. Being very stupid myself, suppose I fill some of my paper with a dialogue which George Dawson swears he heard pass *verbatim* between two of his own dear countrymen at a coffee-house at Calais:—"Ah, Sir John, and how are you? and have you been lately in the county of *Maath*?"—"No. I could not go."—"And why?"—"Sure the roof's in! (tumbled in). How are your rents paid in the county of Galway?"—"Why, all my tenants are gentlemen, and when I ask them for money they say they are ready to fight me."—This justifies Miss Edgeworth from the suspicion of exaggerating, and shows what one should think of her softening clause, that such things *were* of old.

Tuesday.—I am now going at one o'clock to Mrs.

Weddell's in utter uncertainty whether to stay a day or a week, for she writes a very indifferent account of herself, and one that makes me very doubtful whether having an inmate will be really agreeable. She says she often cannot come down stairs till dinner time, though then I find she often has twelve people, and of course she cannot much care whether any individual is of the number or not, unless it should be a *lion*. Alas! this arises in reality from her having outlived all those who were most dear to her; it is an artificial taste which she has made for herself, and not unlike keeping up the spirits by cordials—that is, wearing them out in the long run. But every one must take his own way, we all disapprove of each other's—and often do I think of Lady Charlotte's aphorism, "The worst of old people is their agreeing so ill together." All this while I am not answering your letter which lies before me, nor am I likely to answer it now, except that I will wish you joy of Henry's success at Oxford, which on all accounts is a real subject of it. I hope it will both increase his self-confidence and brighten his spirits, besides that the habit of application gained is a solid good that will not be done away. Yes, there is another thing I must answer. I inhabited the *North rooms*, which I hardly ever saw before, and which were very pleasant in that little *spirt* of hot weather—I mean those over the hall. Mrs. Vernon had those adorned by the house of Gibbon, and I had entered a caveat against the state apartment. By the bye, Mr. Way claimed his *Angel* and took it away, and behold there was a gap in the crimson hangings of the drawing-room that no other picture would cover. I by no means wonder at your unwillingness to tread those grounds again, or see that deserted mansion. One grows callous to these things at last. I

used to pay my chairmen something extra for making a round to avoid going through South Audley Street, while the *house* [No. 15] still belonged to my family ; and now it belongs to Squire Hughes, and I go by it with unconcern. Luton, I suppose, will soon belong to Squire Hughes, or Arkwright, or Baring, and what is that to me ? Dear Louisa, I am in no writing humour. I have had as good accounts from Bothwell as I could wish ; better than I could hope. Your namesake in Grⁿ. Street [Lady Louisa Dawson] continues sadly tormented with the rheumatism, but has no fever. Pain is evil enough. It strikes one and I must be ready to go.—Adieu for the present.

LETTER LVIII.]

[The character of Miss Berry has been so freely treated by others that it does not seem unfair to give Lady Louisa's opinion of her. It is evident that the particular cause of Lady Louisa's disapproval was the patronising way in which Miss Berry spoke of Lady Douglas. Probably no one would have been more amused than Lady Douglas if she had known the state of Lady Louisa's feelings.]

[*Gloucester Place*] *Thursday* [Nov. (?) 1821].

Thanks, dearest Lou, for your long letter, which I am not going to answer now, but as you desire to have the enclosed back, I will obey you, taking at the same time the opportunity of asking whether the French book has found its way to you ? because on Monday there came a parcel to me, only directed " 108 *Gloucester Place, from Lady Clinton,*" without any name. It was the book, and when I inquired who had left it, I found it had been brought from Marlborough Street. I see too that the direction is in a French hand. I wrote

down your address and mine as plainly as possible, yet still this minglement of names makes me afraid they may have blundered, and not sent Lady Louisa's, or not sent her two as I ordered, and I can't make my servant go and inquire, as they seem to speak nothing but French in the shop, and just now I can't go myself.

Miss Berry would take a chapter in herself, for which I have not time. I fully agree with Mrs. Stanley respecting the eye, and the outside in general, for, to use Sterne's expression, "it is one of the first order of fine forms,"—but I must own the manner, etc., do not captivate me. Still just such an impression did she make about one and twenty years ago upon some very dear to me and most capable of judging, and she still retains her hold over those of them who yet remain. I have heard Mrs. Stanley's very words many a time. So it is nearly the second volume of Lord Hastings, my friend's friend, in some degree sacred with me—and yet very different too. If Lord Hastings had ever accosted me with—"Poor dear Anne! [Lady Ailesbury]. *She* thinks so and so in the simplicity of her heart—ha! ha! ha!—" notwithstanding a *man* may hold a *woman's* judgment cheap, I should have been tempted to hate him; and if I had suspected him to be really the inferior of the sister he thus spoke of, I might have yielded to the temptation. Now you are warm, are not you? as children say at hide and seek. In short, what *should* have brought Miss B. and me together has always kept us asunder. We never once came upon the chapter most ready and natural for us to treat of, without her exciting in me such a desire to give her a box on the ear as I verily think I cannot recollect feeling towards any other person. At this hour I would rather avoid any conver-

sation about Mrs. Scott, for though the most high-flown praises would be poured forth, more than sufficient to satisfy the greatest partiality, yet there would be manifestly *implied* that she was *her protégée*, her *élève*, that *she* had enlightened her mind and *made* her what she now was ; and the most unqualified contempt would be expressed for all the rest of the family, and—my fingers would infallibly itch as they have done heretofore. Does not all this convey to you that there must be something wanting ? and is not the something that tact and delicacy of mind, which, if a kitchen-maid had it, she would have what it tends to produce—natural good-breeding ? Miss B. calls upon you whom she does not know intimately : she meets a person going away of whom you take an affectionate leave : she sits down and begins speaking contemptuously or condemningly of that person, without in the least pausing to consider whether it may not be your dearest friend ; and, when you take fire, she is driven to acknowledge that she knows nothing at all about them. I have caught her playing much the same trick about a book, running it down in the most peremptory manner, and then being forced to own she really had never read it. But after saying I could not discuss her, I have done so more than enough, and therefore here I stop and make an end—the rather because for the second time to-day the darkness of a thunder-cloud overshadows us. I suppose a second torrent of hail is coming. Oh dear!—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER LIX.]

[Mrs. Boscawen was a Miss Glanville, an accomplished woman (see Horace Walpole). Her house must have been in South Audley Street. Lord Bute's was No. 15.

Lady Guilford was the widow of the 4th Earl, Maria, daughter of Thomas Boycott, Esq.

Mrs. Bootle Wilbraham was the daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor of Bifrons, and sister of Sir Herbert and Sir Brook Taylor. Her husband was created Baron Skelmersdale in 1828.]

Tuesday [Nov. (?) 1821].

I have not paid even for my own copy of the French book, dear Lou; they sent no bill, and it stands over with sundry other things till I get *on coach back* for a day, which I hope to do to-morrow or Thursday. Then I will go and pay, that they may not blunder farther and set down mine to Lady Louisa. I am quite gratified to hear she is so well. The new year's gift too pleases me mightily, both thing and manner, and I like the feeling of setting a peculiar value upon it because it was purchased with *that* money. Thus I began and thus I must end—for many reasons I try to forget such notions, but when I meet with them in the young (a temptation occurring seldom), "*Sento l' aura mia antica.*" When I was a girl and old Mrs. Boscawen, our opposite neighbour, had her windows smashed by the mob, who ordered us to light up for Admiral Keppel's acquittal, my heart swelled at hearing her say—"My house might have been spared: it was bought with Admiral Boscawen's prize money, after he had taken six French ships of the line."—But I am an old fool to be feeling any such spirit now in my chimney corner. However, this I will say, where nothing more than a *good sort of man* is required or aimed at, unfortunately there commonly comes out *not quite so much*—besides that a good sort of man and a *good* man (undoubtedly preferable to everything else) are by no manner of means synonymous. Some-

body comically said of the phrase "good sort of woman"—"That signifies a good woman of a bad sort."—"Lord," said a lady to her lawyer, "this sounds rather an awkward transaction. I always thought Mr. Such-a-one had been a very good sort of man . . . " "So is everybody, madam," answered the lawyer, "till you come to have business with them." And in fact the usual meaning of the commendation is, that, for aught you know, the person does not deserve to be hanged.

Mrs. Bootle Wilbraham, who was bred up at the Court of Baden along with the Empress of Russia, the ex-Queen of Sweden, and the present D. of Brunswick's mother, is an excellent sample of its manners and behaviour, and all her brothers, the Taylors, also educated there, turned out remarkably well. If the same gentlemanlike spirit has reached this generation, I am glad Henry is bound thither. I did see poor Ly. Guilford's death in the paper, and did think of you, and I am almost ashamed of having said nothing of it in my last thick volume of *stuff* (as the servants talk of a bottle of *stuff*) "*mais c'étoit dans ma léthargie*," my cold made me stupidly forgetful. Reflecting on that said monstrous volume, I feel obliged to be very concise now, and indeed chiefly write to answer Ly. Louisa's question. Towards the end of next week I shall go to Ditton Park, and lend my house to my nieces during my absence, which will probably be three weeks or a month. But you shall hear from me again before I go, and you owe me a great many pages in the meantime. Adieu.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

CHAPTER VII

JANUARY—MARCH 1822

LETTER LX.]

[*Gloucester Place*] Friday, Jan. 4th [1822].

Dearest Lou—I am very far behindhand with you, I know, but it has not been my fault. I have had a heavy cold and been too stupid to write, read, work, or do anything, which you may believe when I tell you the *Pirate* has lain since last Monday with very few of the leaves cut. The weather last week, after Christmas Day, since which I have not been “*over the door*” (as Scotch people say), was such as would have stupified one in itself, and some fine days we have had in this were lost to me. Now the malignant rain has recommenced, which it sinks one’s spirits to see. My sister Macartney is my inmate at present. She was entirely driven out of her house at Chiswick on Saturday morning and took refuge at Lady Stuart’s lodge in Richmond Park, then came to me on Tuesday. The water touched the ceiling in her offices and threatened entering the parlour floor. Things have been yet worse in the outskirts of Westminster, as you will see in the newspapers. As for my sister there is reason to be thankful, since with all this worry and fatigue, very trying to a person of her age and in-

firmities, she remains perfectly well in health, and I hope the only discomfort she finds here is climbing my stairs to her bed-chamber. At length I have seen —— and —— again ; Lady M. sent her carriage for them yesterday. The former does not look ill at all, tho' total confinement to the house and the weight of the atmosphere have at times made her very bilious. They have not got a house nor heard of one they like. In my private opinion they have no great wish to meet with one, but that is *entre nous*. Oh how I wish they had (and had had) some of your old-fashioned, romantic, *Plutarch* notions about the characters of young men. If I were to show —— that part of your letter about Henry, she would say, "Lord, what a very odd girl! what is it she wants of the poor boy? If he turns out a *good sort of man* (her favourite phrase), is not that all one can desire? And as for his time being so precious, why, he *need not* be anything, need he?" Meaning that your father could leave him enough to live upon, whether idle or eminent. But if a man, for lack of this, must have a profession, the requisites for a soldier are supposed to be pretty much what was expressed by a young countryman of theirs to an old friend of mine who remonstrated with him upon utter carelessness respecting the expenses of the mess-room, which each officer was to regulate in turn. The Cornet fired, drew up, and really did not understand that *he* need dirty his fingers with accounts. "Why, pray, sir," said the superior, "may I ask what were your ideas in entering the army?" "Why, by Jasus, Colonel, I thought I was to do nothing but to ride and to fight." And this thought descending to the privates, my friend declared that for some time after he took the command of an Irish regiment of dragons he could

not accomplish making the troopers dress their own horses : it was a hardship and beneath them, and they had stablemen (*alias* dirty boys) to do it for them. I am not sure, but (like a true prosy old woman) I may have told you these stories before. As for a clergyman, the sole qualification is considered that same *good sort of man*—"What can Latin and Greek signify? What have they to do with Religion? Accordingly when long ago somebody brought an excellent account of the naval brother from the East Indies, that he did well in his profession, was a sensible young man, etc., they all wished he would come home, that he might quit the navy and take to something else—why not be a clergyman? They were sure he would make a very good clergyman." If ——'s mind had been cultivated early, and she had been accustomed to sensible men, I do believe a different turn might have been given to it, but she was so much cleverer than those around her that she led instead of following, and by her means the boys shirked their lessons, staid away from school, and carried the point of being as idle as they chose. Now have I gone on till I must again require you to burn my letter. I own I am always more or less pained when I hear of your reading what I write to you to any one else, for I never in my life delayed sending a letter for 24 hours that on looking over it again I did not burn it instead of sending it. I am so diffuse, so wordy, say *so much, too much* upon any subject that catches hold of me for the moment, often I am so much too violent upon paper, that, knowing I should wish every second sentence recalled, I hate the thoughts of its being seen by any one but the partial few who can bear with me and my failings taken together.

My head is growing heavy and I must not say much more. I read the French book, but while my head was so muddled I could scarcely keep myself awake over it: the observations on temper seemed admirable—those in the second vol. on the train of lovers delighted in without any coquetry or anything *worse*, is too genuine French for my English comprehension. At least it would most speedily find its way to Doctor's Commons in our vulgar nation. I must end abruptly to go to Lady M. Adieu; I hope to write again soon.

LETTER LXI.]

[Lady Louisa's criticisms on the *Pirate* were repeated in much the same words to Sir Walter himself in a letter printed in *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 131, 10th Jan. 1822.

The "dear Cousin Prideaux" is described in Miss Clinton's Journal, 21st Sept. 1820. "Sheffield Place . . . Took a short walk twice with Lady Louisa. She gave a comical account of a cousin of hers, Mrs. Prideaux, who seems quite a character for a novel, so fine and so vulgar-minded. She is a widow and always talking of her husbands. 'Never had any woman the luck to have two such good husbands. There was my dear Mr. Courtenay, he was beautiful, you know, and yet his picture does not seem half good enough; and dear Mr. Prideaux, his picture looks so much better.' She is always talking of Lords and Ladies, and making her daughters do so too, and supposes that you must be acquainted with all the Peerage as the chief happiness of life. To know and speak of all these fine people she is obliged to tell a hundred lies. Lady Margaret Fordyce called her *Prideaux's Connections*." The relation to Lady Louisa was probably through her father's third sister, Lady Jane, who married William Courtenay, Esq.

Mdlle. de Lally probably was the child mentioned in *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, p. 76. Lally-Tollendal married a Scotch woman in 1791.]

Friday. [Gloucester Place].

[After 4th Jan. 1822.]

I have not forgot my promise of writing more at large, but several other letters were upon my hands, and my cold still hung about me. I forget whether I had received Lady Charlotte's [Lindsay] letter of 17th Dec. when I wrote last, and if I had whether I mentioned it. . . . Lady Ch^{tte}. seems much pleased with Genoa, where they were enjoying our finest October weather, just cold enough to endure a fire in the evening. Alas! to-day's newspaper tells of a tremendous storm there on Xmas eve, so they have not wholly escaped the evils of which we had such a share. She names Prince Leopold, his mother and sister, as living at Genoa in great privacy, and says she sometimes spends an evening with them. My sister M. [Lady Macartney] returned home on Saturday and found her house tolerably comfortable. Louisa D. is now, I hope, pretty well; this dryer weather allowing her to take a little walk occasionally, as it does me likewise. What do you say to the *Pirate*? I am not sure it equals the others in some points, yet if I were speaking to the author as honestly as Gil Blas to the Archbishop of Grenada I should by no means bid him leave off—should you? Minna and Brenda talk above their time and place, a fault he has never before fallen into. Brenda's *modern* incredulity about the superstitions of her country scandalizes me particularly. For Norna, who will be pronounced a new hash of Meg Merrilees, I think those peculiar superstitions, the shocking death of her father, and her own insanity, make a very clear distinction, and people would allow it if she were but made a *little* old woman instead of a tall one. In short, take it all together,

I read on without weariness, and the new scenery and new manners amused my imagination. . . .

I promised you my sentiments at large concerning—let us say *Belinda* [Miss Berry]—but you really must keep them *quite* to yourself. I discuss characters with you for your improvement in studying human beings, write in humble imitation of La Bruyère. If you communicate what I say, I feel guilty of satire, perhaps calumny. And for C.'s sake, I would especially avoid it in this instance. I respect C.'s long and steady attachment to her; I have a feeling on the subject, which some of C.'s relations do not enter into. They dislike *Belinda*, and go on playing it on the same key they did twenty years ago, as if it were a romantic fancy of C.'s, and C. still a girl of fifteen who *imagined* herself mighty fond of *Belinda*—"all nonsense and absurdity." This illiberality on their part makes it a point of honour with me never to blame *Belinda* before them, but always praise and support her if I can. *N.B.*, that some of them hardly ever spoke to her in their lives, and can only object that she makes bows instead of curtsies. My objections to her are chiefly grounded on her being overbearing in society, and on my doubts whether she has the very high mind affirmed by her friends. There seems to me an excess of vanity in the character incompatible with great mental dignity. When people are vain of some trifle not part of their *essence*, it is a foible, an excrescence, a weak side: you may laugh at it, silly people triumph over it, as bringing them down to their own level, but are mistaken, for it does not sink the character. Queen Elizabeth, who had more of these foibles than anybody, was vain of her beauty, of her feminine accomplishments, etc., but the solid *stuff* of her character stood

quite apart : she was not vain of her talents for business and government. Sir Robert Walpole, a great, coarse, vulgar man, was vain of his galantry among the ladies, and was laughed at accordingly ; he had no vanity, no pretensions about managing the House of Commons, and guiding the state for twenty years. Dunning (Lord Ashburton), an eminent lawyer of my own day, and eminently ugly, thought all women in love with him, but had not the least self-conceit respecting his success at the bar. Some people of distinguished talents have been vain of those very talents, and then it *has* lowered their characters ; vanity has become the essence of it, and you cannot call them *high minded*. Cicero, for example : with the greatest talents that ever man had, he had a weak, wavering character, an alloy of the poor and mean—his known vanity made his contemporary statesmen afraid to trust him ; he was vain of his eloquence, he was always talking of the Calends of December. In our own times, the exploits of Sir Sydney Smith in Syria were really and truly equal to those of any Hero of Romance—but he came home vain of them—of *them*—and it made him considered as a *fanfaron* instead of a great man. Had he been vain of anything else, it would not have obscured his lustre. “Now to apply” (like a long sermon), Belinda appears to me not vain of her beauty, which she might well be, but of having a superior understanding, of her ability to govern others, of having a great deal to say with this person of eminence and that person of high rank ; though she seeks to hide her secret value for the latter by affecting to despise it. But so it is ; my dear Cousin Prideaux, a fool for a comedy, is not more anxious to make great acquaintance. If Belinda had by chance fallen into company

with the Chichesters, for instance, she would not have liked them at all. But let her be a season at Tunbridge or Cheltenham when they were there, and it would become her study, aim, and purpose to attain an intimacy with them, or at least to have the appearance of it, and then she would currently talk of *Pelham* and *Mary*, while Granny, whom we do not suspect of much deference for titles, usually says Lord Pelham and Lady Mary. Now is this high-minded? Surely not. The same rooted vanity leads her into what is most contrary to friendship. Miss Murray says she is a person (in the expressive Scotch phrase—see Wm. of Deloraine's passing the Ail) *to ride the water upon*. I believe she would not forsake, would not betray a friend, would defend one against obloquy, stand by one in change of fortune with purse and house, and might and main. But she could not withstand the temptation of putting herself in the first place, of giving you to know that the said friend acted by *her* advice and direction, even in the instances which it would most degrade him or her to have done so. Let me tell you a story which will exemplify my meaning. I *could* not do it *vivâ voce*, for I could not pronounce a name which you can easily supply. About three or four years ago, after her first acquaintance with that family, she took me aside in some assembly with a very mysterious air: "I want very much to speak to you—it is about the D.'s—I suppose you know that C. means to stand for the county against Lord A. H."—"Yes."—"Well, there is a Mr. S." (naming a *nouveau riche* that had bought an estate, built a house, etc., in their neighbourhood).—"I know there is."—"Well, he has very great interest. Now Mrs. S. and her friend Miss C. have quite a passion for —; they are in town and have been

making a sort of overture to me ; they think they can easily engage Mr. S. to give C. his interest, provided only that —— will promise that he shall never vote against Mr. Fox—that's all. Now do you think she will accede to this?" And before I could speak—"All I can say is that *I* would, making it my own case. If the same offer were made me for my cousin F. in his county, I protest I should never once hesitate. I am clear about it."—"Why, Miss Belinda," said I, "I think I can answer with certainty, *No*, because I know the opinion to be that women ought not to meddle in such matters, and it has ever been carefully avoided. Besides you must recollect that Mr. C. D. is not an *own* son [meaning he was a step-son] ; nor is he a boy ; least of all a weak man. The last thing that will be done is interfering in any shape to controll or direct him. He will follow his own choice and opinions and vote as he pleases, or as he can settle it with his father. But I daresay there would be no objection to convey a hint or a message to L. D."—"Oh ! L. D.! (interrupting me in the most contemptuous tone) L. D.! Why, now do you really think L. D. the sort of person to set a thing upon its right end?"—"Miss Bel., you must give me leave to tell you, I really believe L. D. quite as competent to manage his own business as either you or I can be to do it for him";—and so saying I turned on my heel and walked off in a downright huff, I must acknowledge. When I cooled, I thought to myself, I am a fool to be angry, for this poor woman, in the ardour of self-consequence, has sacrificed her own friend, and insulted him far more than mine. If I believed (which I don't) that she had the power of arranging with Mrs. Such-a-one how Mr. F. should vote in Parliament, what a despicable animal

I must think him! You must observe, dear Lou, that all the family and all their connections and all C. D.'s on his own mother's side (M—s, R—s, etc.) were decided Pittites; it was exactly as if somebody should promise Lady George C. Mr. Mabbot's vote for her son, provided she would engage *only* that he should not oppose the Ministry, *that's all*. Belinda had more sense and knowledge of the world than to think that changing one's party "to the right about" was a trifle, or that men could either chuse or change it after this fashion. So the whole was a piece of *absolute nonsense*, and she very well knew it, merely wanting to make a parade of her own importance and influence, but being so blinded by vanity as not to perceive that an old friend and near relation of the persons concerned was the last who could be dazzled so far as to believe her their governess. I knowing too that "C." was just the kind of man to hold a blue-stocking lady very cheap, and that he had always distanced her by cold civility.

Lord Chesterfield tells his son on the chapter of secret-keeping, "Boys and women are sure to betray secrets from the vanity of showing they have been trusted,"—one of the sentences which made him the *bête noire* of us ladies, tho' no otherwise unjust than in not admitting exceptions. Thus much is certain, no secret can be quite safe with any man, woman, or child who has that species of vanity. And it does appear to me to be strongly the case with Miss Belinda. The rack might not draw a secret from her, but I doubt her being able to refrain from at least manifesting that she did know it (if of an important nature), which is often just as bad as telling it at once. When she returned from her first visit to that family's country

seat, I met her, determined to like her as well as I could, and indeed eager to know some late particulars, especially about a young person then governess in it, the deserving daughter of a very abandoned mother, a woman of family and fortune, who would have sold her to infamy, and from whom she was forced to fly in early youth. For some time *I* and *me* were so prominent I could gather nothing respecting *them*. "*I* advised this. *I* told them they were positively wrong in that. *I* gave them information on that head. *I* decidedly disapproved, etc., etc." I bore it patiently. "Well, but how does the governess answer?" She praised her highly. "Oh! such a mind! such an understanding! So really above most people you meet with. She did me the honour to ask my opinion upon the point of her staying: she had conceived a notion that *I* was likely to view things in a higher light perhaps than the generality—but I was so sorry for her. I had such a task—only think what it was to me to be the person to tell her that she was a natural daughter—imagine what I suffered from seeing her agony."—"But, good heavens! what *could* make it necessary?"—"Why, bless you, she discovered that I had known intimately her mother's husband, her father, as she wanted to fancy him—he was always with us that year at Turin, he consulted me about everything, he laid all his papers before me, talked over his design of marrying *pour légitimer sa fille unique*, who now lives with him, and he never saw the mother afterwards. Knowing all this, she questioned me so closely I could not help myself." *How* did she know all this, but from Belinda's not being able to help boasting, even before her, of her sway with a man once of importance, a man of some celebrity, *de Lally*

Tolendal in a word? The poor girl never had been in the same place or country with him in her life, nobody willingly named him in her presence, and she knew nothing of him but from old newspapers, so could never have divined Belinda's intimacy and his confidences. But having an almost morbid share of feeling, of delicacy and pride, this piece of information threw her into a state of gloom and despondency that utterly unfitted her for her vocation of governess, and made the whole family (who took a great interest in her) quite uncomfortable. She said she had always let her mind dwell upon the hope of being one day taken to the bosom of her father, and as she had worse than no mother, to be told she had not a father struck daggers to her heart. Now do you think Lord Chesterfield was much in the wrong? I have fully proved my conviction that his maxim does not apply to you, young as you are: you must prove that conviction well founded. I only wish I had the gift of telling things in fewer words, for all this is but an explanation (to be sure no brief one) of what I said before, that Belinda and I having mutual friends drove us asunder instead of linking us together. Now adieu, for I will not turn an eighth page.

LETTER LXII.]

[There is an injunction at the end of this letter to burn it, but as the first half has been destroyed by Miss Clinton, probably the confidential part was contained in that.

The Earldom of Huntingdon became suspended on the death of the 10th Earl (the father of Lady Hastings, wife of the 1st Marquess) until Hans Francis Hastings, descended from the 2nd Earl, established his claim to the title in 1819.

"Mrs. Simon" mentioned at the end of the letter was the

wife of a certain Louis Simond, a Frenchman, who wrote in English an interesting book, *Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain during the years 1810 and 1811*. A second edition issued in 1817 contained an Appendix on France written 1815-1816.

Lady Mayne was the daughter and co-heir of Joshua, Viscount Allen, and wife of Sir William Mayne, Bart., created Baron Newhaven, 1776. There was one son, who died young.

The "long Clinton Cause," mentioned on p. 227, was a disputed claim for property in Devonshire now held by Lord Clinton. The cause was lost by the Cholmondeley family.

The Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, published in 1821, were edited by John Wilson Croker. A letter kindly lent to the Editor by the late Lord Wharncliffe gives so interesting a description of her that it is printed here in full.

The letter is addressed to the 2nd Baron Wharncliffe.]

My dear Lord Wharncliffe—The book which will accompany this comes to you with what you may think a very odd request, namely, that you would permit it to occupy some obscure corner in your library where it can be preserved from the risk of its leaves becoming the lining of a bandbox or the foundation of a pasty. I wish to save it from such disgrace out of regard for the memory of the respectable person who gave it me, the famous Lady Hervey. And I chose you to be its guardian, because you are her descendant. For, as Lady Erne's grandmother, she was (let me speak it in French, to avoid redoubling the word great) your *Trisayeule*. I still remember with gratitude and affection her kindness to me in my childhood, when I continually saw her. Notwithstanding that she seems to have hated Lady Mary Wortley, she had the highest admiration of my mother, whom she justly thought one of the first of women: she was extremely fond of my sister, Lady

Jane, whom she ardently wished her eldest son, George, Earl of Bristol, to marry, and she made me her favourite plaything, delighting to hear my remarks on the books I was reading, and pleased if they accorded with her own opinions. This was the case upon the early part of English History, but not when it approached nearer to modern times, for I had an implicit faith in my *Question and Answer volume*, compiled, I suppose, by some Presbyterian schoolmaster, and one unlucky day my evil genius prompted me to pour forth with great warmth and volubility all the notions imbibed from it. They amounted to this, that James the Second was a *very wicked man*, who would have destroyed our liberties, civil and religious, if Providence had not raised up for us a glorious deliverer in the heroic William, Prince of Orange, whose arrival on the 5th of November 1688 had defeated his designs, and given us the blessing of a free constitution. Lady Hervey, too much diverted to be indignant, let the 'larum ring itself out, and then mildly told me I had been much deceived, led to believe a heap of vulgar falsehoods, and she would give me a pretty book where I should find it proved that King James was a very good man, though cruelly ill-used by a turbulent faction among his subjects, and most unjustly dethroned with the assistance of an ambitious foreigner, his own son-in-law, who from the hour he became so, had secretly aimed at the Crown, and at length usurped, in great measure through the prevalence of a story as absurd as calumnious, invented to discredit the birth of James's innocent son. In consequence, that son and his descendants, the lawful heirs of this kingdom, had not only been deprived of their just rights, but all who adhered to them banished and proscribed; a national sin not yet expiated. The

book did not come for some weeks, waiting probably to be clad in the splendid garb you behold, and this made sure of a rapturous welcome from a student not ten years of age. I could not feast my eyes sufficiently with the binding. Afterwards, when old enough to read it and perceive its tendency, I told my mother I was learning *treason*—for an attack on King William and the Revolution was still considered as little less, especially by the lower people, and above all by that half-class to which our teachers and governesses mostly belonged. She laughed and said, “Oh yes, poor dear Lady Hervey always was a violent Jacobite. We all remember her white roses on the tenth of June, and how angry she used to grow, if anybody, to tease her, brought up the story of the warming-pan; but, to be sure, her wanting to convert you, child, is something comical. Well, it’s to be hoped Government won’t hear of it.”¹ At a future time, being in a house where there was a large edition of the Biographical Dictionary I consulted it for an account of Bevil Higgons, who I found was a noted non-juror, and a writer of various tracts and pamphlets in support of that cause, living chiefly at Avignon, perhaps from having made England too hot to hold him—not indeed (to judge from his books) that he appears to have been one of the authors who (as the phrase runs) can set the Thames on fire, but squibs and crackers do pretty mischief, are at least annoying, and therefore it might occasionally be worth

¹ “One circumstance will excite surprise : notwithstanding her (Lady Hervey’s) constant close connection with the old Court she was at heart and in opinion a zealous Jacobite : hardly perhaps to the pitch of wishing the Pretender’s enterprise success, yet enough so to take fire in defence of James the Second if she ever heard any blame laid to his charge.” “Introductory Anecdotes” by Ly. L. Stuart, *Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu*, vol. i. p. 96.

Sir Robert Walpole's while to give Mr. Bevil Higgons, when he could catch him, a week's lodging in Newgate or the Tower. All this controversy the world has long survived, yet the book is worth your looking over for what is called the Postscript, where you will see (perhaps with some surprise) that Lord Clarendon was as little a favourite with the ultra Tories of the years 1700, etc., as with the ultra Whigs a century later. If there was truth in the very odd story that concluded it, one would think he and the Duke of Albemarle, tho' acting together after the Restoration, could never have been very cordial friends. You must be particularly well qualified to determine how this was, since you not long ago took pains to investigate the character and career of Monk. Is there any reason to believe that he joined in the attack on Clarendon or contributed to his overthrow? At any rate you find Lord Ellesmere made a mistake when he treated what he could gather in prejudicial to Clarendon's character in the words of the zealous Royalists as the unwilling avowal of his own friends and party, since, on the contrary, it must have been the assertions of his bitterest enemies.

But I have gone on too long. Pray forgive me. This requires no answer and may be thrown in the fire when you are tired, only don't throw the poor old book along with it, and believe me,—Your affectionate great aunt,

L. STUART.

1st of July 1848.

The title of the book is—

A SHORT VIEW OF THE ENGLISH HISTORY

WITH REFLECTIONS

Political, Historical, Civil, Physical, and Moral, on the
Reigns of the Kings ; their characters and manners ; their
succession to the Throne, and all other remarkable
Incidents, to the Revolution, 1688.

Drawn from authentick Memoirs and Manuscripts.

By BEVIL HIGGONS of the Middle Temple, Esq.

Discite Justitiam Moniti—VIRG.

London : Printed and sold by the Booksellers
of London and Westminster.

The third edition is dated MDCCXLVIII., 1 vol. 307 pages.
Dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham and
Normanby.

The "Postscript" mentioned by Lady Louisa is a criticism
on Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which is alluded
to as having appeared since the book was written.

The "odd story" which Lady Louisa speaks of is the
following :—

"What opinion the renown'd General Monk had of this
noble Historian, the following Anecdote will satisfy the world.
When Sir John Granvill, afterwards Earl of Bath, came from
the King to the General, he brought a Blank to put down his
own conditions, which he generously refused, declaring he
would make no bargain with his Prince. After they had
settled the affair, and Sir John was going away, the General
called him back and told him, Cousin, I must break my word.
I promis'd I wou'd make no bargain with the King, but I must
oblige him to one condition, to keep what has pass'd a secret,
and especially from two persons, who, of all mankind, must be
the last who know it : and then named Sir Edward Hyde ; and
another great man, whom there is no necessity to mention."]

[FRAGMENT.]

. . . To return to myself, I was out yesterday evening for two hours, my sister Lonsdale being in town ; otherwise I have spent every evening alone. The only new book I have read is *Lady Hervey's Letters* ; they are very plain and very sensible. I take a peculiar interest in them, because her making much of me when a little girl fixed her so strongly in my memory that I see and hear her still. I was, to my great misfortune, a wonderful child, which I have hardly yet done paying for. I should not have been so in these days when everything of eight years old knows twice as much as I did at fifteen. But Lady Hervey did all she could to spoil me. I have now a book she gave me when I was about seven, and near that time she insisted on my being brought to her evening circle before I went to bed. I remember so well the gobelin tapestry chairs ! and the entrance of another child whom I was rather surprised to see in a sack and hoop ; luckily I did not accost her, for it was a dwarf, but an eminent blue stocking and wise woman, Lady Mayne, afterwards Lady Newhaven. To you, perhaps, the letters will seem to contain little ; the reflections, however, are usually just.

A gazette appointment that I saw in the newspaper reminded me of a conversation you and I had last year about the Huntingdon Peerage, when I was vexed to see you for once swallow whole an absurd as well as basely malignant insinuation against a most honourable character, because you had found it *in a book* written by a low, tho' clever attorney. And the more vexed because you had not the ignorance of such matters now so common in the world, which renders it difficult to beat out of people's heads that Lord Hastings and Lord Huntingdon were *competitors* for the said Peerage, and that

therefore the former had an interest in the failure of the latter. You know very well that a peerage which is settled in the male line can never go into the female : that if the Duke of Newcastle had no son, your father would succeed him as Earl of Lincoln, and that if all the males of your branch were sunk in the sea, it would never make the Duke's daughter the Countess, or her son the Earl. You know too that if it were a female title (as probably the old Barony of Clinton is) the Duke's daughters would have it in abeyance on failure of their brothers, and your father could never have any claim to it. Thus it is with the Huntingdon titles. Lord Hastings inherited through his mother half a dozen old baronies, Hastings, Hungerford, Botreux, Moels, Molines ; the earldom nothing could have given him, and he sufficiently showed he thought its root extinct, by not taking that title for his marquisate. He had therefore no sort of interest in the matter. But this attorney alledges that his people (*he* having been in the East Indies long before the beginning of the claim) withheld papers—who submits to have papers in their custody, or their own either, ransacked at the pleasure of Mr. Such-a-one or his attorney? That long lawsuit, the Clinton Cause, by which Lord C. has so narrowly escaped utter ruin, sprung from a lawyer getting sight of his family papers ; and I suppose there is scarce a family in England of any consideration in which such another might not be brewed, if a clever attorney got into their evidence-chamber. On all these grounds it is supposed that Lord Hastings had the extreme wickedness, the deep and black atrocity, to send this man's elder brothers to the West Indies, with an *intention* they should die of the climate, and tried to persuade him to follow him [them?]. Consider this well,

dear Louisa, it is no light thing to believe any fellow-creature guilty of, it is a monstrous crime, and the man who could have been capable of it would have poisoned or assassinated the persons, if not restrained by fear. But (Lord Hastings's high and generous character out of the question) lo! how completely has Lord Huntingdon himself contradicted this vile story! He has accepted—most likely has most earnestly solicited—the government of Dominica, the last and lowest and the most unhealthy of our islands. Pray, do you suppose Lord Bathurst (or whoever it is) has a design against his life? He is sent there to die, no doubt, for I never heard that the climate was better for governors than for subalterns, or that the yellow fever treated them with respectful forbearance. The late Lord Buckinghamshire, when secretary of state, made his brother governor of Grenada, and he took with him his wife's brother—both died in a twelvemonth. *Lord B. meant they should*, you may be sure—yet he found other people extremely ready to succeed them. In short, in this world people must take their chance if they have their subsistence to get, or their fortune to make, and this poor man who has a large family is willing to take his, as he would have been before at the same risk (and no greater), if Lord Hastings could have got him a better place than was then in his offer. Whoever gets a young relation a commission in time of war, puts him in the immediate way of death and danger. I dwell upon all this so much, to induce you to reason and reflect upon the base and contemptible malignity of ascribing people's actions to such motives (which the vulgar are sure to do in all cases), without your having good previous reason to think the person in question a most decidedly bad and wicked character

—which Lord Hastings's worst enemy would no more dare to pretend of him, than to say he had six heads or any other gross absurdity. All young people of eager and generous minds are subject to run away thus with the first story they hear, and fired with indignation at the injustice or cruelty set before them, never stop to consider whether they should not rather "*doubt the fact*" than abhor the supposed offender, and seldom call to mind that the more monstrous it is represented, the less likely to be true. I shall not deny being rather partial in the question itself, from the habit of taking a warm interest for many years of my life in all that concerned Lord Hastings, yet (what you will say is odd) I never had much personal acquaintance with him; but his sister, my poor Lady Ailesbury, was more than a sister to me. I loved her with a sort of peculiar predilection I had for no one else. Her joys and sorrows were mine, and her great object in existence was her brother, for whom her attachment and admiration were enthusiastic. Long used to swell and burn at hearing anything against him, because I knew the pain it would give her; it is only by an act of recollection now, that I say to myself, "Why should I care? Her heart has ceased to beat, it can hurt her no longer, and he is nothing to me." I am speaking to one who will understand this whimsical feeling; very many people would not. It is just like shrinking from what would wound a limb that you have lost, a mechanical impulse you cannot resist, though you know it irrational. The man himself I believe to have great virtues and great weaknesses. I used to tell her that toad-eaters would be the ruin of him. He was open to flattery, and from extreme easiness of temper let people get a hold over him who were unworthy of it, but I am

convinced the *fond* of the character was noble, generous, and high-minded, incapable of a mean or selfish thought. He reduced his fortune not by selfish extravagance, but by unbounded liberality ; his table and his purse were open to every man who had ever served with him, and to my knowledge, while he was attacked by the anti-Jacobin as a disaffected person, he was actually maintaining half the French emigrants of distinction at his own expense—even some of the princes. That his magnificence of spirit had a mixture of pride in it I always thought, but as Lady Hervey says in these letters, of my father, whom in some respects he resembled—“it is not little, low, mean pride.” And all his family did adore him to such a degree that it proved he had the faculty of attaching those who knew him best. It is a Sir Philip Sydney kind of person, or an Earl of Essex, not of the present age ; his manners too were of an older standing, therefore the quizzers ridiculed him for pomposity. Here is more than enough of a man in himself as indifferent to me as if I had never seen him, but I verily think as far removed from the possibility of entertaining the villainous thought in question as the above-named Sir Philip, or Chevalier Bayard, or any other character history has consecrated.

Your Englishwoman's account of America I remember reading, but without the smallest *doubt* about her veracity. The book is most evidently written for the express purpose of crying up America at the expense of England, and you might just as well pin your faith upon Imlay's account of Kentucky, or give full credit to Lady Morgan. *Je m'en tiens* to the honest confession of a quiet, plain woman, Mrs. Simon to Mrs. Alison ; Monsieur Simon, a Gallo-American, wrote the

letters upon England that you may have seen. Mrs. Simon's father, brother to John Wilkes, had settled in America early in her life, and her habits were chiefly formed there of course, and yet she told Mrs. A. that her desire was to end her days in England or Scotland if possible—but if her husband found it otherwise, she had scarce a choice in what country of Europe to fix, Spain or Poland, rather than return to America; where everything in manners, in comforts, in society was at least a hundred years behind the least civilized part of the European world. The servants she instanced as one of the most insupportable circumstances: you were either to have negro slaves of the worst description, or submit to let what would be here your footman sit at table with you, and establish himself in your dressing-room at his pleasure; for it was not merely impertinence or insubordination, but dominion: and in like manner, your lowest neighbour would walk into your house with his hat on, and smoke his pipe at your fireside whether you chose it or not. The English notion of your house being your castle, out of which you might turn the king, was so far reversed that you might not turn the cobbler out of it, and he had a pride in showing you might not. Read even Mr. Birkbeck and the other man (whose name I forget), to refresh your memory.

And now this farrago shall go; but, my dear Lou, let me beg it may be kept to yourself, and earnestly beg it may be burned when you have read it, as I daresay you will two or three times over. You may suppose I am finishing it on Wednesday morning—or afternoon, for it grows so dark I can see no longer. I will pray for poor Fred's success. No news from this abominable Bossange and Masson.—Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.]

[Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was the eldest daughter and heiress of Francis, Lord Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies of Kintail. She married in 1804 Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., who died in 1814. She married secondly Right Hon. James Alexander Stewart (nephew of the 7th Earl of Galloway), who assumed the name of Mackenzie.

It was to this lady that Sir Walter Scott addressed the well-known lines "Farewell to Mackenzie."

Her father and her four brothers died before 1815, and her five sisters died before her own death in 1862.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Normanby mentioned was the natural daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley. She had one child by Lord Anglesey, Lady Catherine Annesley, who married William Phipps, Esq. Their son was the 1st Lord Mulgrave. The Duchess's son by the Duke was the last Sheffield Duke of Buckingham. He died unmarried before his mother, and left to her his Yorkshire estates, which went to Lord Mulgrave.]

[Franked]

Colnbrook, February four, 1822.

Miss Clinton,

Clinton Lodge,

Uckfield,

Montagu.

Sussex.

Ditton Park near Windsor,

Monday, 4th February 1822.

Having several letters to write, I kept yours for the *bonne bouche*, and now sit down to acknowledge two, that of the 22nd and that begun on the 25th. I will read both over to go on in order. Firstly of the first. You are pleased to wonder that the object of *your* enthusiasm [Lady Louisa herself] did not "serve as an amulet to preserve C. from the fascinations of Belinda." Without entering into comparisons which are usually foolish, as well as odious, understand that Belinda's

right was prior with C. personally, although her acquaintance with the family had but just commenced. C. merely knew the other as your sister Anna Maria does now—that is, not at all, until she became an inmate of the house for some months in January. The previous July and August had been passed at Cheltenham, where an intimacy was formed with Belinda, who, I believe, happened to be the first person that treated C. [then about fifteen] like a woman, distinguished what there was in her mind different from the common herd of girls, led her to converse upon various subjects, and, in short, drew her out. Belinda's beauty had also something to do with it, in the eyes of one who, even then, felt the impulse for a decided genius for drawing, and knew how to admire so perfect a form. Your favourite came afterwards, finding the impression already made, and that deeply, and making none herself for many reasons: to name only one, because she still viewed C. as the child she had been accustomed to reckon her, and noticed her but little. *Here*, for example, at this moment are the two elder girls of this house, the one sixteen, the other a year younger, still with the governess, well-behaved, and holding their tongues, and going to bed at ten o'clock. I know them no more than if I had never seen their faces, nor can they know me; their mother wants me to talk to them, and then I think what to say, and it ends with a silly question and a shy answer. My eldest sister [Lady Lonsdale], now eighty-four, would be intimate with them and adored by them in three days' time. I have not a turn for the sort of thing, and accordingly the few young people who really like me have some peculiarity of disposition. C. did not, until she had ceased to be *very* young. . . . If I were to live a

twelvemonth in the house with your sisters we should not be one bit the better acquainted. For your anecdote respecting Belinda I can say nothing. I should not have thought her likely to forsake an old friend because *quizzical*, for one used to meet with people at her house sufficiently so.

Now for letter the 2nd. I am glad you have good news of the travellers, but almost sorry that ——'s passion should last, though I like him the better for being capable of it. Nothing has so comfortable a sound as a match of this kind, but by what I have observed in the world it is apt to produce just the contrary effect from that taken for granted, and disturb instead of promoting family union. The pair themselves agree or disagree much like other pairs; but the parents and kinsfolk are far more apt to quarrel. In fact, there is a time of courtship between two families (if previously little acquainted) as between lover and mistress. They strive to be agreeable to each other, they are obliging, conciliating, friendly. At the very least, civilities pass on both sides. As there is no occasion for all this where brothers' and sisters' children intermarry, nobody will give themselves any such needless trouble, everybody speaks out as in *Mad^e de Genlis' Palace of Truth*, and perhaps with the glorious rudeness for which near relationship is often held to be a patent,—*my brother's foolish whims*—and *my sister's nonsense*—are complained of without scruple, and the government of the young people is secretly claimed by each party. . . . “*My son would do so and so if left to himself, but his wife gets the better. I know of old that her mother always acted that way and I used to tell her how absurd she was. . . .*” Something similar may be thought in other cases, but it is

whispered, not uttered outright and face to face. Where one of the mamas has a governing spirit these consequences are not *more* improbable than in other instances, you will allow ; therefore I should augur better of a daughter-in-law from Zetland or Cornwall (one never before seen or heard of) for ——'s comfort than of a niece.

A gentleman in the sea service who knew W. Scott intimately (by the bye, to answer your question I have not heard from him this twelvemonth) has been here a couple of days. He says the *Pirate* is a degree too barefaced, for he took some of the sea phrases from himself, making him repeat them when he had used them by chance, particularly "to brace the mainsail," for giving your workmen or sailors a dram to encourage them. I advise you to read *Letters to Mr. Heber*, which have now gone through a second edition : they are very well done and very entertaining. Somebody told me they were written either by Adolphus the lawyer or his son. I have not yet read that abominable *Cain*. I have rather a dislike to the thoughts of it from the accounts I hear. *Sardanapalus* I looked over, and as a play thought it heavy, though with fine lines. The subject of Foscari is peculiarly disagreeable. The construction of Lord Byron's mind leads him to dwell on horrible subjects, as that of Swift did him to nasty ones ; from the tinge of insanity perhaps in both. My poor acquaintance, Matt. Lewis, began this bad taste in our days. Southey and Lord Byron have followed him ; they describe bodily torture, *con amore*. Lord B. in the *Corsair* enters with such minuteness into the sufferings of a man impaled, that you cannot doubt his having stood and looked on calmly. This is anything but poetical. Southey in *Madoc* is equally

a Dutch painter with regard to the agonies of the idol-serpent. I remember as I was reading it aloud to Mrs. Weddell, she exclaimed with great *naïveté*, half crying—"Dear, I feel sorry for the snake"; and somebody else observed on a similar passage—"To be sure, Southey must have been originally bred a surgeon." If either of these had had the torture of MacBriar in *Old Mortality* to handle, it would have filled half a dozen pages, and in lieu of making one shudder, made one sick.

The letter you transcribe is a beautiful picture of the tranquillity of a really pious mind, and makes one almost envy the poor little woman's situation. Whether clever or not, one must pronounce her wise, however she may disclaim it. As for your loss of Lily I not only condole with you heartily, but find something more touching, more melting than I can express in its effects on your father. Perhaps because I cannot help putting the whole of *him* together: the man accustomed to lead armies, to despise danger, to see blood shed,—but thus it is ever; there is a corner of softness in such characters which very often you do not find in the spoilt children of ease and indolence. Poor Lily! and poor Sheffield! They are somehow linked together in my mind, and undoubtedly with sufficient regret. But say what you will, I must rejoice you were far off when I was there last summer; and assure you it saved you much more pain than pleasure. For myself I have nothing to put in the place of that society, hardly any now left in which I can speak freely and fairly, sure of being exactly understood. Talking of this, I ought to mention that I had an absolute treat before I left London. Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, the husband of the *ci-devant* Lady Hood, came up upon his mother's death, and living in the house that had been

hers very near mine, came and breakfasted, and staid a couple of hours with me often, till his time of business began. A very sensible, intelligent man comes in my way so seldom, that I felt as if I ate up his conversation, and it did me good. His views of things are so fair, so impartial; his observations on character so penetrating; his intentions with regard to the people now under his care, as (through her) chieftain of a clan, so kind and just—but an old woman always likes a Young Man who will sit over the fire with her; therefore, perhaps, I exaggerate his merits. Very agreeable I am certain he is. In political opinions a Foxite—in religious, I have a notion a little *leaning* to those who now call themselves (as by a cant phrase) *serious*, but with no sort of bigotry to either sect or party. She is a lucky woman to have fallen into such hands, with a great estate so mortgaged and encumbered as to produce almost nothing, and the inhabitants of a whole province dependent upon his management of it—to be either forced into emigration like Lady Stafford's tenants, or civilised and gradually improved as he seems to design. But they are going to live two years in their Island of Lewis, and I may never see either of them again.

The editor¹ of Lady Hervey's letters was a person who knew nothing whatever of her, and who I know applied to some of her descendants for information, anecdotes, etc. They could tell him nothing because their father and grandfather, her son, the Bp. of Derry, and late Lord B. quarrelled with her as soon as he was a man, and she never had anything more to do with him. I may have mistaken about the Phipps. The Dss. of Bucks was a daughter of James the Second's, and married first to the Earl of Anglesea, whom she

¹ John Wilson Croker (see *ante*).

divorced for cruel usage. I thought she had no children by him. I will look in the peerage. Mrs. Knox and Co. arrived before I left town. She lies in in March. Mr. Morritt and Co. seem well. There are all your questions satisfied. And now, Adieu. Write soon and inclose to Lord M. as before. Remember me most kindly to Lady Louisa. I hope she continues equally well.

LETTER LXIV.]

[Lady Guilford, whose death is mentioned, was the widow of Francis, 4th Earl—Maria, daughter of Thomas Boycott, Esq. She was sister-in-law of Lady Sheffield and Lady Charlotte Lindsay.]

D. P., Windsor,

Monday, 18th Feby. [1822].

Now for you, dear Louisa—I do not care to write you a short letter, and I have not been able to set about a long one (for various reasons) till now. Since I wrote last I have had a very pleasant letter from Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] dated Janry. 25th. Anne [Holroyd] she says has got quite rid of the pain in her side, and is stouter in health and gayer in mind than she ever saw her; Lady Sh. [Sheffield] quite free from St. Anthony, and herself from complaint, excepting during one week's feverishness, which she attributes to the news of poor Lady Guilford's death. This she speaks of as a great shock, altho' not wholly unexpected! I could almost wish myself at Genoa with them, leading the quiet, pleasant life she describes. Not that their winter can well be milder or more summer-like than ours—but the country she paints, and the society I have tasted—! Well—Hush to such thoughts.

Our sun and birds correspond with yours, crocuses and field-flowers are springing, otherwise beauty of any sort exists not here, unless in the house, which is both

excellent within, and a pleasing object without : but there cannot be a more dull and uninteresting place—utterly flat, and seeing nothing ; called a park, yet in size scarcely above a paddock : the country around it as flat as itself. I walk four or five miles a day, along one of three turnpike roads and back, which is all one's choice. It is very fortunate that the owners, early accustomed to picturesque and even romantic scenery (and *she* at least with much taste for natural beauty), are as fond of it as if it were Rokeby or St. Leonards, as fond as Mrs. S. of gay, cheerful Danesfield. . . .

I honoured your grandfr.'s frank avowal that he never considered the two sides of a question, because I was so used to see the *thing* in people, who, far from avowing, were not the least conscious of it, but quite satisfied that nobody possessed the whole question so fully. Where prejudice thus predominates you see no variations, but you have daily cause to ruminate on the vulgar proverb, "One man may steal a horse while another must not look over a hedge." What is done never signifies, but who does it. I think I am writing postscripts to Mrs. Hawkins's interminable notes on *Gertrude*.¹ Pray do not waste time in cavilling at the story, for she has not the least notion of framing or jointing one. In this respect there never was so awkward and clumsy an author. You will sometimes too be horribly tired, but still, still—you will be paid for reading it. Let me know your farther remarks. Lord Portargis has the merit of being the real young man of the present day instead of the one fifty years ago as in most novels. "Aye and a precious thing it is too," said my niece Mrs. W. Dundas on my making that remark to her.

¹ *The Countess and Gertrude*, by Maria Letitia Hawkins.

LETTER LXV.]

[Franked]

Colnbrook, February twenty-five, 1822.

Miss Clinton,

Clinton Lodge,

Uckfield,

Stopford.

Sussex.

Sunday night

[Ditton Park, 25th Feb. 1822].

I can exactly comprehend what you say of — from what I saw myself. I never could get into the least conversation with her. Yet, Ly. C., who seemed well aware that her manner and way of speaking were not pleasant, used to assure me she had at bottom very good sense, and even a great deal of observation, which Mrs. — confirmed after their Brighton campaign. She also said she had much of the N—— humour. Ly. C. attributed the appearance of cold languor, partly to real languor of body and feeble health, partly to the awkwardness of being treated like a little child. That she is capable of strong affection she showed by her grief for her father, and concern at parting with M^{lle}. M. The sort of measured reserve you speak of I cannot account for; it looks as if she had a secret suspicion that you regarded her with contempt. This sometimes is the case with people who have something in them, and who sit still like the post or the chair in society. They feel undervalued, and they in their hearts resent it. But agreeable it is not, for then one grows afraid of them. However, let me warn you to dismiss if possible the remembrance of the little girl and all her ways, and meet the young woman at her return as a new character, to whom you are to give fair play for her life, who is to stand or fall with you

according to the kind of person she shall then be. We were talking of *prejudice*. One of its surest effects is that people possessed by it carry to their graves the first impression others may chance to make upon them, without in the least allowing for the continual fluctuation of human things, the wear and tear of time and circumstances. I got into a sad scrape with a sister of mine for fairly laughing out at what she said very seriously. I proposed our making a visit together: "No," said she, "it is not pleasant to be turned into ridicule; and I am sure our friend Mrs. S—— used to tell me that those two young ladies used to quiz everybody that came into their mother's room." Our said friend had been dead about twenty years, and "those two young ladies" were women past fifty, "careworn mothers of many children," and, from ill health and infirmities, very peculiarly old of their age—one half blind, and the other seldom able to leave her fireside. I speak feelingly on this point, having personal experience. I was, I believe, pretty conceited when a girl, and had a great hankering after *bel esprit* and *liter-a-pudding*; ¹ in other words, much inclination to become a female coxcomb. No matter how or why this spirit died in me, but it did die, and most completely, never to revive, forty years ago. Some few years afterwards I burned, from dejection and bitter disgust, every line of verse I had ever written (tho' a copy remained in the hands of another who would not allow it to share the same fate). Will you believe that my own family never could find out this change in me? that when my indifference on this head was held almost my characteristic by my friends and even my acquaintance, *they* went on supposing me just what I was at seventeen,

¹ See *ante*, 30th August 1821, p. 180.

aiming a dart at blue stockings and literary ladies to mortify me, nay, sometimes running down *Belinda* (towards whom you now know my feelings) for the same end? As lately as when Made. de Staël came to England, I was talking of her to one of my elder sisters, and expressing a dislike of her character. "Aye, aye, you may talk so, but I daresay you will be very intimate with her in three months' time." It took me by surprise, and I absolutely *stared*. "I?" "Yes, you, that you will." Not understanding it at first: "Why, my dear sister, living as retired as I do, where should I ever see her?" "Oh, you will meet her at Lord B.'s." "Why, so will you, then: do I go more to Lord B.'s than you?" "Oh yes, you will be invited when the party is for *clever* people, *you* will." Then I perceived what was meant, and said no more, but sate pondering with more amazement than displeasure on the possibility of one's remaining utterly ignorant of the character of a person one lives with every day and all day. All the while *one* was saying to me, "I conclude you do not wish to know M^{de}. de S.," and *another*, "I wish you would overcome your prejudice against her and your dislike to the sort of thing, for I assure you, you would find her very entertaining." How I wished they could have been behind a curtain to overhear this dialogue! I have seen and do see precisely the same thing in other families. C—— of whom you have heard Lady Ch^{te}. speak as she deserves (not to quote my own opinion), whom Sir Chs. Stuart, who is not apt to admire blindly, pronounced a very superior woman—you would find held very cheap by many of her family (and what provokes one most, the young people belonging to it are taught to hold her cheap), because they cannot or *will not* see that twenty years have had any effect in

improving her understanding. For prejudices are always strongest in families. You may possibly with great difficulty remove those contracted against strangers, but between brothers and sisters the case is quite hopeless. . . .

I must stop my prosing in order to answer you about Mrs. Stanley :¹ I assure you an agreeable new acquaintance would be a godsend to me, but it seemed almost a certainty that she must be disappointed on really coming in contact with the live person of whom she has hitherto only heard your *lover-like* description. However, I readily grant your petition, and will take my chance. This is *Monday* ; I go away to-morrow to Chiswick, where I shall stay the remainder of the week, and, I hope, see my nieces before they quit my house. They are going for a few days to Mrs. Moore at Twickenham, then to Worthing. Next week I mean to settle in town, so let me know where Aunt Kitty will be found, that I may break the ice by calling on her.

Now for the Robinson family. I know nothing whatever of these people, but from hearing my nieces talk of their balls, and it is in a way as if they were just of the usual Irish stamp, etc. Yet they will probably be civil and good-humoured ; and believe me, you ought not to repel any acquaintance likely to enliven your situation, whether *intellectual* or not. Shefd. Pl. is not *dirtyable* or likely to be much the worse for an Irish family's *ways*. Else I own I should not relish letting my house to one. Lock up a drawer, a cupboard, or a room (as is often done), and with English people it is safe : no English servant dreams of meddling with it, unless he

¹ Dean Stanley's mother.

is dishonest and has a direct intention of stealing what he finds there. But an Irishman (with perfectly upright designs) opens it with any key that will fit the lock, or even breaks it open, merely because he wants the use of the drawer or cupboard, and his master sees nothing to blame in his so doing. Meanwhile the contents, supposing them the writings of your estate, are by no means purloined, only kicked about the house, and if the children chuse it, made into paper kites. They are not bred up to respect the property of another like (or more than) their own; and you may observe that Miss Edgeworth, in *Ennui*, betrays a secret leaning towards approbation of this, by saying that old Eleanor had "so little conception of *selfishness*," she could not comprehend why she might not make free with what did not belong to her—now *we* should selfishly say she had no conception of *meum* and *tuum*. Your friend of 35 will be like Lady Emily P., who was trained exactly in that manner, an *old child*—if people do not grow up by thirty they never do at all, and if mild and amiable they submit implicitly to guidance throughout life as she does; if not they are the most obstinate, troublesome *kind of cattle* I know—and I have seen much of them.

. . . I remember in my young days of liter-apudding I had a great longing to be acquainted with a relation some years older than myself, who I was told knew Latin and Greek and had read everything. I tried to seat myself near her at parties. She was very good-natured to me, but her conversation dry as a stick. I was surprised I could not like it. She married a lawyer, afterwards a judge, and I have heard was of the greatest use to him, collected facts out of the necessary books and almost made his speeches—still

without show and parade, but still dry as a stick to talk to. I believe I have stumbled on such another. Yes, all three. There is one pretty and lively, but with bad health. The worst of it is, whenever anything like gaiety occurs, it has a miss-ish cast, a tone of tittering and tee-heeing; like some grave men of business, who, when they relax, turn school-boys and jump over the chairs. . . . Farewell for the present.

LETTER LXVI.]

["George" who is spoken of as feeling for Miss Clinton, as "a sort of sister," means the 2nd Lord Sheffield, her half-uncle, though five years her junior in age.

Lady Maria Stanley was his half-sister, as was also Lady Louisa Clinton.

It is hardly necessary to explain that "Ianthe" means Lady Louisa herself.

The "mania" for writing these portraits was almost more common in France than in England—see the *Galerie des portraits* (which contains no less than thirty-five) at the end of *de l'Escure's Correspondance de la Marquise du Deffand*.]

*Gloucester Place,
Thursday, March 7 [1822].*

Dear Louisa—A thousand thanks for Granny's letter, which I read with great satisfaction, and which came very opportunely, as I intend writing to Lady Charlotte to-morrow. I do not return it yet, because I have another inclosure to fill up the frank; of that presently: do not open it till you read what it is. Meanwhile I must tell you that I left Ditton on Tuesday the 26th for Chiswick, saw my nieces here the next day, and came hither to settle myself on Tuesday, the 5th of March. Finding the Fanshawes ticket four times over, I resolved they should be among the first people I called upon. Miss F. was at

home, and pressed me much to come in the evening : she expected Miss Edgeworth—I resisted that—Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were to dine with her, then I gave way, recollecting that my sister L., to whom I was going, shuts up at ten o'clock. So I have made acquaintance with them both (with Miss E. and Mrs. S. I mean), and your favourite's outside is certainly one of the most pleasing and attractive I ever saw. I believe I was a little like a shy child who, because it feels awkward, becomes noisy and impudent. Knowing that an old woman's shyness, as it cannot be comprehended, is repulsive and inspires fear, I resolved not to be shy ; but the reverse sits ill upon me, and perhaps I went too far the other way. However, with a lioness to see and hear, and a lioness who has much to say, you may suppose nothing more than the ice could be broken, and "*eternal friendship sworn*"¹ in a summary manner. I told her when I was likely to be at home in the morning, and offered to receive her in an evening if she pleased. Are you contented?

Now for what I inclose ; I hit upon it yesterday in rummaging two or three old pocket-books for a receipt, and it carried me back six or seven and forty years. I recollected it well though, and called to mind that Lady Emily Macleod and I in our girlish days had once a mania for writing portraits, our own, each others, and the Miss That's and This's who came in our way. Ianthe was a certain person whose early character I happened to treat of in my last. Lady Emily's portrait, by name of Augusta, was on the same sheet of paper, but as that could not interest you, I have torn it off. You must return me this. I

¹ Canning's "The Rovers."

should suppose I was about seventeen at the time, by the hand, which was striving to be an Italian one, and as you will perceive no way formed. And I do believe the portrait was just, tho' I daresay you will think it otherwise. Self-conceit and vanity are incurable where they are undiscovered, but whoever has an early consciousness of their being there, has a something in his or her mind which will sooner or later work them off. The partiality for a country never seen (S——d) [Scotland], will make you stare, as certainly it by no means exists now; but it was then connected with Ossian and Wallace, and I know not how much nonsense. The pride of birth has also long since found its level. Some parts are so worn out as to be hardly legible, the words understroked are "*a learned lady.*" Nothing, however, will surprise you so much as a point not touched upon here. In those days and many subsequent, it was my firm opinion that Ianthe had very little feeling, was remarkably deficient in what is called sensibility. She never cried at a tragedy or over a novel. I have learned better now, and from what I remember am ready to say honestly that her feelings lay too deep and were too powerful to be easily called into action. I used also to think it a crime in her that she was not in her heart attached to such and such persons, "*commissioned,*" as the poet says, "by such and such *names.*" Now I know she was formed to love to the utmost, but only a few, and likewise that it was hardly possible she could love those in question, any more than you can Mrs. H—— "*commissioned by the name of aunt.*" Where there is a great difference of age in the same family, so that one is out of *la maison paternelle* before the other comes into it, the name is still *frère* and *sœur*, but how can it

enforce the feeling? George may feel for you as a *sort* of sister, but how is it possible he should for Lady Maria S.?

Have you read the *Martyr of Antioch*?¹ I read it (aloud) at Ditton, and did not like it much—heavy and dragging, I think. Poor Eliz. Fanshawe seems very indifferent indeed.

[*Rest of letter destroyed.*]

CHARACTER AND PORTRAIT OF IANTHE.

[A copy in Miss Clinton's writing.]

Nature has not shown much partiality towards Ianthe in the formation of her features, which, as they are singular and disagreeable, take from her all pretensions to beauty. Her complexion is brown, her eyes small, her nose large and ill-shaped, her mouth wide, and her teeth passable. Her countenance expresses some degree of sense, but indicates no peculiar sweetness. Her person is well-proportioned yet awkward, her stature about the middle size, her air ungraceful, and, in short, neither her figure nor her face qualified to attract admiration. This gives her no uneasiness, for she feels little solicitude concerning outward beauty, not because she wants vanity, but because it is generally directed to another object—*her understanding*. This indeed she frequently carries to so ridiculous a height that she renders the small portion of good sense she really possesses almost useless. Her imagination being lively and her comprehension quick, she soon becomes acquainted with the outside of things, but wanting both application and *judgment*, she seldom makes any

¹ Poem by Dean Milman.

farther progress. Her knowledge is therefore trifling and superficial, notwithstanding her secret propensity to assume that character which the world calls in derision *a learned lady*. She loves conversation, yet seldom shines in it, as she can talk upon very few subjects either with ease or propriety: in mixed companies she appears entirely at a loss. She feels no eagerness to enter them, or to partake of the fashionable amusements. Her chief pleasures are reading and writing. She rather prefers the latter to the former, and takes great but unsuccessful pains to arrive at elegance of stile. She looks upon the learned and the witty with unusual reverence, and almost worships the name of a favourite author. Her passionate fondness for poetry, her enthusiastic regard for anything which claims any relation to that art, and her strong partiality towards a country which she never saw, often renders her the object of ridicule amongst her acquaintance who call her romantic and singular. She feels the utmost respect for religion, her heart is good, her disposition sincere, candid and friendly. She has much pride, particularly concerning her birth and family, but though apt to swell with satisfaction at the recollection of her own dignity, she is utterly unable to maintain it in a proper manner. Of a temper easily incensed, yet what is called good-humoured, commonly in high spirits, and a great lover of mirth. Neither curious, malicious, nor censorious, not inclined to love money, nor eager about the ornaments of her person. In short, the portrait cannot be more justly concluded, than by the following lines, which I have frequently applied to characterise Ianthe :

With pleasures too refined to please,
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
With too much quickness ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought.
Pope's *Essay on Woman*.

LETTER LXVII.]

Glr. Place, Monday
[after 7th March 1822].

My dear Louisa—Your letter has made me regret having sent you the old portrait, and by that means brought upon myself a renewal of all the language I had so often earnestly entreated I might hear no more of. You say you hate the word flattering; I wish you hated the thing. I really cannot tell you how it vexes and hurts me when you will run on for two or three pages in a stile of rapturous panegyric which nobody whatever can deserve. . . . St. Paul pronounces passionate affection (for that is what he is supposed to mean) “*idolatry*,” and remember this ought not to be overlooked or considered lightly. Now do not let me have three pages more to the same tune, by way of explaining why it is quite right to worship *me*, tho’ it would be quite wrong in any other instance, etc. etc. etc. “*Prenons tout cela pour dit*,” and let us turn over a new leaf.

Mrs. Stanley sate half an hour with me yesterday morn’g., and I do *bonâ fide* like her very much. I never saw manners more captivating, nor the appearance of more sense. Miss Edgeworth is very lively, very entertaining, very unaffected: perhaps I should say there was something about her more like an actress than a lady at large, like a person who has been used to lay herself out to entertain the company. How-

ever, having seen her only,—“talk of the Devil”—for at that word, in she walked, and in my own room I liked her better than I did at Miss Fanshawe’s. I have had so many interruptions this morning that I shall hardly be able to get this letter ready for the post, much less to congratulate you on your old beggar woman, or tell you that you *must* get over your disinclination and visit the Robinsons if they take Sheffd. Place. It must be,—just as Henry must live at the court at Carlsruhe.

If Maria Leycester lives *au fin fond* of Salop; who is *here* a very bad likeness of Mrs. Stanley and older, but like her and seemingly on a sister’s footing? She was with her in Berkeley Square, and I met them in the street yesterday. Oh, I must not omit saying that your love Owen¹ walked in with his father yesterday, a remarkably fine, honest, intelligent-looking boy indeed.

I hear the author of *Sir Andrew Wylie and Co.* is a Mr. Galt. Have you made no further progress in *Gertrude*? I think the 3rd vol. in many respects the most entertaining; all the Richmond part especially—and Lady Elma de Ruse, a character admirably drawn.

More interruptions and almost five o’clock—I must make haste and seal my letter. Do not be hurt at anything I have said, but be a good girl, and believe that I love you extremely notwithstanding.

LETTER LXVIII.]

[An account of this visit of Miss Edgeworth to London will be found in her *Life and Letters* (Augustus Hare), vol. ii. p. 68.

¹ Elder brother of the Dean of Westminster.

Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*, 2 vols. 4to, were published by Lord Holland this year.]

Gloucester Place, Thursday
[March (?) 1822].

My dear Louisa—Has my last scold stopped your mouth entirely? I should be sorry for it, because I know that could not happen without giving you serious and excessive vexation. Come to your reasonable self and let me hear from you. *Aunt Kitty* went away on Tuesday, a day sooner than she intended, one of her children being ill at her father's—not alarmingly I understood, yet I thought she looked bad on Monday eve^s when I saw her at Miss Berry's. We made as much progress in acquaintance as we possibly could, considering the few opportunities of meeting we had. One was at a dinner Mrs. Weddell gave for Miss Edgeworth, who has hitherto improved upon me every time I have seen her. Mrs. Stanley says she does not answer her idea of what Miss Edgeworth should be. I can hardly speak to that. She does not put one in mind of her books, nor of any books, but is merely a very pleasant, conversable woman, with the Irish freedom of manner—*non ritrosa*.

Gray, who could not say a word but to his intimates, was one day, along with his friend Whitehead, in a company of strangers and dull ones. Whitehead talked away. "And so," said Gray when they went away, "*you* must take out your fiddle and play 'em a tune, must you?" Miss E. is ready to take out her fiddle and play a tune to whoever chuses to listen without respect of persons: rather as if she knew it was a thing expected from her. As habits of solitude render me more and

more unfit to talk myself, I am proportionably thankful to those who will talk to me. I had a very comfortable letter from *Granny* [Lady Sheffield] since I wrote to you last, dated the 28th of February, still not the least St. Anthony, and Anne taking long walks in better health and spirits than she ever saw her : nothing wanting but a little more society or excitement of some kind for *Ly. Ch^{te}*. She wishes they could quarrel to hinder her blood from stagnating. George [Lord Sheffield] and Mr. Dobson have gone to visit Lord Colchester at Nice. Your silence should not have caused mine, I assure you, if my time had not been taken up in a morning with pacing backwards and forwards to Hill Street, for my brother the Primate is by no means well. He took a fancy of being cupped for deafness, and as his stomach and nerves were affected, I believe it was the worst thing he could have done. He is better, but by no means out of the hands of Sir Henry Halford, who thinks gout at the bottom of his complaints, which are nervous headache and languor. My sister Lonsdale is but indifferent either. The warm weather that Lady Sheffield describes as so salutary at Genoa, where it is natural, is much the reverse here, where unnatural. At present a fire is even disagreeable. I am deep in the *Memoirs* of my old ill-natured friend, Horace Walpole, who seems to have left them as a testimony of his ill-will to all mankind : but they are very entertaining, and though they relate to what passed before I was born, the names and persons were once so familiar to me that they amuse me as if I had lived at the time : which is what one gains by being a listener when one is young. I don't know whether they would divert a person equally who came to them as sheer history, without any previous

information of the character and parties. I am writing at night, for to-morrow I expect to see Sir Robt. and Ly. Gardiner, and Capt. and Mrs. Scott; the latter came to town this morning from Scotland to stay two days with the Berrys, who set out for the Continent on Monday. I want to have conversation with both about their own families, so it is the *embarras des richesses* that I can only see both on the same day. But, dear Lou, this is to bid you write, and to tell you I do not love you the less for scolding you. Remember me to Lady Louisa, who I trust is well.—Ever afftly. yrs.,

L. S.

CHAPTER VIII

MARCH—DECEMBER 1822

LETTER LXIX.]

[Miss Clinton in her diary says that she arrived in London from Clinton Lodge on Wednesday, 3rd April, and that Lady Louisa called on them the next day.

They met several times either at the Clintons' house or Lady Louisa's during the month. On one occasion Lady Louisa tells her the well-known story of Ly. M. Wortley and the Kit-cat Club. On 24th April Miss Clinton records more of her conversation:—"Talking of Mrs. Carew, she (Lady Louisa) said that her father was the most insufferable proser, quite unconsciously, and that he and an old Mrs. Macartney, sister of *Devil Mac.*, used to complain to their friends of each other in almost the same words. . . . Dean Marlay (afterwards an Irish bishop,¹ and very unfit for one, but as witty as he was wicked); she (Devil Mac.) complained to him one day that 'the world is so ill-natured, they say I had a son by (?).'
'Dear Madam,' said he, with the most perfect *sang froid*, 'I always thought it had been a *daughter*.' . . . On the marriage of his [Lord Lyttelton's] daughter, Mrs. Colt Hoare, there were great family dinners, one given by Lady L.'s friend, Mrs. Hoare. In the dining-room among other pictures was a naked Andromeda chained to the rock. Ld. L., either blind or blundering, said, 'And that is your portrait, I suppose, Mrs. H.'; the table burst into a roar. He, a very formal man, asked if he had occasioned it, if he had said anything improper, and to mend the matter, said, 'Why, I protest I always took it for your picture painted by yourself.']

¹ Of Clonfert and afterwards Waterford.

[Gloucester Place] Thursday eveg.

[28th March (?) 1822].

I meant to have written you a line to-day, dear Lou, but I came home tired, and visitors poured in upon me till near dinner-time. My brother has gone on, one day better, another worse, for some time, but this morning he was out for a little while and bore it well, which shows some real amendment. I hope he will soon be able to go into the country for some days. Of all other things when we meet, as it is likely to be so soon. I will only say a word upon *Gertrude*: You do not thoroughly enter into that artificial character, a coquette woman—to be *the first* with all men; and each man is described as Lady Elma's ruling passion. She has many good qualities, many good feelings, much good sense, but set that game before her and she pursues it, and it alone, regardless of right and wrong. It is to her what you often see ambition to a man otherwise estimable. I have met with such women in my life. Love in its highest sense perhaps they cannot feel, they are too "self-endear'd." Nor does Lady Elma feel it for Basil, but she coolly admires his character, and justly thinks that such a man must make a figure, and such a man's wife be in a high situation. Nor would she have left him for Lord Luxmore, if Lord Luxmore had not betrayed his attachment to Gertrude, *the* woman she was jealous of. Do not you perceive that her secret motive for chusing Basil is to get him from Gertrude? The letters Miss Hawkins introduces, as if they had passed between her and Basil, have an awkward effect, like an old coat that does not fit the present wearer, because they were real as she hints, and written not by a man shy of receiving the lady's declaration, but by one artfully drawing her on to make it; they are Lauzun's

to Mademoiselle, an insolent coxcomb to an infatuated princess, guarded in every expression, that he might make it altogether her doing, and safely protest it no way his. They do not suit Basil at all. I wonder, after the pains Lady Elma takes to have the air of governing such a thing as Portargis, anything else she does can surprise you. It is perfectly in nature that she should be more jealous of Gertrude, wince more at finding her in her way, than if it were one of the Lady de Hautefortes ; she feels them her inferiors, she feels Gertrude her superior, and cannot bear to feel it, or to own it to herself. In such a character a great degree of regard, where men are out of the question, is very compatible with a restless desire to keep the object of it down where they are concerned. She could not endure Gertrude should captivate the distinguished high-minded Basil—a plain good girl (as she *wants* to think her) whom *she* protects, whom *she* is so sure to outshine. But then, on the other hand, she can as little bear her becoming Countess of Luxmore, for Lady Elma, knowing the world a little better than you, knows the court paid to *L'Amphitryon où l'on dîne*, and is aware how the plain good girl may perhaps be admired and extolled when at the head of a great house and establishment—may even throw her into shade. You have not yet studied the ins and outs of vanity. As for the *hunt* of the Lady de Hauteforte's, that depends more on manners than on mind, and I cannot speak to it so positively, but I am afraid such things are now and then. I do hear sometimes of circumstances I should call vulgar and improbable in a novel. It was not in such very high life, but a poor little sea-captain complained to Mrs. Scott that on the fourth day of his acquaintance with a young lady, having danced with her twice, on

his joining her in the walks of a public place, her mother accosted him: "Now, Captain Woodley, all this is *very well*—but—*what does it mean?*" You would roar at this in a book, would not you?

Mrs. Scott arrived with a cold and headache, but I hope she is well again now. I believe I never told you the consequences of my recommending to her the Sheffield Place *Mary*. Alas! before the end of the year my man went and married her, and she is now leaving Petersham to prepare for increasing the King's subjects, all which I am sadly afraid will end in the husband's *turning me off*. He says, not at present, but he can hardly know himself, and as he is far the best *he* servant I ever had, I heartily wish I had left Mary where she was.

You come on Tuesday. I bespeak your company here on Wednesday evening if not better engaged. Adieu, with my love to Lady Louisa.

LETTER LXX.]

[A terrible calamity fell on Lady Louisa soon after the last letter. Her brother, the Archbishop of Armagh, had been unwell for some time. On 6th May he died of the effects of a wrong dose. Miss Clinton records in her diary the crushing effect of this blow. A brief note from Lady Louisa to her exists, dated the 7th, to explain that she was quite unfit to see any one; but she sent for Miss Clinton on the 9th, and they had a long and painful interview.

The Archbishop was Lady Louisa's last surviving brother.

Mrs. Douglas, mentioned at the end of the letter, was the widow of Lord Glenbervie's son.]

[1822] *Begun last week.*

. . . When once the brain is set a-working there is nothing it will not devise. And I have never shut my eyes to the truth that this propensity has a remote

connection with the more entire and powerful state of delusion in which those unfortunate people live whose reason is alienated. In old medical books it is given as one of the symptoms of what was called of yore *melancholy*. Dr. Johnson, who from the apprehensions he felt, considered that subject more deeply than any moral writer, has a paper in the *Rambler* upon the danger of giving way to castle-building : which always convinced me that he was *one of us*, that he had felt himself prone to indulge in it, for no one who had not trod the path could divine that it existed, much less see what it might lead to. "Be not solitary, be not idle" . . . (the motto of Burton's book) is Johnson's prescription, amplified into "If you are solitary, be not idle; if you are idle, be not solitary." Alas ! I have all my life been too much both. But to speak of you, not myself, the latter part of this advice is wholly thrown away if you contrive to be solitary, that is, to be swallowed up in your own cogitations in the midst of society, to abstract your mind from the dull or the frivolous talk of your fellow-creatures, and ponder all the same, whether alone or in a crowd.

The *hoc age* is peculiarly necessary for those afflicted with our disorder, who are still young enough to seek a cure. And the very silliest company we can encounter is better for us than the most useful employments, if the latter admits of our indulging five minutes' reverie in the four-and-twenty hours, and the former (however disagreeably) bustles our thoughts away. . . .

When I was a little girl my nursery-maid told me I should be a wife for a young lord, whose name sounding well, he always entered into my plans for the future ; but it wore off when I grew up, and tho' the owner of the name proved very handsome and in some degree

a hero, tho' I knew his mother and sister, and he attached himself in America to my brother, yet as we never got acquainted further than to say it was hot or cold, or a full or empty opera, I could not build on that foundation. I could not dream I was attached to him, or be in the smallest flutter when his name was mentioned before me, or fancy myself miserable when he fell in love with another woman. But by that time I was living in the world and had some acquaintance with other men.

I end this Thursday night.—I have not yet been at Camden Hill, where all I believe is much the same. My nieces are come to town for a week or two, which has made me put off going to Danesfield from to-morrow to Monday. Then I hope certainly to go. The direction you know is *Danesfield, Great Marlow, Bucks*. I expect Capt. and Mrs. Scott [of Petersham] to meet me there, which will be very agreeable. Adieu. I am quite tired of writing, and cannot promise you any more such long letters. To make amends I have done with all the subjects herein treated of. Remember me to Lady Louisa, and farewell.

Mrs. Douglas has been here to-day. Ld. Glenbervie is recovering from a very dangerous illness. She has a letter from granny, quite comfortable and happy at being once more settled near Lausanne. Lady Ch^{ms}. well.

LETTER LXXI.]

[Lady Louisa had sufficient knowledge of Spanish to be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original.

Her estimate of Florian's translation coincides with Marie Antoinette's remark on reading his *Numa Pompilius*, "I seem to be eating milk soup"! (*Life of Marie Antoinette by de la Roche-terrie*, vol. i. p. 186, Eng. edn.).

The manuscript of the play written by Lady Louisa as a child still exists, and is in the possession of Mrs. Godfrey Clark. The title is "Jugurtha."

Lady Mary Coke in her journal, 12th March 1767, says: "I stay'd with Lady Bute till two o'clock, and was much entertained with her youngest daughter, a child of ten years of age, who show'd us the beginning of a French novel wrote by herself, and informed us she was going to write a Play, that the plan was fixt, and was to be taken from a Roman story. She is a very extraordinary girl, and has certainly a great genius."

Lady Mary stood proxy at Lady Louisa's christening, 6th September 1757, for her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The story of the Mulatto Nun will be found in Hughes' *Itinerary of Provence, etc.*, pp. 7-9 (London, 1822).]

[*Gloucester Place, August 1822.*]

I have burned a letter lately received after extracting this passage, "Having seen so much misnamed Love, I have a thorough contempt for the sickly, changeable sentiment that is usually so-called, and as to myself it never entered my head. From character and education I am not *meant* to love. . . . Having lived with truth instead of fiction, I thought of nothing but character, and rated *that* so highly that, not meeting with any one like Wallace or Bayard, I lived with them entirely. Love at first sight I had consequently always held as peculiarly ridiculous, and as fit only for a farce or an opera."

This I copy out, because it is so precisely what I once thought and said myself. Were I to show it to Lady Emily M. [Macleod] without explanation she would cry, "Why, surely that's something out of one of your own old letters to me—did you keep copies?"

I had seen much misnamed Love in the earliest young female friend¹ with whom I was allowed to associate, half-sister to that dear one who was the future blessing of my life, and the same relation (second cousin) to me : utterly unlike her both in head and heart, romantic from folly, and desirous of lovers from vanity. All this excited my contempt for the love so continually running in her poor head and rung in my ears. And I too lived with truth instead of fiction in the self-same manner, not suspecting (as you seem not to have done as yet) that I was sucking fiction out of the truth, just as a bee sucks luscious honey out of the homely, useful onion. Wallace, Bayard, Epaminondas, Scipio, were the characters *I* lived with ; whence I derived about as much relish for sober truth as if I had been solely used to contemplate Orondates or Sir Charles Grandison, and inflamed my imagination in a higher degree. Catch any such grave votary of *truth* warmly admiring Lord Burleigh, Lord Clarendon, Sully, d'Aguessaux, and regretting not to meet with characters like theirs at Lady such-a-one's Assembly !

[*Danesfield, Gr. Marlow, Tuesday, 20th August.*]
—The above was written some days ago, and your letter arrived this morning. Before I proceed to comment thereon, I will tell you whatever matter of fact I have to tell.

Capt. and Mrs. S. [Scott] came half an hour after I did on the 12th, she so ill she was forced to retire to bed instead of sitting down to dinner. Yet we nursed her so successfully, that she went away quite well last Monday. Nothing could have a pleasanter result than this visit, of which I had been the go-between, both parties so delighted with each other. This rarely

¹ Miss Townshend (Mrs. Wilson).

happens (at least it rarely has happened to me), therefore is the more agreeable.

I received a letter from Lady Charlotte on Thursday, dated the 7th, with the same account (probably) that granny has given you. She says Anne is so different a creature we should hardly know her again, and describes their way of life as very comfortable and sociable. I did not see Lord Guilford, he was to arrive only on the Saturday, and I left town on Monday morning. Now for your letter, and *firstly* for the matters of fact it treats of. I never heard of Mrs. Hepburn, but am always glad of any acquaintance you make, and especially of your visiting them in their own houses, the only way of really becoming acquainted. *N.B.*—I don't call your intercourse with the Robinsons any acquaintance at all : it is merely knowing people's faces. One reaps some little good from that knowledge, some improvements in habits of civility and self-restraint, therefore it is not to be despised any more than the lessons one had from one's dancing-master earlier in life. Both are fit and good in their way. The scheme for your favourite, poor Freddy, sounds well, though I regret your losing him for the present, and even your losing old Barr, as Lady Louisa has some degree of confidence in his skill, and if he can do any good at Fletching [the village at Sheffield Place], he had better stay there, since one may be very certain he will do none at Paris. It sounds as if the old gentleman's brain was turned.

I am quite obliged to you for never having liked *Don Quixote* "Floriated." It has been my fate to hear from all my friends—"I can only read it in Florian, it is so much pleasanter, and all that is tiresome left out." I grow quite incensed and tell them, "If you

like Florian you may depend upon it you have not the smallest taste for Cervantes." The *prettiness* of Florian, an agreeable little French writer in his way, is as opposite to the genius of the Spaniard as to that of Shakespeare, and I am confident that a Spaniard who perfectly understood both French and English would think his countryman more himself in the coarse dress given him by Jarvis, or even Smollett, altho' *Don Quixote* is in the original anything but vulgar. But fancy Orlando or Rinaldo wrapped in a dirty, ragged greatcoat—the hero may be still there: imagine either dressed as a dandy, and he altogether vanishes from your conception.

Your further account of your own habits in early youth is *so like! so like!* Can there be a stronger proof of it than that it recalls a thousand little circumstances to my memory which had almost escaped it. Good Heavens! If I was to go back fifty years I could use no other words than you have done to describe what then passed in my mind. I too made a kingdom that was to be discovered somewhere, a government and a set of nobility, to this hour I remember some of their names and characters, and it occupied me day and night. I not only planned plays, but wrote one, and commenced many other things. But being the youngest (instead of the eldest) of a large family much engaged in the world, I stole unperceived into the leisure and solitude you were not permitted to indulge in. My delight was to call a miserable closet, of eight feet by four, my own retreat, and also to take long walks by myself. The elder ones were glad enough to get rid of me, and though I had ridicule enough to endure, my solitary habits were seldom counteracted. I was, however, much more

open to vanity than ever you have been, because in yet earlier life one of those quick, prating children who attract the notice of strangers. And then *being* the youngest, I felt I knew more than my elder sisters, more than my governess, and tho' I yielded to them perforce and through fear, still I did feel it with complacency. When they checked and thwarted me, and upbraided my self-conceit, and assured me I was not the clever, remarkable person I fancied myself, something secretly passed in my mind, not unlike the mulatto-nun's answer to Madame de Maintenon—
“*Madame, la peine que vous prenez de venir exprès me dire que je ne suis pas fille du Roi, me persuade que je la suis.* . . . And though often severely mortified, especially when I ventured to show any of my writings, which were always handed from one to another, and hooted at, and commented upon, much in the style of poor Francis Osbaldistone's Roncesvalles when discovered in the day-book, yet I retired to the shelter of my own reveries and saw myself admired and courted by the wise and witty, and was only twice as unwilling to leave them for real life. You have been fortunately preserved from this kind of self-opinion by being the eldest. You could have no private exultation in knowing more than Maria; on the contrary, you grew ashamed of not knowing more than you did—as would I had done! Then the prejudice against learned ladies was so strong in my family that I was told all day long I ought to make shifts and puddings instead of writing and reading. If I had been set to the hard study I was capable of, like you, it might have conquered the secret *dram-drinking of reverie* I was addicted to, or administered a corrective; but I was not to learn Latin, I was to learn work or drawing,

for which I had no turn, and the awkward employment of my fingers did not hinder, what nobody could see or suspect, the constant fabrication going on in my brain. Nay, I even acquired the worst of all possible habits, that of indulging reveries while reading aloud, and could read one of Tillotson's sermons to my old governess, as she required, without missing a stop, or knowing a single word that was in it. So true is the good old proverb, "One man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink," and so difficult is it to get an insight into some children's minds. My mother I always looked up to as what she was, the first of human beings, but all the elders were in some sort *between* her and me. She had so much to do in various ways, so many calls on her attention, so many trials, so many sorrows, that she could not but leave me in a great degree to their superintendence, and now that I am fully sobered into a very just, nay, impartial degree of self-estimation, I have no scruple of telling you they did not understand me any more than Maria does you. I have lived with my superiors in intellect and character since ; have done it whenever I could ; God knows, I do it in my own house in the person of my own poor humble maid. I feel every day that she has far better sense than I. But *they* had not, that is the truth of it, and tho' there was much in me wanting amendment, they did not know exactly *what*, nor how to set about it. I must now conclude (this is Wednesday), for to-day's post. Pray do not let want of franks hinder your writing. Only get a sheet of large paper and put on it *single*, if it is single ; but remember a double letter will be doubly welcome—I never grudge postage. I did grudge the other day eighteen-pence for *one page* of a sheet of *note*

paper enclosed in a cover, but give me the money's worth and take it freely. Danesfield, Great Marlow, is direction enough. I am uncertain how long I stay, but will give you notice of any removal; so farewell.

LETTER LXXII.]

[The habitation lent to George IV. on his visit to Scotland was Dalkeith. Walter, 5th Duke of Buccleuch, was then sixteen. In some letters describing the King's visit, Lord Montagu, the Duke's guardian and uncle, says that after dinner the King gave the young Duke a glass of liqueur, and asked him if he liked it; on his saying "Yes, very much," the King pushed the bottle into the middle of the table, and said with a laugh, "Then you shan't have any more."

The old opera-singer who used the expression "perfectly not" was a certain Giuseppe Giustinelli, whose voice failed him while in this country. He came almost penniless to The Hirsell to give Lord Home violin lessons, and ended in spending the rest of his life between that place, Dalkeith, and Bothwell. He almost forgot Italian, and never advanced in English beyond "perfectly not" and similar expressions. His genius and skill in mechanical science were remarkable.

Sir William Clinton was at this time member for his cousin the Duke of Newcastle's borough of Newark.

Henry Dawson's son succeeded as 3rd Earl of Portarlington in 1845.]

Danesfield, Sept. 9 [1822].

Dear Lou—As I walked round the place after breakfast this Monday morning, I read over again your letter of a fortnight ago, that I might refresh my memory as to its contents; for it must supply materials for answering itself. We have been quite alone ever since I wrote last, saving half a day's apparition of Lord Glenbervie, and the woods here sing nothing meet to be set down. My studies are Italian as well

as yours. I am reading the *Life of Alfieri*, which I saw some years ago in French, and even then was amused with, as one always must be to hear an original speak of himself; but he speaks far more to the purpose in his own tongue, and I am the better pleased, because I had a notion I could not read Italian prose. I daresay, however, his prose is not like other people's any more than his character. Lord Glenbervie seemed very feeble and tottering, yet was in good spirits, and I thought not looking ill: he showed us a long letter of your *Aunt Anne's* [Holroyd], really a very good one, youthful but not childish, chiefly engrossed with the company, the dancing, etc., at Lausanne, but still mentioning the mountains they had passed or seen with due admiration. By the by, they narrowly escaped destruction in climbing one; the horses gibbed, and they were within an inch of being overturned down a precipice. Anne said in this letter that they had pleasant society among the English there, and were used to meet every evening in bonnets and shawls, dance, sing, play at cards, or anything they pleased, and walk home with a boy and lanthorn before them. One of these English whom she had named, an old friend of Mrs. Scott's, was at that hour, I suppose, writing a letter to her, which she got after Lord G. left us. It referred to former days when they had lived together at Lausanne, "but oh, how changed was everything! All that ease and comfort they remembered, now no more prevailing; great stuffing, crowded London parties instead, and everybody coming to them dressed out as for court." There you have two credible accounts of the same thing from two persons who both meant to speak truth and could have no reason to conceal it. As long as terms are general—one saying delightful,

another detestable—contradictions are easily reconciled. One may imagine that a crowded party may please Anne, and displease a man of fifty. But bonnets and shawls and walking home are facts; dressed out for court is an opposite fact. After this instance of truth's abode in the well, it will be a poor addition to mention Lord G.'s having told us that the King gave great offence in Scotland by the little attention he paid the family who lent him a habitation. He had taken no notice of the young owner, and had never asked Lord Montagu to dinner. He believed he had heard it from good authority. So next day came a letter giving me an account of all that passed when Lord Montagu and his nephew dined with the King, where each sat in the room I knew so well (Alas!); how well the boy behaved himself, how kindly the King watched that he should not drink too much, and many more particulars that would not interest you. Only mark the pro and the con—*Ainsi va le monde*.

I am much pleased with what you say of your brother Frederick looking forward to the time when he will be a man, and I trust a friend and protector to you. I think I see the promise of it in the character you draw. If he turns out according to it he will remember past days with tenderness, and attach himself to you the more for having been his governess. The instruction that tried (or in their own dear phrase *bored*) him at the time, he will then know the value of, and it will be a tie between you. There is far more advantage in being the eldest sister than you are aware of. If, on the other side, an elder brother likes to teach and instruct a younger sister, her lot is fortunate indeed—no such was mine, so I can only speak to the disadvantage of being what everybody had a right

to quiz and to command. However, cultivate both him and Henry to the utmost of your power, bear with their faults, and swallow as you can the mortifications they may inflict, the pins they will run into you—(swallow the pins!!! My metaphor, as it often happens, forgot itself strangely in its progress onwards). The truth is, woman has a natural dependence on man, which, do what she will, she never can quite shake off. I believe (in earnest believe) it part of the curse originally laid on Eve, “Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee,” which she can by no means elude by taking no husband, or surviving one, or keeping her heart free from a tyrannical passion. A son or a brother takes the reins, or a clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, becomes her governor. If she can escape all and stand quite alone, quite independent of man, *tant pis pour elle*, it only renders her existence uncommonly forlorn and desolate. I have seen a woman forced to endure treatment from her butler that would have been held just cause of complaint against a husband. However unpleasant it may be, therefore, it is wise to view early and steadfastly the necessity of submitting to our fate, and not to exasperate the evil by exerting what we call spirit in opposing it. Oh what dissertations I fall into! But I am always solicitous to guard you against the errors that have been most prejudicial to myself. Vainly, vainly, I fear—for who ever took counsel or warning from the sad experience of another? I did not, neither will you. *Basta cosi*—my head is beginning to be full of Italian phrases. In return for your wishing me in your lanes, I frequently wish you in these beautiful woods, where I stroll alone, for Mrs. S. is disabled from walking at present, and we have had no company

staying in the house—but that I said before. Being here has done me a great deal of good—physically—and some mentally. At least many thoughts are suspended and thrown behind me for the present. (Fresh ink—which has made most terrible work with the paper. I am ashamed, but this is already Tuesday, and if I were to write it all over again, it would be Tuesday sennight before its dispatch.)

A cargo of books from Mr. Cawthorne's arrived Saturday. We tried Mrs. Opie's *Madeline*, but it was *perfectly not*, as an old opera-singer I knew used to say in his broken English—really would not bear reading at all, especially as we had been engaged with poor Miss Austen's *Mansfield Park* and *Persuasion*, which will bear it twenty times over. We have your *Roche Blanche*, but you do not make me hope better things from that. And Mrs. Scott is deep in O'Meara, which she has a great mind to believe every word of, and I the reverse. I mean that supposing Buonaparte really to have said thus and thus, I do not hold for gospel every word he chose to say, without allowing for the revenge and malignity that probably led him to wish such and such things told to the world against his enemies. That he should try to depreciate the Duke of Wellington's generalship is perfectly natural. She read me yesterday the account he gave O'Meara of his having obtained much intelligence through smugglers—very likely—but further, that by their means he contrived to bribe many English ladies of the highest rank, and paid as much as three thousand pounds for a single secret. Is one to put one's reason so entirely in one's pocket as to credit this? The very idea proceeding from utter ignorance of our manners, customs, and government, which in fact render secrecy so difficult,

that it seldom is in anybody's power, far less a woman's, to have a secret to tell. He supposed that women here meddled and intrigued at court, as they do in France ; but I will answer for it if he had had Queen Charlotte and all her daughters in his pay throughout the war, they could not have furnished him with a secret worth three thousand farthings. When we send out a fleet or an army, it is the drawback on all our other advantages, that we cannot keep it a secret, and our enemies know it almost as soon as we do ourselves, not from spies but from newspapers.

I believe I shall stay here till Monday the 23rd, and then go to town that I may see something of Mrs. Stuart before she goes to Hastings, which she seems to hope she may accomplish, when her time is out in her house by the 20th of October. . . . My other nieces would not accept Mrs. Scott's invitation hither ; they said they had too much business to go so far from town : they have been and are with Ly. Mac^y. [Macartney] at Chiswick. Their brother Henry has got a son, which I am very glad of, as he wished for one particularly. I rejoice to hear of your returning to your Latin studies, which I particularly wish you to cultivate. My knowledge of the language is so very slight and imperfect I can speak little of it ; but I am fully persuaded the Classics are the foundation of all good sense and good taste, and, as you had the advantage of being taught it early, I want you to persevere and learn it thoroughly. Aye, and Greek too. Why not ? Nobody need know anything of the matter. Besides, it is not run down as it was in my time. Women are now permitted, if not encouraged, to know something. Solid and difficult studies never make coxcombs of either sex. I have a few books, of little use to myself, alas ! which I should be too happy to lend

you, and if when I go to town you can name me what you want, and devise how you can get them, I will send you any. All Cicero's works in two great folios—detached, his letters and orations—Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Quintilian, Pliny, Pliny the elder, Quintus Curtius, Terence, Ovid, others that I forget—Livy, Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos. As I have done with embroidering silks and many other things in my life, never thinking I could get together materials enough, and then making no use of them. If they can be of use to you, that will at least be a pleasure to me. Terence, Ovid, Livy, and Cæsar are in large quarto, the rest in octavo. I have also several grammatical books. Oh that I had buckled to the study in time to make it now a resource to me! Or had had it in my power in early youth when my mind was free and vigorous! But I was not suffered to learn either *Latin* or *riding* then; and I attempted one when my nerves were weakened, the other when my mind was distracted, and neither had fair play. If you did but know the miserable odds and ends my wonderful acquirements consist of, you would not hold them in such estimation.

Adieu, and let me hear from you soon. Remember me most kindly to Maria, and give my love to Lady Louisa. I think it just as well old Barr staid where he was, for if she had not been well she might have felt the want of him, and nobody would have been the better for his presence at Paris. "The sprightly lady" probably heartily sorry for his apparition, and Lady Charlotte not there to make the most of his *beaux dits et faits*.

I shall direct to Sir William, as you say I may still do so. I admire your good luck in that respect, for I assure you almost every other case I know, if the member or peer is absent only two days, all letters to

him are charged, unless forwarded directly (unopened) to himself. But so much the better for us who can scribble so much about nothing. Once more adieu.

LETTER LXXIII.]

Chiswick, October 20 [1822].

So my last letter deserved a scold, and you are sure I must think so myself? By this I conclude it was a very rational letter; but I have utterly forgot every word that was in it, therefore we may as well put it by for the present. . . . Stagnation is sure to affect a male temper disagreeably, unless with those dull enough to feel they are in their proper element when doing nothing. Men who are capable of doing something grow dissatisfied at being totally unoccupied, and, not finding out the real cause, fall to quarrelling with the human beings around them. . . . Some flashes of the pride of man and his contempt for woman, some occasional hints about shirts and puddings one must learn to bear patiently and to turn off gaily. The fixed, inveterate prejudices that reigned still in my time are now done away with. The man whose secret self-conceit would have caught at them eagerly forty years ago is ashamed of openly expressing them at present. He only says a woman's best science is that of pleasing; the drawing-room is her sphere rather than the study (in some degree a truth): he dares not send her off to the kitchen. . . . I have often thought of that Preston Guild letter you sent me: it did so exactly express the flirting style of country beauties, and yet I cannot say there was anything blameable in it. All was the natural gayety of youth and very innocent dissipation, yet exactly what wanted the superintendence of a prudent,

quiet, gentlewoman-like mother. Otherwise one should be afraid of its getting into *hi! hi! hi!* giggling, quizzing, missish behaviour, and making a sensible man say, "Oh! very pleasant, very good-humoured, very *nice girls* indeed, very well to talk to." By the by *I* am talking commonplace like a formal, proper old fool, as if I did not know that sensible men chuse very like silly ones, and are just as apt to make one stare as any of the misses themselves.

You will want to hear something of my own proceedings. I left London on the 7th for my nieces to come into my house, where they still are. I staid two days with Mrs. Stuart at Kensington, and had every reason to be content with the improvement in Louisa. . . .

Since Wednesday the 9th I have been here. When my nieces go to take possession of their new house at Banstead (near Epsom) I shall return home for a few days, and it will probably be the week after next, fairly November, before I visit the D^{ca}. of Buccleuch. If I can I mean to *crib* a few days at Petersham first. My sisters are tolerably well, but when one is old oneself there is something very depressing and affecting in living with the *very* old. The *wavering* of memory, the sort of *cloud* and confusion in the understanding (without positive failure of intellect), are painful to perceive. And how often one must check what one is going to say, and answer assentingly as if to a child, when one sees a thing is not clearly understood, but a wrong idea taken! Do not repeat these observations. Possibly you will hardly comprehend them, since I believe it is very difficult for a young person, unless long habituated, to observe decrepitude. Lord Sheffield now and then forgot something, but that is quite a different thing from what I mean, and, even when much

more frequent and striking than it was in him, startles you, but does not give you the same painful feeling. Alas! perhaps thus it must be, and thus also it may soon be with myself. Poor Mrs. Preston latterly was in constant dread of it, and if ever she confounded two subjects, as everybody may do sometimes, used to hold her head and say her intellects were going; yet I believe the very perceiving it was a proof of the contrary. But if she had perceived real failure in herself, she would have been utterly miserable. I have got on an uncomfortable subject, and had better get off again. Adieu, dearest Lou. Remember me to Lady Louisa.—Ever afftly. yrs.,
L. S.

LETTER LXXIV.]

[Addressed]

Miss Clinton,
at Sir Wm. Clinton's,
Queen Anne Street,
Cavendish Square.

Chiswick, Wednesday evening
[24th Oct. 1822].

. . . I am perfectly convinced of the *ease and independence* you feel at home; but it is just that ease and independence, or, in other words, that *having your own way* undisturbed, which I think may *not* be altogether good for you—just that necessity of conforming a little to others, to different ways and new ways, which I think *may*. You see this mighty clearly for your brothers; but oneself can always do without the medicines requisite for one's neighbours. Although I should say flexibility in changing habits, and suiting them to a variety of situations, is ten times as necessary for a woman as for a man, because she is in some way always

dependent on others—about a dozen women of great fortune excepted. And see what a mess they make of it! All I am sorry for is that it will not be in my power to give you much of my time when at Richmond. . . . I hope you will see something of *Car* [Mrs. Scott]—only—now don't take what I say wrong—only, I beseech you come down from stilts and meet her on equal terms, as a person of this world, not looking up to her with awe and reverence, and I do not know what—for—you don't know what—for the superlative qualities your imagination has indowed her with, and she never pretended to. I remember that when you went with her to Almack's, she owned to me that you thanked her in such terms (for a common, good-humoured act of being your chaperon), and made her such excessive compliments, that you put her quite out of countenance, and she was afraid anybody should overhear you. People are not used to this: they either think you are laughing at them, or imagine you have a habit of gross flattery—which seldom attends sincerity. At best they view it as what the French express by *un caractère exagéré*. “Do not yourself so much wrong.” I know you are sincerity itself, and am heartily vexed when you will give them such an impression. Well, adieu. As there is a chance you may not be arrived, I will not outweigh the general post.—Yrs. ever,

L. S.

LETTER LXXV.]

Chiswick, Saturday

[27th October (after 24th) 1822].

. . . I almost repented of my last, fearing it would sound like scolding, yet—yet—have almost a mind to

scold again, when you take the tone of a person who has done with the world, has experienced its turns and changes, is sick of it, and in short growing old—at five and twenty!!! My dear Lou, to call things by their right names, this is what you little suspect—*excessively childish*. I fairly own that thus it was with me at the same age, but much mischief and much error did it lead me into; and, to repeat a sentence I read in Miss Edgeworth last night (I know not from whom she quotes it), “Experience is an article that may be safely borrowed, but must be bought very dear.” “You don’t wish to make new acquaintances.” As Lord Chesterfield said to his son’s excuse that he did not *think* of something, “And why the devil *don’t* you wish it.” If there was anything to see, to look at,—pictures, gardens, etc.,—would not you wish to see them? And pray, why are human beings, human characters, less worth your attention? The very countenances of the foot-passengers one observes in the street have something in them as good to watch as pictures in the fire, though even these might be useful to a landscape-painter. This tone of *insouciance* I confess provokes me. Pray remember that your advantage is the only end I can possibly have in view when I thus remonstrate, and it is for that I particularly wish to bring you and Mrs. Scott together, which it seems you would wish also—“if you were anything but what you are,”—which, forgive me, is absolute *nonsense*—for you don’t know what you would wish if you were altogether something different from yourself. If you were Maria, for example, you most likely would wish no such thing.

On one point at least we do agree. I am for the German, the Latin, the Greek, any or all—and the

more for that same impetuosity, etc., you speak of. In Madame de Lambert's *Avis d'une mère à sa fille*, a fashionable book for young ladies to read when I was young, she disapproves of learning for women, yet says that if there is an eager temper, curiosity, earnestness, "*il vaut mieux employer ces dispositions à acquérir la science, que de hasarder qu'ils tournent au profit des passions.*" Often have I thought of those words and wished they had been acted upon for me fifty years ago. Even then I had a sort of suspicion that they applied to my own case—but it was not to be. I rejoice that it *can* be with you, and advise you to make your advantage of the power.

I come to town on Monday and stay till the end of the week, then I believe I go to Petersham. I shall be in town about 3 o'clock, or between 3 and 4. And now, adieu.—Your affectionate SCOLD, L. S.

LETTER LXXVI.]

[Miss Clinton had been invited by Mrs. Scott to go with her to a ball at the Castle Hotel, Richmond. The young lady Captain Scott was anxious about was his niece Lisette Scott, daughter of his brother John, H.E.I.C., the news of whose death in India arrived in December this year. They were younger brothers of Scott of Gala. Miss Scott married afterwards Professor Gregory. Her elder sister succeeded to the estate of Makerstoun and assumed the name of Makdougall. The quotation from Byron may have been from the "Prophecy of Dante,"—"Oh, Florence, Florence,"—published the year before. "Vere" mentioned in the following letter was the daughter of Lady Stuart's brother-in-law, Lord Buckinghamshire. She afterwards became Lady Vere Cameron, wife of Cameron of Lochiel.]

[Addressed]

Miss Clinton,

at Miss Fanshawe's,

Richmond, Surrey.

25th November,

early post.

Chiswick, Sunday evening

[25th November 1822, on stamp].

Dearest Lou—I am sorry you are going away, and still sorrier for the cause, but I think it possible Lady Louisa may interpose her *veto*, as your staying till Christmas is just what she would wish. I was in town Thursday and Friday on business, and just snatched a minute from that and fatigue to look out the books and pack them, leaving directions they should be given when you called or sent for them—the *variorum* Horace and Cicero in three vols., two of epistles, the other orations. I believe the Horace is a good edition of the kind, and I am rather partial to that Aldine type.

I am very sorry things have constantly gone so cross between you and Car—one did not, however, for she liked your visit and you. But she and Captⁿ. Scott have been very uncomfortable about this girl who sailed from Leith so long ago as to give a very unpleasant doubt what was become of the vessel in all the stormy weather. And in fact it does appear that after beating about a great while she put in to Lowestoffe, and the passengers were forced to pursue their journey by land. However, I suppose the young lady is safe with them now. I rummaged Lord Byron myself when in town, but could find no “Florence, fair Florence,” and believe we made a blunder. Car says she knew you were not a *ball-girl*, but she wanted

to do something with you, and was horribly vexed at having done so awkwardly. The servant saying you were in town, she gave you up. Adieu, I have time to say no more to-night.—Yours ever.

LETTER LXXVII.]

Chiswick, Monday evening
[after 25th November 1822].

I will obey you in writing soon, altho' in no humour for writing much : time passes heavily with me, and I have no reason to expect *my weather* should brighten or improve. You can have seen my carriage pass only once, which was on Thursday last, when I did steal a morning to go by your door and pass half an hour at Richd. and half *that* at Petersham, when Car told me with some exultation that *the* person Lisette liked best of all she had seen, and seemed most inclined to take a fancy to, was "my Lou." "Now this," said she, "looks as if she were not just a common Miss." I repeat the exact words. The young lady discreetly vanished soon after I came in, so I could only see that she answered your description, of a plain face, but an intelligent and pleasing expression of countenance. If I had seen her by chance I should have taken her for a foreigner, tho' Lady Home says she is the picture of her father. He was with them at Petersham when last in England about three years ago, and I must have seen him repeatedly, but somehow I have no recollection of his face. His wife, it seems, was of German descent by the mother's side, which I suppose gives the girl that foreign look. I felt quite rejoiced and relieved that both Car and her uncle are so really pleased with her ; for they say, "Now, what if her father should send for her to India just when we have grown fond of her?"

But I will insure them against that, especially as he has two more to send for, should such a whim seize him : so they may grow fond of her if they can—it will be all the better for her and themselves. And the better for her, without (I hope) being in any degree the worse for you, if you will let her like you as she is inclined, and give her reasonable encouragement—you cannot pretend you look up to her—though I am far from controverting one word of Jeremy Taylor's advice, and I perfectly understand the secret of your poor aunt's happiness, namely, the utter absence of all selfish views. I fear there is much selfishness secretly connected with all those warm feelings, strong passions, and keen sensibilities which we who have—or have had—them are apt to cherish in ourselves, and which others sometimes admire in us. To return to *Lisette* (what an odd name!). You may be of use to her, though she cannot to you, and it will bring you better acquainted with her aunt. Ly. Stuart and Vere dined here on Saturday on their way back to the Lodge, and Vere told me she had been introduced to Miss Clinton at the ball, but lost sight of her very soon. Shall I tell you what more she said? It may affront you, as you are determined to be an elderly lady, but it was *bona fide* this—"Miss Clinton is about eighteen, I suppose, is not she?" "No," said I, "four and twenty"; on which she set up such an outcry as you did on hearing Louisa Dawson's age. . . . I am very glad Miss E. Fanshawe is so much better, for I thought she looked very ill indeed when I saw her, but such an improvement promises recovery. If I should be able to come to Richmond again I will call on the Miss Fanshawes and you, be assured ; and if I do, it will be at an early hour, but everything about me is uncertain.

Ly. Lon. [Lonsdale] is now nearly as well as she was a month ago ; the medical men say she may go on so for some time, but they cannot say more. I own I should hate to be amused by the *Liberal*,¹ and wish never to see it. Those people appear to me agents of the very Devil himself—Tasso's dragon-devil rather than Milton's Satan, who felt pity for those whose happiness he was going to demolish. Adieu, adieu, and God bless you!

LETTER LXXVIII.]

[Addressed]

Miss Clinton,
at Miss Fanshawe's,
Richmond,
Surrey.

11th December,
4 o'clock.

Wednesday

[Chiswick, 11th December 1822].

Yes, you may write, and welcome. I did not receive your letter till I returned home on Saturday, and I am quite ready to receive another, if you will "stand beside me like my youth," but you must not demand proportionable answers. I have *time* enough, but not always leisure and composure of mind enough. One may have all the melancholy of solitude without its tranquillity, and I very often feel too much worn and harassed to write such letters as you wish for—usually I do indeed. I have not read *Werner*, nor is there any chance of my seeing it while here, so on that point I cannot keep pace with you ; nor have I read anything new or interesting. Lady Lon. [Lons-

¹ Leigh Hunt's quarterly review.

dale] is better, and I think may go on for some time ; Lady M. [Macartney] is in good health. . . .

I am diverted at your supposing *the Admiral may be afraid of me*. You may just as well suppose it of your *bête noire*, poor Mr. Dodson, as of any of the . . . race. I promise you they set a very full value on themselves, and acknowledge no superiors—partly from having been bred up in the full rays of court favour. He was sent to sea early, in company with the Duke of C., to be his friend and favourite ; and, according to the usual fate of destined friendships and destined matches, they have hated each other heartily ever since. His R. H., dining one day long after with Lord C. when First Lord of the Ady., began talking of the days of his youth and his companions : “And there was —; *he* will never set the sea on fire. I remember he was commonly asleep on his watch, with his mouth wide open.”—Lady C., his cousin-german—and the present Lord C., his elder brother, one of the company ! When his mother, the late Lady —, heard it, she cried, and her uncle, the Duke of M. (who had been governor to the Princes), swore ; and I am afraid the wicked town laughed—tho’ I daresay the sleeping on the watch was a—C——e. . . .

However, they are all *really good* people, altho’ mediocres and to a certain degree self-sufficient, and it is very possible that going early out of the way of the rest may have rendered *him* less the latter than they are. One thing I bore him a grudge for. A nephew of his, mediocre too, but by no means a fool, who had been a great deal with him and under his care in the E. Indies, came home a very good seaman in the practical part, but so miserably ignorant of what he ought to

have been taught at sixteen, that he was forced to go to a mathematical school at twenty, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could be decently fitted for passing as lieutenant. I thought it either very stupid or very careless of the A. to let a favourite nephew be so neglected. But they are very strict in their examinations now, and possibly require more than the A. ever knew himself.

I am glad Lord Glenbervie's journeys are so accommodating. Pray give my compliments to him. Tell me if you have seen any more of Mrs. Scott [of Petersham] and her niece. Does the latter seem an honest, straightforward, natural girl? In short, be assured that a long letter from you will be not only welcome, but a charity, and so adieu!

P.S.—One word more to *yourself*. Be candid, and I am sure you will not, *dare not*, say you have cause to regret you went to Richmond. You have made pleasant acquaintances. Is not that an advantage? And pray, why are you never to see them again? If it please God we meet in London I may carry you down to Petersham, and I hope and trust you will again be with the Fanshaws. You carry back with you new ideas—even *Baron Phipsy* Waller is an amusing *study* of human nature. Some of my pleasantest acquaintances, even approaching to friends, have been thus made by chance. Mrs. Scott of Danesfield was one; and indeed I got acquainted with Mrs. Preston upon a visit I had long resisted making and was beforehand convinced I should dislike of all things—"there *could* be nobody *there*," I said, "who could possibly suit me." Be glad to go home, and I shall be glad you are so—*that* is affection for those you left there; but whenever you say you never mean to leave home again it is something perfectly

different—the wilful indulgence of sullen and wrong feelings. Put the case you never marry — *then* you ought to seek opportunities of seeing and knowing the world, to enable you to be of some use to your younger sisters. Your having some experience of that science will be of much more to them ten years hence than your teaching them French and grammar now.

LETTER LXXIX.]

[This letter was begun at Chiswick.

The son that Lord and Lady Home had just lost was their second son William, who went with his regiment to India and died of consumption on landing at Bombay.

Miss Lee's "German Tale," so much praised by Byron and Lady Louisa, would hardly gain such a verdict now!]

Gloucester Place, Decr. 21st, 1822.

I date from town, dear Lou, because I am going home in a few hours. Ly. M. recovered completely from the violent cold of which I believe I wrote you word; but somehow it gave her a wish to be quiet and alone. I believe one's fruitless endeavours to make her hear, teize her when deafer than ordinary, and also she seems to have a dread that I should catch cold and be laid up here. I don't know why, for it is not staying in a place, but changing, that usually gives me cold. However, without further whys and wherefores, I saw she would rather I went away, and Lady Lonsdale is now so much better that there is no present uneasiness about her, therefore I shall settle in town to-day. Perhaps in a fortnight's time I may return to Richmond if all goes well, perhaps not—all is very uncertain. Lady Home is gone to Ditton. Lord Home is coming up, and they had better get their meeting over then. Besides, its being so entirely

quiet a place suits the first bursts of grief. The Dss. writes word that she bears the blow with extreme resignation. Alas! who can foresee what is probable! This poor young man never was ailing or sickly; his elder brother, Lord Dunglas, very much so when a boy. Yet he survives, and poor William seems thus carried off in an instant, for I think he did not leave England till April, and then nobody dreamt of such a disease being in his frame—tho', if they had, a sea voyage to a warm climate would have been prescribed by the whole college of physicians.

Now I *am* in town, and in good time for the post, so you shall have a letter to-morrow.

I have not yet seen *Werner*, but a quotation from Lord Byron's preface to it, prefixed to an advertisement of another book in the newspaper, explains to me what story it is grounded upon, and at the same time flatters my vanity by proving that I long ago *guessed right*. Did I never tell you I was confident that *Lara*, and in some measure the *Corsair*, were taken from one of Miss Lee's *Canterbury Tales*—"The German's Tale." This they are reprinting alone under the name of *Kruitznier*, with the paragraph in which Lord Byron says that he read it at fourteen years old, and it made the deepest impression upon him. He acknowledges that it has been the germ of many things he has written—which it is very handsome in an author of his eminence to avow, give the devil his due—especially as a woman wrote the novel. There are either four or five octavo vols. of the *Canterbury Tales*, written by Miss Sophia and Miss Harriet Lee, who, I believe, kept a school at Bath. Nothing can be more unequal. Sophia's are common-ish, flimsy-ish novels, tolerable of their kind; all Harriet's have more or less merit,

interest you and leave some trace behind them, but the German's Tale is what Lord Byron calls it, a very superior work. I am thus particular, because you can get the *Canterbury Tales* at any circulating library, but this new edition, newly christened, of the one tale with such a recommendation, will be *clawed* by people who did not think poor Harriet Lee worth reading before. She wrote a very good comedy, the *Chapter of Accidents*, taken from Marmontel's *Cécile*, and it kept the stage, though I think it has not been acted now for a great while. If alive, she must be old, for I daresay that play came out five-and-thirty years ago. *Kruitzn*, robbery, I confess, is an awkward thing for a tragedy, though it does well in the novel; further I cannot speak till I read *Werner* itself, and I will beg or borrow it somewhere. I have forsworn buying any more of his loose pamphlets, it provokes me so to have given at least four guineas for what would have cost me but two, if I had waited till they were gathered together by Murray into solid volumes.

Pray write to me soon, for I wish very much to know how Sir William does, as I fear the severe weather, which now seems setting in, cannot be favourable for any invalide, especially one who has once had a rheumatic fever. I hope Lady Louisa takes care of herself and guards her chest. For you juniors I suppose *this* is a very fine day. Fine it is even in London, but I presume with you in Sussex it may be even beautiful—Stop though!—you speak of having a cold when you were setting out, so I must know how that has gone on. Your answer about going one day or other to Ditton, your being unable to add to society, and so best alone, and everything always going wrong, what you like snatched away directly as if by an invisible hand—all

this is, as I have frequent occasion to say, so like *me*—so exactly what I used to think and feel about myself and my own lot in life, while I thought about myself at all! To convince you I will repeat two or three ends of verse which struck me as if written on purpose to express my feelings and my destiny—they were always in my head and often in my mouth. These from Dryden—

The lucky have whole days which still they chuse ;
The unlucky have not hours, and those they lose.

And these very old lines which I found in some magazine—

Within my true and careful heart there is
So mockel woe and eke so little bliss
That woe is me that ever I was bore ;
For all that thing that I desire I miss,
And all that ever I wolde not, I wis,
That find I ready for me evermore.

But of all things I beseech you very seriously not to let the idea, that nobody can like you, get possession of your mind, for the direct consequence is (alas! I *know* it) to give whoever does like you, or persuades you that they do, a power and preponderance they would acquire by no other means. Pray do not think about it at all. Think of *what you* like and *whom you* like, and never consider what you can give in return. It is just as in conversation—the best hearer, the best listener is best liked in the long-run. People want you to buy their commodities, whether you have any of your own to sell or not. I begin to write one word for another, so it is time to end. I return Lucy's letter, and am truly sorry for the fine beech-trees.

CHAPTER IX

JANUARY 3, 1823, TO SEPTEMBER 16, 1824

LETTER LXXX.]

[Lady Elizabeth Perceval was the daughter of the 6th Earl of Cardigan and widow of Hon^{ble}. John Perceval, eldest son of Charles, Lord Arden, the 2nd Earl of Egmont's son by his second marriage. She remarried in March 1824 the Rev^d. William Brodrick, and died in November that year. The heavy beginning of the year, that Lady Louisa speaks of, alludes to the previous year 1822, and the death of her brother the Archbishop of Armagh.]

[*Gloucester Place*]

G. P., Friday, Jan. 3, 1823.

My dear Lou—I returned from Banstead Tuesday and received your letter the same evening, which I shall answer by to-morrow's post before I go to Richmond. My sisters are much the same, and better than I could expect considering the bitter weather we have had, and the thaw now taking place ; a greater trial still, to the sick or old. My nieces are very comfortably situated, excepting that their house is so cold that even I sat by the fire wrapped in a shawl, and they are ten times more chilly, so I am glad they go shortly to Brighton. The house is old, with gable ends here and there and cross lights from windows on all sides, but it is clean, roomy, and convenient ; they have a good garden and

a fine view from a part of it, and the village is as quiet as if they were a hundred miles from London, with fields, stiles, paths in the true country fashion, and only a by-road running thro' it. They are not very good walkers, but they have got poneys and ride, and within a walking distance live their friend Lady Eliz. Perceval, her father and mother-in-law the Ardens, and the Walpoles : all very civil and friendly to them. Lord Arden, who is the best-natured man in the world, seems inclined to take quite a fatherly charge of them. In the village itself are two or three respectable families : the head of one, a Captain Apsley, who was a secretary of Lord Cornwallis's in India, and of course has something to say for himself, is a conversable, intelligent man. All these are good points, and they appear quite satisfied with their choice of an abode, as the lowness of rent (compared with Grosvenor Street) will set them more at their ease and enable them to make excursions if they like.

I am very glad you can give such good accounts of all at Clinton Lodge. May they bear the thaw equally well ! For yourself, your very wise reasonings and assurances that "I may banish all my fears," exactly serve to prove they are too well founded. Do you think it a new discovery of yours, a peculiarity in *your* disposition, to be rather inclined to dislike those who are displeasing to us a little the more for their liking us ? So it has been with human beings since the world began ; but those who are pleasing to us already we all *like* a little the more for their liking us, and if we have settled it in our minds that no such pleasing person *can* ever like us, there is great danger of the more being the much and the too much ; whereas if we would be quiet and settle nothing about it, we should at least give

ourselves fair play for our lives—or the peace of them. There is not the least risk of your relishing black pudding and cow-heel, but nicer palates than yours have mistaken mock turtle, well dressed, for real—I return your own kitchen simile improved. And so, child, talk no more of what you do not comprehend. I forgot to scoff at the ignorance betrayed in your former letter—child again!—where you wonder that gossips should know or care what is doing at or with Clinton Lodge. Child! A gossip is omniscient and omnivorous. You may not know the name of one who knows perfectly well every maid and footman you take or turn away, and whether they fight or make love in your service. I do not pretend that it will be known *exactly*, for the animal has magnifying eyes and a tongue too big for its mouth, sputtering out twice as much as the truth on most occasions. You do not tempt me to read Don Carlos. *J'en augure mal*—to say the truth, Lord John's essay on the British Constitution struck me as a heap of loose thoughts thrown together with little real knowledge of the subject and published some years too soon. And when I saw a tragedy advertised, I said to myself, "This won't do—he flies at too many things." Then, being a Whig Lord, he has the Edinburgh Reviewers in check. Boileau says: "*Au Cid persécuté Cinna doit sa naissance*"; and perhaps their very unjust, unliberal abuse of Lord Byron's early poems was a flogging that did him good in the main—made him hold back till he had attained his full strength, instead of wasting it in this, that, and t'other. Oh, how like the villainous spirit which now possesses him is what you term "the carelessness that seems as if it was mockery of his readers." This mockery he always gave way to, but in his first works it appeared only in the flippant prose

notes, which one was not obliged to read along with the verse; but since it has got into his verse itself, it does disgust one beyond measure. . . . Alas, how heavily did the year begin with me! And, I know not why, it recalled this time ten years, the concluding day of December 1812. Lady Ailesbury was struck with a palsy and died on the 8th of January following, but her previous illness had been long. On the twentieth my sister Portarlington followed her, taken from perfect health. I was at Bothwell then, and had everything to heal and console me. Now Bothwell itself is deprived of its sun, its soul and good spirit [Lady Douglas], and I am glad I need never see it again. But I did not mean to intermingle anything of this sort. God pour His best blessings on you, my dear Lou, this and every year! Whatever form they may wear outwardly, may they be such as will ultimately lead you to eternal happiness. Amen. Remember me to Lady Louisa and Maria. A happy year to you all.—Yours afftely.,
L. S.

P.S.—I read a book at Banstead that was readable enough—*Fifteen Years in India*. It appears genuine, that is, written by a man who has really been there, tho' he thinks proper to mix up with the truth a very foolish attempt at a very insipid novel, but you would find in it many curious particulars of the manners of the natives.

LETTER LXXXI.]

[The following fragment of a letter is copied by Miss Clinton, evidently from one by Lady Louisa on her brother-in-law Lord Macartney, who was Governor of Madras 1784-1786. He died in 1806.]

[Copied by Miss Clinton.]

. . . Every letter of recommendation he received while Gov^r. of M—— [Madras]. I just looked into each, and, as they amounted to many hundreds, it was curious to see what a number of worthy and excellent people went to seek their fortunes in India. All sung nearly the same song,—had resolved against troubling him, knew they had no right, it was not their habit or custom, etc., but only *this* particular person had such claims, was so respectable, and they were so sure would deserve everything. Thus certainly one would be likely to say oneself of one's own *protégé*, and thus run the letters to all Governors and Ambassadors; but when one saw them gathered together in that amazing heap, it did strike one that if a twentieth part had spoken truth, India would have received in its bosom the choicest characters of Great Britain, and been a paradise instead of the sink of iniquity which a letter to him from thence calls it—for, give him his due, he was the first who reformed its abuses, and set the example of coming away with perfectly clean hands. As anybody else would have burned all these letters as soon as they returned to England, there can seldom be an opportunity of making the reflection I was led to. I could not help thinking of the old story in the jest-books. The Duke of Ossuna, when he took the command of the gallies—all the slaves told him such stories of their perfect innocence that when a poor fellow said he had stolen a purse and therefore was sent thither, he set him at liberty, that there might not be one rogue among so many honest, virtuous men. I believe if I had received all the epistles in question I should have been inclined to favour somebody sent as a *vaurien*

that could not be served at home. Apropos of morality, as the intimates mixed a little news and politics with their recommendations, I was reminded of old times and could scarcely forbear smiling at some things. You who are used to hear of Mr. Fox only as the head of a great party, the statesman, the patriot, etc., what would you have said to this paragraph? "Brooks's is very flourishing : the *young Cub* [Fox] (an old nickname) and Co. have won a great deal of money this winter by a Faro Bank they set up just after the Eo (?) tables were put an end to." But this was from a ministerialist. Now hear one of his intimate friends: "Charles has won a good deal of money lately. He and Richard have set up a Faro Bank together." And another: "Charles has found a better thing than the Gov^t. of M—— [Madras] in St. James's Street. He has set up a Faro Bank in conjunction with Richard (Fitzpatrick), and I verily believe he is at this moment worth £20,000; but he does not think it at all necessary to pay any of his debts with it, for there is an execution in the house almost every day." Ah! you will think this was the great man's youthful follies. No such thing; he passed his *youth* in *losing* money, and was then 40 or near it. The next year, Lord North being driven out, he became Secretary of State and Rich^d. Sect^y. of War, and they made over the Faro Bank to one of their party, for whom they could not find a place in the administration. All this as openly as possible—none of them in the least ashamed of it—and now you are taught to admire them as patterns of uprightness and public virtue.

LETTER LXXXII.]

[The word Quiz is derived by Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, from "Quid est." He says it was invented by Daly, the Dublin theatre manager, who laid a wager he would introduce a new word of no meaning into the language in twenty-four hours. During the night, walls and all conspicuous places were placarded with the word.

For Lady Louisa's remarks to Scott on Lady Derby and *Peveril of the Peak*, see *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 165.

The *Journal de Las Cases* was the "Journal of the Private Life and Conversation of Napoleon at St. Helena," written by his great friend the Comte de Las Cases, author also, under the name of Le Sage, of a well-known Historical Atlas.]

*Richmond (Duchess of Buccleuch's),
Jan. 20th [1823].*

Though it is a bad reason for silence, yet I am willing to suppose you forbear writing because you want a frank, rather than to think anything ails Clinton Lodge and its inmates. If I guess right, pray let me pay for a long letter forthwith; I assure you I can afford it. I have been here a fortnight, and shall stay a week longer, then, I hope, settle in town. The Fanshawes were gone before I came, and had let their house to the Miss Vyners. Lizette Scott continues to please her uncle and aunt as much as ever, but I fear is delicate, though perhaps not absolutely unhealthy. I will tell you an anecdote respecting them to give you a full insight into the mysteries of gossiping, especially country - town gossiping, of which I observe you have only a faint idea. A Lady Hobhouse who lives somewhere near Twickenham gave a fancy ball. They did not know her and had nothing to do with it, but a few people who were dining with them that day came in their fancy dresses: this produced mirth. After dinner Mrs.

Scott and Lizette put on whatever rags they could find, Capt. Scott a shawl and a petticoat, and a Miss Webb, one of their company, his cocked hat and boat-cloak. *Lie the first* on this foundation—"Miss Web went to Lady Hobhouse's ball *in men's clothes* (instead of home to bed), which induced two or three young men to treat her with such impertinent freedom, that Mr. Such-a-one interposed to protect her, and very high words passed on both sides"—there ought to have been a duel and "a bullet in the thorax"—these may be added in the second edition. Lizette was so delighted, that the Hobhouse-goers offered to come again and bring some of their friends on such a day to the number of about twenty, and a gentleman who is fond of acting whispered that he would arrive as a French governess and dare his acquaintance to find him out. *Lie the second*—current far and wide in four-and-twenty hours—Mrs. Scott was to give a grand masquerade, the cards were all out and the *non-invitees* extremely angry. I found her in a fuss writing notes to beg everybody would come in their usual dresses. I told her she would get nothing by that, and accordingly then the report was that Mrs. Scott had *put off* her masquerade. And a ball she *is* to give still, say what she pleases—people have it from good authority. At another time such stuff would not have signified, but Capt. Scott being in mourning for his brother, Lizette for her father, and the family here for a grandson, there was a vexatious corner in it, as there was to poor Miss Webb in *lie the first*. For among gossips something always sticks, nobody has leisure to investigate pros and cons; so seven years hence one will say to the other, "That is the woman who went in breeches to a ball," and the fact will be held indisputable.

Thursday.—I have very little leisure for writing here,

and every letter I begin dawdles on as you see. Poor Ly. Home remains all this while at Ditton, and by what Lady Montagu writes, bears her affliction [the death of a son] with such meekness and resignation, and is so willing to open her mind to comfort, that it makes one the more sorry for her. . . . I have often thought over what quizzing, now a word adopted into our language, really was. When a new one, it was explained by a lawyer in West^r. Hall, into which came the cause of some school boys, who, from quizzing a man they did not like, proceeded to beating and stoning him. His counsel said Quiz was a contraction of *queer phiz*, and I think the spirit of the thing has kept closer to its original than is usual, showing its wide distinction from ridicule. Ridicule may be unjust, malignant, ill-timed, but it is not childish. You ridicule a person for some quality you impute to them, at least and lowest for some odd habit of speaking or moving or looking, at the very worst for a personal defect. You quiz them for an old-fashioned waistcoat if you yourself happen to be young ; for a new-fashioned one if you are old. You laugh in the first case, you are sour and snarl in the second, but you still *quiz* ; the principle is all one, and something you are not daily used to see (be it right or wrong) is the sole object. The most even, common, character on earth, or the most superior, may have something in house, carriage, servants, *quizzable* ; their name may be so, or it may be one rendered so by transposing the letters or playing on the word, and then there is an end of them, they become a good joke for ever and aye. You have heard of Mr. Tytler, author of *Elements of History*. Becoming a Lord of Session, he took the title of his place, Lord Woodhouselee, which luckily had not anything inharmonious or barbarous in

it, like those of many of his brethren on the bench ; it was noted too in Scotch history and venerable as “*haunted Woodhouselee*” : but it occurred to somebody that it might be made into *Wood-louse-he* : thenceforward he was Lord Woodlousehe, poor Mrs. Tytler, Lady *Wood-louse-she*, and the daughters the *Woodlice-they*. You will say it did them no harm. No more it did, and they might have laughed at it themselves. Yet I saw plainly that in the set where these names were established, tho’ they did not know one of the family by sight, if you had presumed to speak of any of them as estimable or agreeable, a general shout would have been set up—“Oh ho ! you like *Woodlice-they*, do you ? Oh, I dare say they are delightful. Oh yes, no doubt they have all the merit in the world—ha ha ha ! ho ho ho !” I knew none of them myself, so judged quite impartially, and it was one of the things that led me most to ponder the merits and effects of *quizzing*. A book may be quizzed out of the field as well as a person, not for anything in it, but for something such a one who never read it thought fit to suppose of it, or to say of its title-page, and then you are a quiz if you read it. You are used to my dissertations, and will forgive this. It is a sign I have not much to say. As for reading, I have much to say of the *Mémoires de l’Europe sous Napoléon*, but not time for it till quiet in my own house. I piously believe them genuine ; they have the *sceau* of his genius and of his profound art. I am also reading *Journal de Las Cases*. I shut one book where he himself details the precautions taken to secure personal liberty under his government, the strict laws for the purpose, no person could be kept in prison a day without so, and so, and so, judges, privy council, and I know not what. I opened the other where

Las Cases says that on looking over papers at St. Helena, the Emperor was himself surprised to see the number of books prohibited and of *persons arrested by the police*, whom he had never heard of and knew nothing about; as was unavoidable, his time and attention being so much engrossed. This not the only cat let out of the bag. Pray, if you love laughing, read “the *Entail*, or the *Lairds of Grippy*.” It is admirable for that purpose, tho’ far more broadly Scotch than I can understand; but besides the patois, the old lady has a slip-slop of her own quite incomparable—*concos montes* for *compos mentis*, etc.—and the author [Galt] this time is so wise as to keep quite out of good company, avoid lords and ladies, and only describe the people he has seen. I verily think poor Lord Portsmouth must have suggested the idea of Watty. We have begun *Peveril*, but not gone far in it. It is read aloud, and, *entre nous*, ill read, and I can yet form no judgement, only I am indignant at the liberties taken with so fine a character as the Countess of Derby, who was a heroine, but no virago, and whom the Restoration found in poverty and imprisonment. Fie upon him! he must be turned Whig with a witness. Adieu! I go to town (I hope, to stay) on Monday next, and shall really be very glad to find a letter from you. My sisters seem to stand this severe weather wonderfully well. I will write again before long.

LETTER LXXXIII.]

[Lady Louisa met Monsieur de Puységur at Bothwell in October 1802, when he came there in the suite of Monsieur (the Comte d’Artois) for a two days’ visit. Lady Harriet Montagu (afterwards Lady Lothian) describes the visit in a letter to her mother the Duchess of Buccleuch, and says of

him: "M. de Puységur was beyond himself entertaining both at that first dinner and yesterday's, but particularly yesterday: he really made me laugh till I was all over as sore as if I had been *beat*, and everybody else as well as me: it really is wonderful how constantly entertaining and clever he is without seeming the least to be upon the stretch to be witty, or to be thinking about what he is going to say. I have really these two days been quite knocked up at night with the laughing of the day. . . . All the men, French and Scotch, excepting M. de Puységur and the Baron (de Rolles) went out shooting. . . . Lady Douglas took her two remaining *gemmen* to the Cottage, where, by her account, M. de Puységur was charming: he was in ecstasies with the Cottage (a summer-house), said all he wished was one more room and a *bonne paysanne* for a wife, and that there he should live so happy with his *femme* and his *enfants*—the idea of him in a cottage in the character of a *père de famille* made the Baron de Rolles very near die. He said he had seen a maid at an Inn in the Highlands who was beautiful, but then she would not be *simple* enough, having lived in an Inn: he said he was like sheep that went about leaving a little wool upon every bush; he left little bits of his heart wherever he went. Lady Douglas said we were out of luck to get him at the end of his tour; he said, '*Oh, cela ne fait rien, il récroit à mesure que j'en laisse.*' . . . At dinner again we all sat as usual, and as usual there was a good deal of entertaining conversation. *Monsieur* declared he should be too happy to set out immediately for China, so much does he like the sea. *Monsieur de Puységur*, who hates it as much, said, '*Eh bien, allons-y, Monsieur, on dit que l'Empéreur est fort poli.*' The idea of the Emperor of China being polite is good, I think. There was a turtle much liked by the *Pa* but not by the *Son* (the Duc de Berri), who would not even taste it, but who, *en revanche*, did eat till he declared '*il n'en pouvait plus,*' and I could easily believe him. . . . They were talking of turtle soup giving people an appetite: *Monsieur de Puységur* said, '*Oh oui, on dit qu'avec cette soupe on mangeroit son grand-père.*' This morning we did not sit so long as before (at breakfast), we dawdled in the drawing-room, . . . and then we all accom-

panied him out walking. . . . Jane, Car, and I being a little behind the rest with M. de Puységur, he told us a great deal about the excessive *tristesse* of their society, chiefly to him since the Vaudreuil and the Duc de Maillé went away, as they had been *de sa société* before from choice; but that the set at present are very good and worthy people, but not all those he should choose for his companions or constant friends. He then launched out in praise of *Monsieur*, who, he said, he believed was '*le meilleur caractère que le ciel eut jamais formé*,' so constantly amiable and cheerful and '*aussi peu exigeant et craignant de nous gêner que s'il était un particulier*,' and as satisfied from the first with every privation as if he had never known better. He said Madame de Polastron was *triste* and always *malade* and *aigrie*: one would think, seeing him exert himself so much, if she is so much attached to him, would make her long to do so too. He said how cruel it was to judge hastily of those emigrants who were returned, and particularly the Duc de Maillé, who, if he was now to leave France, would make his children perfect beggars: as for himself, he said he could speak impartially on the subject, as he has nothing at all to expect if he was to return."]

Gloucester Place, Feby. 1st [1823].

My dear Lou—I begin on a Saturday evening to give myself time and space, having vainly intended to write letters in a morning ever since my coming to town on Monday last. One day I hired horses and went to shops; another, Mrs. Scott (of Danesfield) gave me a lift; another, visits poured in upon me at home—though I thought I should see nobody in London—one was Penelope Fan. [Fanshawe], who seemed in much better spirits about her sister Eliz., thinking her in many respects getting gradually better.

Our letters crossed. I got yours before I left Richmond, was pleased that you had done duty at the Lewes ball, and interested by your anecdotes of the

work-house. I can so easily enter into the poor people's feelings about going into one, if ever so comfortable and so well regulated! Monsieur de Puységur when in Edinburgh (with Monsieur) proposed to buy a sentry box "*pour avoir un lieu à soi*"—a droll thought, but it expressed a great deal to the mind of an Englishman.

It is well if a lover remains constant while he is travelling over the earth, and his fair one is—shall I say the words?—looking round it for a better match. I must own that seems the state of the case, and, as the fine gentleman says in *Camilla*, "it is not romantick to outrage" on her side. Should there exist such extraordinary constancy in man, it really deserves better than to be made a *pis-aller*. I am glad you have a prospect of Aunt Kitty and her sister in town. Whether I shall be able to cultivate them and enjoy their society, Heaven only knows; I shall wish to do it if I can, but I dare less than ever look forward even to small and quiet pleasures. Something always comes in the way—it is very likely Miss Murray will soon arrive in town: not in circumstances though which will render me glad to see her, or promise me much of her society. Her dearest friend now existing is poor Lady Mansfield; and Lady Frederica Stanhope, whom she had seen born and nursed in illness, was to her like her own child. So there is a millstone fallen that crushes many. I wrote to her as one writes on such occasions (for what can one say?), and by her answer she is wavering whether to set out or not, that is, whether there can be a possibility of doing Lady Mansfield any good by coming. I rather think she will come, in the idea that now it will be all one whether they meet or not, and hereafter an additional dread or misery. But if she does she will probably stay chiefly at Ken-wood, and I shall only see

her by snatches, without being able to enter more than generally into the subject of her affliction, for I know none of the family. Sorry for them one must be, because one is human.

I wish to hear from you again, as you mention Lady Louisa's having a cold, which the weather is peculiarly calculated to produce and lengthen. My housemaid having one that threatened inflammation, I sent for an apothecary, and he told me the day was not long enough nor his strength sufficient for the number of patients this thaw had given him. My sisters have borne it pretty well. Ly. Lon. [Lonsdale] is lowered by it, but has no return of any particular complaint.

Now I am going to tell you something you will be concerned to hear. I feel afraid of your vexing yourself beyond measure, as you know pretty well how much it affects my comfort ; while, on the other hand, it will be considered by many, by most people, as a very trifling ordinary occurrence, and therefore I wish little to be said about it. To my feelings I own it is an affliction, and a greater one than many things "*whereof the world takes note.*" My *friend* rather than servant, Cross, is soon to retire from my service, in which she has been for eight-and-twenty years one of the chief blessings and comforts of my life. Her superior sense, clear judgement, and quick decision, her elevated mind, her steadiness of principle, her delicacy of feeling, would have been admired in a princess ; I hardly know one of my acquaintance for whom I have so perfect an esteem ; instead of feeling I can rely on the integrity of the servant, I respect the *honour* of the gentlewoman ; and *because* thus high-minded, she is far humbler and more easily contented than any other person I ever saw in her situation. "Oh, Madam, what does it signify?"

is her constant saying about things that would make others stand on their dignity ; and then no quarrels, no difficulties ever coming to my ears, the servants below her guided with so firm yet so gentle a hand—such a contempt for gossiping and tattling, such a disinterested spirit—in short, such a head and heart as I do not find met together among my equals. Therefore to meet with anything resembling her at the greatest distance in her own degree is out of the question ; but I have settled to take a young person she has a good opinion of, sister to Mrs. Scott (Car)'s maid. This latter has lived with Car ever since she was married, is an excellent servant, and a particular favourite of Cross's. I told Cross at first she must choose her own successor, for I could not undertake the task. It is half a year since I have known it must be, and I am almost ashamed to tell you how it knocked me down at first, and how bitterly I cried at the thought of parting with her. But I have now used myself to look forward to it and made up my mind, tho' I still dread the moment more than I can tell you. She has promised to stay some weeks after the other comes (which she cannot do till next month) and instruct her ; and the sister has charged the young woman to respect her as a mother. I have no time and no heart to enter into all the details, but she thinks her health and strength giving way, and says she should soon be a burthen on me. And she is going, I hope to be comfortable, to live with an old friend to whom she has been attached from childhood, a widow in good circumstances. So I must not be selfish enough to grudge her peace in her old age. I do see and know that she acts from generous motives, and for my sake, apprehending that if she should grow infirm and useless she would be a weight on me and an inconvenient

expense, though I would rather be *her* maid and nurse than lose her. However, it must be, and is to be, so I must make the best of it, and endeavour to think how much more painful it would be if she were taken from me by death, which is a thing I have often apprehended.

Peveril, as usual, interests and amuses more than other people's inventions ; but I am very indignant on the Countess of Derby's behalf. The liberties taken with her, the ferocity and pride bestowed upon her, seem as if it were written by the most red-hot Whig in Scotland—"a blood-thirsty regicide," as Lord Guilford called Miss Berry. By the by, as the author always sends one to examine real history, the Ladies Scott and I rummaged out an account of the Isle of Man in hopes of its being old, but it was quite modern, by one David Robertson, a Scotchman of the aforesaid principles, and dedicated to Mr. Curwen, M.P. for Carlisle. He says the Earl of Derby justly suffered death ; the Countess would have held out the island, but Christian, unknown to her, surrendered it, "for which *act of generosity*" he was stigmatised as a traitor by a slavish party, etc. Now, surrendering a fortress may in some circumstances be a wise action, but how it could ever come to be a *generous* one I cannot comprehend. It is a new reading of a military term, which, I believe, your father would hardly admit. To return to *Peveril*, I detest Geoffrey Hudson, do not relish Zarah (the story of whom is too improbable), and, in short, quarrel with the whole fourth volume ; but the three first are very interesting.

I was very much engrossed with Buonaparte's memoirs at Richmond, and with Las Cases, a vain Frenchman, who means to write an unqualified panegyric on his emperor, and to affect you by setting forth his disinterested attachment to him, but evermore stumbles

into some little detail that shows you he was himself uppermost in his own thoughts, and Monsieur de las Cases his first object. Yet there are many curious particulars in it, and some *cats let out of the bag*, to speak vulgar language. For example, he says that as they were discussing one day at St. Helena what place would have been the best for the emperor to reside in, if he had had liberty of choice, it was agreed that if he had *really* intended to give up public life for ever, America would have been eligible; but if he had not *quite* resolved on this, if he still secretly meditated *resuming his power*—then *England*—and Napoleon did not contradict them. What will those say who think we ought to have received the wolf into our fold without hesitation, and trusted to professions which he was full as ready to make at Elba? I remember young Englishmen who, after visiting him there, were so sure he had banished all ambition from his thoughts. Another thing Las Cases betrays very naturally, that Napoleon himself did not always know whom the police imprisoned or what books they suppressed, and that every now and then those who were with him at St. Helena told him, or he found in papers, things of this kind he was ignorant of before. So it must happen to the sovereign who has absolute power; but it shows he is absolute, whereas there is a long, laboured section in his own memoirs to prove that personal liberty was enjoyed in the highest degree under his government, and our *Habeas Corpus* was a foal to the precautions that protected men from arbitrary arrests in France.

I should like to know what Sir William says to the memoirs; for they are chiefly military, and, I imagine, must interest a soldier deeply.

I return your classical dust-men. I wonder they

condescended to use so homespun a phrase as Christmas-box under the Pompeian seal. Is there no six-syllable word to express it, as conglomeration and confusion do higgledy-piggledy?

I wrote to Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] at last, and I meditate writing to Granny [Lady Sheffield] this week. Adieu, dearest Lou. I believe I am going to Chiswick for a few days.

Poor Lady Home had all the details of her son's death some time ago. He died about a fortnight after he landed in India, suffered no pain, and was in the house of a gentleman and lady who nursed him with parental care.

LETTER LXXXIV.]

[The French entered Spain to assist King Ferdinand against the Revolutionists on 7th April 1823.]

[EXTRACT.]

[1823.]

My Newspaper was worse than the *Times*, for it merely said that the contradiction to Mr. Hume could not be heard in the gallery, and did not mention the cheers, which I cannot but be glad were given. I should really think the sense of the house went with them. The W^m. S——s [Stuarts] left town for some little time the next day, therefore I know absolutely nothing but from the newspapers. Mr. Hume is used to flat contradiction every day in the H. of C., but does not care, because what he says is not addressed to *it*, but to those in the ale-house who read his speeches as given by the newspapers of his own side, their compleat confutation slurred over, or dropped altogether. The next time I write I will send you a character from a public report of one of the religious societies in Ireland, which had been sent to Lady

Stuart, and she made Vere copy it out, but I have lent it to another friend now. It shows what is the real intention of the attack now making upon the Church when such falsehoods are asserted on one hand, and on the other such a man as the present B^p of London [Howley] is furiously assailed by Mr. Brougham and the Edinburgh Reviewers.

Respecting the Spaniards. I lean to their side, but really have had little leisure to think about them or the French either. I just now met a gentleman, not long since returned from Spain, a mercantile man; he says he knows personally some of the individuals now conducting her affairs, and all by character, and they are the most illiterate, contemptible blackguards he ever met with, whence he augurs that they will submit as soon as the French appear. I can easily believe the first part, for the original Cadiz Junta who so tormented the D. of Wellington, *vide the tenth report*, were just such mean and chimerical democrats as Mess^{rs}. Hunt, Wells, Watson, etc.; but I doubt the second, for we know there is a spirit in the nation, and better men will arise, as Manso and Mina and others did before. I hear the French asses are mightily delighted with the business of *Manuel*, thinking it an exact imitation of *us*, as if we went to fisty-cuffs in the H. of C. It is said the French R. family deplore the war yet more than the people. I am sure with reason, for it will be utter destruction to them, whatever becomes of the Spaniards. Then query who makes it? which seems so unfathomable a mystery that it has begat a story of the Allied Emperors having insisted upon it. Were it verily so (which seems too absurd for credit), I should actually believe one of them was

prompted by a desire to set his grandson, young Napoleon, on the throne of France. But pray let us blunder on no more about politics, the single subject which those who really understand *never talk about*. Catch a minister, or a leader of opposition, discussing any point, haranguing, and giving his opinion in society—he is silent, and those whom he trusts are the same, unless his confidence is wholly misplaced indeed. I once happened to know the exact truth upon a subject that was very much canvassed pro and con all round me; and I held my tongue, or said what meant nothing. Whenever I am *eager* and *knowing* and *sure* and *certain*, it is apt to strike my conscience—"May there not be some quiet person sitting by, whom I do not think of, who knows I am talking ignorant nonsense, as I know such and such a one did on such an occasion?"

You may tell Lady Louisa I very near cried for poor Watty too. I believe he is copied from the living Lord Portsmouth; but he and his Betty Bodle are very piercing, as you say. I have read few new books, or old books or anything. Everybody likes Mad^e Campan, but one knows it must be so melancholy!

Adieu. If ever I succeed in decyphering your *squares*, I may write again. I am sorry Cat. Fan. [Catherine Fanshawe] has let herself be teized into a thing that *loses caste*, as they say in India. A book is neither gentleman nor lady, nor gentle nor simple, it is a *book*, which every reader has a right to criticise. Your notion that it was illiberal to expose lady Morgan's lies and nonsense in the *Quarterly Review*, because she was a woman, is as absurd as if you said a *woman's* bad play should not be hissed off the stage: if a woman puts on breeches it is fair to treat her as a man, and she

should set her account to it. Bradamante and Marphisa, when they went about in armour, took knocks and gave them [*vide the Orlando Furioso*]. I felt for Cat. Fan. when the Reviewers were saucy to her for what she had *not* published—they must now say what they please.

Once more, Adieu. I am truly glad Sir W^m. is returned and you have good accounts of Fred.

LETTER LXXXV.]

[EXTRACT (copied by Miss Clinton).]

[1823 (?)]

My calm reason! Oh dear! how little you know me! Those who have long known me would think I played the hypocrite admirably to you; yet I do not; only you come into the scene at midnight, and cannot comprehend that the day was not cool, because you find the night so. Age naturally subdues violence of temper; and perhaps, as short-sighted people improve in sight by growing old, so do the impetuous in humour, while their original *betters* disimprove by growing peevish.

I wish you would not make me talk of myself. You remind me sufficiently of my *young* self by your description of the sudden effect of the setting sun. Had I ever written down exactly what I felt on such occasions forty or fifty years ago, you would be struck with the resemblance.

Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] threw a new light the other day on a subject that has puzzled me. I always thought I hated historical novels. Why, then, do I like Walter Scott's? She told me exactly: because all, except his, take the historical characters for their heroes and heroines, and then you are shocked and disturbed

at the violation both of truth and character. The [*Peeress* (?)] (which I remember very fashionable) turns on the romantic love of Mary Q. of Scotts and the D. of Norfolk, and the history of *their children*. *You* know they never saw each other, and it sickens you. W. S. *romances* upon inferior people who lived, or might have lived, at the time, and keeps close to character and *vraisemblance* when he introduces the superior ones—save Charlotte de la Tremouille—though one might except *Kenilworth*; but yet the Countess Amy is not an historical character, Tresilian is an invented one, and everything between Leicester and Elizabeth keeps strictly to the probable truth. I am glad to have my own inconsistency explained.

LETTER LXXXVI.]

[EXTRACT (copied by Miss Clinton).]

I rejoice you could end your letter with a better account of Mrs. Stanley's little girl, and I am always interested and concerned for her sister. I am very hard-hearted to some love affairs, and very compassionate to others. La Rochefoucault or La Bruyère (I forget which) gives my reason: "Il n'y a qu'un véritable amour, mais il y en a mille copies"; and I never am in the least sympathetic with the copyists, who of course abound. I know a girl who refused a man flatly, having always quizzed and laughed at him. He turned short about and married another, as most men do. Then she first found out she was passionately in love with him, and insisted on breaking her heart. I humbly conceive this was mortified vanity or pride, or anything but love, and so I could not for my life be sorry for her.

LETTER LXXXVII.]

*Duchess of Buccleuch's, Richmond,
Sunday, 10th August [1823].*

To answer the *business* part of your letter first, the paper is merely thin paper; after it is painted and quite dry, it should be oiled and again remain till dry, then be stuck upon the glass with gum, not paste. The colours have not stood, for they were very bright at first and are very pale and faded now, but I suppose this admits of no remedy. . . . Mrs. Scott [of Petersham] is pretty well; they are all just going off to the other Mrs. Scott's [of Danesfield]. I do not go till later in the year. This is a place where I have very little leisure for writing, from a thousand little fusses, hardly possible to explain, therefore you must not expect me to write a long letter. I shall not stay many days longer, for the house will be full. Lady Lothian and several children came last night, and this morning the youngest of them is taken ill of the scarletina—not very ill, nor likely to be so, but there are three more who have not had it, and then comes the fear of infection for another young family expected; and, in short, all is worry and confusion, altho' by the by they are lodged in a separate house¹ on the other side of the road, and in London nobody thinks of having an apprehension because there is a fever at their opposite neighbour's.

Your disturbance at Anny's indifference about Fletching spire proceeds from want of experience in human nature. One cannot see the wood one is in for trees. One must get to a certain distance before there

¹ The Buccleuch villa at Richmond consisted of two houses joined by a passage under the public road. They now belong to Sir J. Whittaker Ellis.

is a good view of it. So it is not *in* early youth that one can have those feelings which the recollections of one's youth are formed to excite. When I went to Luton every year, I certainly entered the lodge without much delight, notwithstanding I liked the country better than London while a child ; because all children must, as they do not share the pleasures of a great city, and have more physical enjoyment elsewhere. We staid away two or three years, and when I saw it for the last time six-and-forty years ago it was with emotion enough. A. M. is beginning to enjoy, or at least to anticipate enjoying, London, and to take her cue from Maria about being buried alive at Fletching. With all this you must have a great deal of patience. I cannot expect that any habitual invalid like L^y. Louisa should recover strength in this very bad summer ; do not be disheartened that she does not, but content if she keeps well otherwise. L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] and Mrs. Douglas came down to dine at Petersham (as I did to meet them) on the 2nd. The former told me L^y. Sheff^d. was to go to Waldershare [her brother's, the 5th Earl of Guilford] about this time, and she out of town, but return to it in a week to stay with Lady Anne Barnard. So then I hope I shall see something of her, and in some comfort, as I am likely to return to town about ten days hence. I shall leave this precise spot by the end of the present week, to make room for a number of the D^s's own family come or coming ; but I believe I shall pass a few days with Lady Stuart in Richmond Park before I go home. Miss Murray I have not yet seen. Her arrival was long delayed—Lord Ancram, who travelled with his father, being kept by a pretty severe illness at an inn between Stamford and Grantham, so they could not move till

he recovered. Then all landed at Montagu House, but she soon went to Lord Mansfield's, and is there now. Lady Lothian and her children, too numerous for a land journey, came by the steam-boat, viz. herself, eight of different ages, and a governess, besides servants. They are now here. When I am in London Miss Murray may perhaps come to me for a little while ; and I hope to catch a glimpse of Lady Gardiner, who lay in of a girl the day before I came hither, and had gone on very well, but her youngest sister Georgina has since had an alarming inflammation of the lungs. They are such unfortunate people that I was sadly frightened about her ; but I hope all the danger is weathered. Well, dear Lou, you must be content with a matter-of-fact letter. I cannot fall into any sort of dissertation at present. This will go by the London post to-morrow, and so adieu. Remember me to L^y. Louisa.—Afftely. yrs., L. S.

LETTER LXXXVIII.]

*Chiswick, Wednesday,
Sept. 17th [1823].*

My dear Louisa—I sent your letter to the penny post directly, tho' my being here would of course make it arrive a day later. . . . I like your idea of Æsop's postscript to his fable. The Grenvilles of yore (I mean the race who were contemporaries to my parents) exemplified the fable remarkably ; they all stood by each other, and, by dint of pulling together thro' thick and thin, got whatever they had a mind to, and raised themselves to eminence from the rank of very private gentlemen—so I was told at least. But the four brothers were all men of coarse manners and positive tempers, and no two or three of them could be an hour

in the same room without their getting into a dispute, thence into a passion, and using such language as made the company apprehend knocking down and cutting throats would ensue. Next day they united in pursuit of their mutual interests as firmly as ever. Now if these worthies had been condemned, like women, to keep house together, they would have justified your postscript. Mrs. W——'s father and uncles, I have heard, were of the same description. Mr. Frederick Montagu said they all agreed in thinking that a R—— must know everything better than anybody else in the world ; but each individual thought he knew better than any of the other R——'s, and the peace was subject to be daily broken in consequence. These "*grown trees*" too would have suffered from being bound too closely together. Yet it is, to say the truth, such infirmity of temper as we all ought to correct and strive against which creates the difficulty ; and having found the difficulty myself in many instances, I must confess that from something wrong in myself it has always sprung. I know you will not believe me, but none of my family would have the smallest doubt of my veracity. With regard to the F——s, I imagine there are faults on both sides. If one durst say so, vanity is at the bottom of C.'s preference of foreign society to English—an incorrect phrase : it should be, of English society abroad to English society at home ; for I presume she returned knowing as little of the Italians as when she went. She could have a little court of admirers there which she has not here. On the other hand, the sisters are perhaps provoked at this, perhaps jealous, and fret the sore by teasing contradiction. I believe I did not tell you what I heard from L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay], that at last poor C. burned her fingers with that mad

woman L^y. W., as one always ends by doing if one meddles with "that kind of cattle." I forget the heads and tails of the story, but the sting of it was that Lady W., having the greatest friendship for her, held herself bound to inform her with all possible tenderness that she made herself very ridiculous and everybody laughed at her. This was L^y. W.'s own account to Lady Charlotte, who relates it with sufficient humour, affirming, however, that she never heard of the ridicule or the jokes from any one else. After taking the trouble of writing all this, it has come into my head that L^y. Ch^{te} said it in your presence, not when I last saw her, but no matter, and no wonder if my head grows confused.

I trust Louisa [Stuart] is improving, for her mother writes that the Kensington apothecary who attended her last year, and has lately been with them (after an interval of ten weeks), sees much amendment. I meant to have gone to them next week, but they expect a cousin of Mrs. S. and her daughter, so it must be deferred till the week following. I think, however, of going home on Saturday, for my spirits are worn and harassed and want rest. Soon after I came my sister [Lonsdale] had an attack which for two days seemed likely to prove fatal, tho' she soon recovered it, and is now as well as before. I have been constantly going backwards and forwards, and have had a great weight on my mind, and no creature to speak to : for *here*, in the first place, I do not think the intellect, at least the judgement, clear enough to be consulted ; next, it is extremely difficult to get anything heard or understood ; and next to that, every servant in the house must hear everything that is uttered. Apropos of servants, people delight in abusing them : they are all "alike" ; "the plagues of one's life" ; "they have no gratitude, no attachment," and

so forth. I could apply to them Walter Scott's beautiful apostrophe to Womankind at the end of *Marmion*. If Ly. L.'s faithful maid should fairly sink under her fatigues of body and mind, a thing I live in constant dread of, as she is often almost too ill to support herself, God alone knows what would become of her mistress. I look round to consider what could be done, and then try to say "sufficient for the day," etc., and to think of something else in pure despair. I fear I shall not find Ly. Chatter in town next week : it would be too good luck. You rejoice me with your good accounts of Ly. Louisa ; tell me in your next that she has profited yet more by this month (nearly) of fine weather. And now, adieu!—Yrs. ever, L. S.

LETTER LXXXIX.]

[At this time Sir William Clinton moved from Clinton Lodge near Sheffield Park to Cockenhatch near Royston—a property that had come to him through his aunt Lady Willes.]

Chiswick, Thursday, Oct. 16 [1823].

My dear Lou—I brought your letter hither yesterday to answer it more at leisure than I could do in town, where I had many others to write. Your feelings and reflections on the approaching change of residence are too natural to be blamed, especially as the new one offers nothing to please you in any respect, except having more elbow-room in the house—which is always some physical advantage. I am sorry to hear you have such neighbours. The name of O—— H—— has been unlucky from generation to generation—tho' that is not a correct expression—the ladies who bear it are fated to be extraordinary persons. The present *incumbent* was a H——, sister of the once beautiful Mrs. M—— and Mrs. B——, two very *famous* ladies (you may add a

syllable). Whether like them throughout I cannot tell, I have long lost sight of her, but she was the boldest *young* woman I ever saw. I met the husband many years ago in Scotland, at the Duke of Montrose's, amusing himself *en garçon*; appearing a frivolous, good-humoured boy, tho' then I suppose above forty. When somebody said, "And where is Madame?" another answered, "Oh, they are very fashionable people, each going their own way." I have a notion she is reckoned clever and agreeable, but that would be only *tant pis* for you. Alas, if this is to preclude your brief visits to town, selfish, I shall lose some comfort and pleasure by it, and I doubt greatly whether your castle in the air can ever be realised. Forgive me for being Job's comforter. I own I am just now in a humour to anticipate nothing to please me. The time I passed with poor Mrs. Stuart, tho' very melancholy, was not painful. Sorrow and compassion are soft feelings that have no tendency to vex and tear and grate. Yet I wanted a little calming of mind before I came hither, and on the contrary I encountered disagreeable emotion in London, was provoked, made indignant, took fire and put myself in the wrong, just as I used to do five-and-thirty years ago, and as you would do now. I have long vainly piqued myself on resisting the sourness of old age, on knowing the world without being bitter against it, and so forth. What I have met with—and *eke* what I have done—puts me out of humour with it and myself. But why do I say all this when I neither explain why and wherefore nor intend to do it? I had better pass over another chapter likewise, the state in which I found matters yesterday when I called in my road hither—well in health, which I can hardly rejoice at since otherwise it is decidedly not better, rather worse.

I came away with the very unpleasant impression that there is a growing aversion to the trusty servants on whom one's sole dependence rests, and this for reasons altogether visionary ; which therefore cannot be removed. Indeed argument and opposition from me only produce a sort of bewilderment ; from them, downright anger. When I arrived here yesterday, I was hardly fit to give it the decent colour of concealment I always strive to do, as what can never be *heard*, had better not be known.

Well, I will turn to Mr. Irving, whose passage I inclose. Miss L.'s own letter affected me much more. When we are unhappy we readily catch at anything that seems in unison with our own feelings and paints them better than we think we could do ourselves. Of course we are inclined to set the author on higher ground than he deserves. I confess I do not see any very new or striking *thought* in this tirade, and the affectation of the expression on such a subject disgusts me, because it shows *his* feelings were quite undisturbed. Why write as they did in Elizabeth's days ? If in severe sorrow or agitation himself, would he say *cometh* and *goeth* and *retireth* and *worketh*, any more than his neighbours ? And as no falsetto can be constantly kept up, there *cometh* out "continues" at the end. The rage of being metaphorical too betrays him into positive nonsense. When we have lost what we loved best the heart feels empty and desolate—no discovery of Mr. Irving's—we also feel as if we had parted with the right hand—nor that either. By blending the two in one, he gives the soul a sense of *emptiness*, as if a part of *herself* had been *torn away*—of which let me trouble you to make sense, or to try whether emptying a pitcher be the same thing as breaking off a good piece of it. My criticism would be

ill applied, tho' not unjust, if there were any real pathos in the rest of the passage, but I own I see only—*smell* only—syringa—mock orange flower. Miss L. herself, without intending or pretending anything, spoke to my heart and it aches for her accordingly.

Mrs. Knox alarmed us at first by insisting on instantly coming over, and I was two days in dread of hearing she was come. She is with child, observe, and sea-sickness affects her in an uncommon degree. However, her husband prevailed on her to wait till the second letters came, and then finding the accounts of her mother better than she had hoped, she consented to a farther delay, and he wrote to beg Mrs. Stuart would come to her. This it is desirable she should do, but not yet. An immediate meeting would be bad for both, and she now has her niece, Mrs. Rawlins, with her, whom Mary knows to be the person in the world fittest to give her comfort. A person who, by the by, makes one ashamed to talk of sorrows and difficulties and exertions. Her husband has been many years out of his senses, but after he had been in proper hands and was pronounced incurable, she took him into her own care. His daughter by a former wife she bred up as her own and was very fond of, long trying to be blind to what every one else saw—that it was a half-witted creature quite unproducible. Now the idiocy is manifest and confirmed. Careful attendants for these two beings must be secured at any price out of a very moderate income. She loves them both, and sees them every day ; has retired to a distant county with them away from all her own friends and all pleasant society. Yet when occasion calls her, up she comes in the mail, active, cheerful, fit for any effort to serve others. Tho' *niece* by name, she is *sister* in effect. Her mother died

in childbed, when Mrs. S. was still a little child, and they were bred up together by Lady Juliana [Penn]. I have had a letter from Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] from Wimpole. She says *we* are going into Cheshire. I suppose that includes the Berrys, and Cheshire means the Davenports, so she will probably see Alderley, Aunt Kitty and all. I am very glad you have had a good glimpse of Granny [Lady Sheffield]. Adieu, dearest Lou.—Ever affly. yrs.,
L. S.

I shall stay a week here, perhaps another week at Richmond, then possibly go back to Mrs. S., possibly to Ditton with Miss Murray. I am uncertain about everything.

Richmond, Oct. 30 [1823].

This is Thursday. I go home Saturday, and will have a letter ready to put into the London Post. Your reasons for desiring an early removal are so good that I hope it will take place before any sharp weather comes on. But alas! alas! so early do you begin counting those who would have rejoiced in it if now living? It gives me pain to see the forlorn feelings of old age thus anticipated, for they are bad enough when one is compelled to entertain them. I do not return to Mrs. Stuart till the 8th, but wish to be a week in town on account of the Stewart Mackenzies, who are come up by the steam packet for a short time on business. Some Scotch cousins of mine who live in this neighbourhood were fellow passengers with them. By the by, I have just got letters, after a long interval of silence, from the Dawsons. They are arrived at Paris, where they mean to pass the winter. From Lausanne they set out to make the tour of Switzerland with L^d. and L^y.

James Stuart, who, however, did not go through it all with them, being recalled to the wedding at Berne.

LETTER XC.]

L—— mentioned some time ago that a married sister of Miss M.'s had made an excursion to Switzerland this summer with her husband, and L—— seemed indignant that they had not invited Miss M—— to join them in a tour to the glaciers, which she would have liked very much. Now *there* is part of a system I do not relish—perhaps from being the old aunt of above a hundred mortals—but do you, who are as yet only a niece?—that of making your use of people when it suits you, tho' you do not care to have anything to do with them otherwise; of thinking you have a claim of *right* to whatever a relation can do to please and oblige you, because of the relationship, whether you have cultivated that relation's friendship or not; of taking it all as a matter of course, their duty and no favour whatever,—for Miss M—— went abroad because she decidedly wished to be away from her own family. I don't know whether I have made myself understood. I could exemplify it by a speech of two schoolboys—my grand-nephews. A cousin of their father's, married, and living with his wife's uncle, good-humouredly asked them to the house. The master of it, good-humoured too, said, "Come, my honest fellows, you shall stay and dine, and I'll send you to the play with my own man." When they returned to those who had taken them for the holidays, the housekeeper, an old servant, said, "Well, I am glad you have had this treat. Are not you very much obliged to Lord —— for being so good to you?" "Obliged! no. What goodness was it?"

He's our relation, isn't he? Was not it what he *ought* to do for us?" Their cousin's uncle-in-law being *their* relation was an excusable blunder, but the principle all the same as in these grown people. One of the young gentlemen *is* grown up now by the by, and will feel the ill consequences of having accustomed himself to such an opinion, and therefore let go the handle of independence—the conviction that he must stand on his own legs and make his own way in the world, which is what produces Generals, Admirals, Chancellors, and so forth.

Poor Lord Harcourt used to say that sending a dissertation by the post could never make it a letter; but you do not care whether this is a letter or not; otherwise I would burn it. When I return from Mrs. Stuart's I hope Miss Murray and I shall find our way to Ditton. If I did just as I liked, I own I would rather stay at home, with all the fogs and other drawbacks of London in winter weather. I feel unfit for any house but my own, and count the days of a visit till it is over. At Chiswick and here I must, however, acknowledge that a very bad cold has helped to render my stay unpleasant. Poor Sheffield Place! I do not wonder at your feelings on bidding it farewell. I think of it with regret likewise, as *one* of the places where I have spent pleasant hours, and which I am not likely ever to see again.

I believe you say no more than the exact truth when you talk of tearing out the eyes of any one who plagued me; and yet you would do most unjustly, for, in the instance I alluded to, I now begin to feel I was the person to blame. Long ago I heard the present Bishop of London [Howley] say in his gentle but impressive way, "The thing we ought to be most on our guard against is *virtuous indignation*"; and he gave the reason,

that our greatest enemy, *Pride*,—our own pride,—almost always lay at the bottom of it. I laid it up in my mind, and yet it has not preserved me from letting what at the moment I called virtuous indignation draw me into violence, and, in fact, into cruelty. One whom I love in the main will never, *can* never, forgive me for what I have said and done,—one, too, who had no more share in the offence than yourself,—and as for those for whom I was indignant, I have done them more harm than if I had been their worst enemy. In short, you have little idea how much to blame I have been. I flattered myself I had outlived these tempests—it is but the renewal of what has happened often in my life ; but I thought the sunset would be calm, and I cannot tell you the humiliating sensation such a proof of the contrary has produced. Oh, that I could be a warning to you, dear girl ! but that I cannot be while you persist in taking me for a model of perfection. Do not reply with a panegyric, for just now it would run a dagger into me. I finish this in Gloucester Place on Saturday. Adieu.—Ever affly. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER XCI.]

G. P., Saturday [Nov. (?) 1823].

I received your note yesterday, dear Louisa, and will write a few lines by this post to say how glad I shall be to see you in London, and to mention that I did at last decypher enough of the cross-readings to enter into your feelings on a subject which I can understand to be very painful. But do not say you hate and detest money, for it is the sort of language Dr. Johnson called *Cant*, because unmeaning. Nobody hates and despises the things which money is the medium of procuring. *I*

should like to keep a carriage the year round ; *that is*, I should like to have an additional three hundred pounds a year. Money, considered apart from what it will buy—*i.e.* from *every* thing—is a mere word, a nonentity. So considered, there is no more magnanimity in scorning an English guinea than an African Cowry. I am afraid the very thing that hurts you proceeds more from carelessness and neglect of money than from the love of it.

Your construction of L. D.'s not noticing the subject of C. [Cross] is most comically opposite to her character, and would make even herself laugh if she heard it. She never had any such feelings about anything, nor can in the least comprehend them. Hers are all quick and sudden and soon over. She *has* noticed it now, said she was very sorry, and inquired how I liked my new maid. Poor Cross is so *piercing* about *her*, takes such pains to set her in the best light, is so pleased if I commend anything that she does, has it so at heart that she should succeed instead of the jealousy of a little mind, which those who have it are sure to christen feeling and affection. She has promised to stay till May.

Mr. Morritt and his nieces, whom I have just seen, inquire when Miss Clinton will be in town. The eldest looks but peeking, and has had a good deal of illness, at least *unwellness*, lately ; but Baillie comforts him with assurances that there is no danger in the case. Hoping to see you ere long, I conclude with kindest remembrance to Ly. Louisa. My sister L. continues wonderfully better.

LETTER XCII.]

[Sir Gilbert Blane, mentioned at the end of this letter, was head of the Medical Naval Board, and was the first to introduce

the use of lemon juice in the Navy as a preventative against scurvy.]

G. Place, Thursday [Nov. (?) 1823].

Dear Lou—I am going, as I told you, to Mrs. Stuart on Saturday, and shall return the Friday or Saturday following, and I suppose go to Ditton early in the ensuing week for about a fortnight, more or less. If your removal should take place after my return from thence, you may rest assured I would take care to be in town, were it in my power. This is all I can say concerning my uncertain motions. . . . As Mr. Morritt says, “A clever woman makes a worse mess of it than a great fool; for a great fool is content to go on in the track her mother and grandmother have trod before her.” Yes, the Bishop might think some sort of pride wanting, tho’ it would hardly be decent for him to say so; but in reality it is a right *word* that is wanting in our language. Mr. Wilberforce and Hannah More are severe on the expression “proper pride,” and ask with justice, What pride can be *proper* for a Christian? Yet I have often had occasion to remark that the more improper pride people feel, the less they show of proper, which seems to prove a difference in the essence of the things. We should tremble to call St. Paul proud, or even high-spirited; but when he says that though he had a right to be maintained like other preachers he wrought with his hands, determined to be chargeable to no man, does not he express something very like the feeling we are talking of? I believe in my conscience ’tis as distinct from vicious pride, arrogance, haughtiness, etc., as *land scurvy* from *sea*. This odd comparison is suggested to me by Sir Gilbert Blane’s evidence in some trial, given by the newspaper, when he explained that the two distempers had nothing under the sun to do

with each other — one being called scurvy from the English word scurf, and the other from an Indian word similar in sound and quite remote in meaning. Till I read this I always supposed them different degrees of the same disorder. And how often do words (*i.e.* sounds) lead one into yet greater errors !

I must acknowledge that your portrait of Mr. E. P. inclines me to wonder more at his being accepted by one Miss — than at his being refused by the other ; and, on the whole, I see nothing to regret for the latter, as it was pretty plain she had no attachment to him. How it might have turned out therefore is no clear point, especially with certain coadjutrices at her elbow, whose influence would not always have been counteracted by his. I take her to be the sort of person who should heartily like and look up to the man she marries ; in other words, who wants a guide and director.

Mrs. S.'s letter is admirable for its kindness and delicacy. I am pleased with — too for rejoicing sincerely, because a coquette-woman cannot bear to let go her hold even over a man she dislikes. I have known one who gave a flat plump refusal to a direct proposal,—so flat that the third person who carried it was forced to modify harsh expressions and make it as palatable a dose as he could,—yet when the rejected man, after swallowing it, turned round and presented his hand to another lady who said thank ye and took it, the first found out she liked him, roared and cried, and kept all her relations in misery till the wedding was over, evidently hoping to bring him back, to the last minute. — shows a much better spirit, and in consequence will hereafter have him her friend. I wish, however, it had not happened just yet, for I cannot help thinking of poor —

They shall be married to-morrow. . . .

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness thro' another man's eyes !¹

Saturday.—I have dawdled on, and this letter will not set out till to-day. I shall seal it before I go.
Adieu.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

LETTER XCIII.]

Ditton Park, 24th of Novr. [1823].

Dear Louisa—As I can command a frank, I take the opportunity of beginning a letter here, not knowing exactly where it may find you. I fear there is no chance of our meeting now, for my coming hither was delayed for some days, and I must make up for it by staying longer. My sister M. [Macartney] heard a report that Henry Dawson was dangerously ill at Paris, which made me wait for letters : the letters never came, but Lord James did, and it all proved a *mare's nest*, if you know that phrase for a fuss made about nothing ; he had not been ill at all, further than as he was at home, out of health and going to seek it at Nice, where he and Mrs. D. are to pass the winter. Miss Murray is here with me. My excursions this year have all been so particularly agitating, or disagreeable, or in some way uncomfortable, that I feel unusually at peace (if I can remain so). The young people are coming forward ; the eldest (now eighteen) dines at table, and both she and the next sister are women in behaviour, those still younger pleasant and gay. Lady Anne S. [Scott] is absent, her sisters are married, only the two children remain. I am sorry for her, by the bye ; it is a sort of point, a corner to be turned in her life not at all pleasant, making her, in fact, an old maid before her

¹ *As You Like It*, Act v. Scene 2.

time, which to me, who knows the *désagrémens* of that situation, appears an evil, tho' *some people* (for want of knowing them) are in a needless hurry to volunteer getting on its shelf, without being driven to it as she is. Louisa Dawson writes word that her sister Anne has had a very severe indisposition—headache and fever—but she was better and beginning to go out and take the air. Her physician attended Mrs. Knox, and told them he found her considerably better after a week's interval, so I hope her mother, who sets out for Passy to-day, will have comfort on her arrival. That melancholy chapter is closed. I shall now only hear of them now and then, and not be sure of what may pass among them.

Wednesday.—I am very lazy, and have let this letter trail on. This morning brings me the news of the Stewart Mackenzies being at Windsor, so I am going to see them, and coaxing Miss Murray to accompany me. She has not forgotten you, and asks after you often, and understands all your feelings on quitting Sussex. So do I, though I have drunk that cup too often and too fully to talk much about it. I know the *wrench* such a change must in a thousand different ways give to the mind ; but it is necessary to make the best of the present instead of brooding over the past. I often wish your good genius' had drawn you to *fall in love* with somebody better qualified to advise and direct you than I am ; for my consciousness of having exactly erred as you are most likely to do stands in the way, and frequently makes me ashamed to preach. Yet I am afraid it is that very likeness of character, *i.e.* similarity of faults, which attracts us towards each other, tho' you do not know it, because you are blinded by prepossession. Sad experience, however, enables me

to tell you that the less one indulges regrets the better, and that those feelings that fasten them upon places and inanimate things can lead to nothing but pain. Often, indeed, have they led me to reject civilities and kindness from people I had much better have conciliated, if not cultivated. I wish the *tug* was fairly over for you, and you had to tell me the history of Cockenhatch—would it had a more tuneable name! Hatch means something or other in Celtic, I suppose, for I remember Colney Hatch, and Hatch simple like the Hoo, and *bury*, Gorhambury, Cashiobury, etc. Oh, I am wondrous stupid, and find my letter heavy in hand, or I should not go on thus. I believe we shall stay here till Saturday the 8th.

Here is a long and most entertaining letter of Mr. Morritt's from Florence, which I hardly deserve, for I have not written to him. He talks more of the Italians, dead and alive, than of his niece; but, by the few words said of her, I conjecture that she keeps pretty well and goes on, able to enjoy sights and company, yet there is as yet no material change in her constitutional maladies. "Sufficient to the day," etc., and thanks to our Maker for that spirit of cheerfulness and content the uncle is endowed with! Otherwise, I fear evil is still in store for him. However, one shall guess better after she has been a year abroad. Climate does not operate miracles all at once.

Adieu, dear Lou. Let me hear from you soon; inclose to L^d. M. [Montagu], Ditton Park, Windsor. Has any news of Lady Charlotte cast up to you in Cheshire? Oh, dear! what nonsense Mr. Irving has been talking at a meeting of clergy in Scotland, breaking Lowth's and Johnson's heads (as they say of Priscian's) at every third word! And among these

rigid presbyterians, I do not comprehend the sort of jollification, healths, and thanks and speechifying upon church-promotions—the catches seem wanting—“three times three; song, glorious Apollo.” What would *they* have said to such a celebration of Bishop Tomline’s removal from Lincoln to Winchester? It is a pity the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, who love the sort of thing, could not have been there to partake the honours of the day, and return thanks in “an appropriate, neat speech.” Mountebank, Mountebankior, Mountebank-issimum—say what people will—I do detest speeches out of Parliament and Courts of Justice. Once more adieu, and believe me, affly. yrs.,

L. S.

LETTER XCIV.]

*Ditton Park,
Wednesday, Decr. 3rd [1823].*

Dear Louisa—If your removal is not yet accomplished, you may wish to know when I return to town. It will be Saturday next, or Monday; Ly. M. fights hard for Monday, and I think Miss Murray is on the verge of yielding. I have resolved to be passive. Call it Monday, therefore, as the most likely. I am afraid of saying I should like it if you were to pass thro’ London next week, because you will set up such a lamentation, if moving this, or already set down at Cockenhatch. We must take our chance like other mortals. The Stewart Mackenzies were at Windsor visiting an uncle of hers, and they came over here for a day and a half. Most extremely agreeable they were, in my opinion, and fortunately a general vote passed in their favour. Otherwise, as there had been little previous acquaintance, and I was the connecting link, I should have felt very uncomfortable. Bringing people

together when it does not answer (as happens nine times out of ten) is the most thankless office in the world; but I did not volunteer it in this instance. Indeed, many former ones have almost cured me of such meddling—it is the next thing to match-making. Cap^m. and Mrs. Scott followed them on Monday, and are going away to-day. All these have been pleasant additions to the family party; and that is growing more animated than of yore. The two eldest girls do not say much, but they hear well, as a man said once of his silent mistress; they listen to whatever passes in an intelligent manner: the way of picking [up] different sorts of knowledge without being aware of it. By the bye, I had a very entertaining letter from Mr. M. the other day, dated the 10th of Nov^r, on the eve of going to Rome. He is delighted with Florence, and I daresay enjoys everything even more than the youngest of the party. His is truly “a sunny temper,” the greatest *earthly* blessing that can be bestowed on a mortal. Perhaps I told you of his letter before. I am grown very blundering and confused, and do not recollect what I said then. But I know I shall be glad to hear from you. I believe I said you might inclose to Lord Montagu, Ditton Park, Windsor. I hope you have no anxiety about Lady Louisa’s health to keep you silent. I saw in a promotion of military, F. Clinton, gentleman, ensign in a reg^t. of guards—is that your Fred? With this question I conclude.—Y^{rs}. ever, L. S.

LETTER XCV.]

Ditton Park, Friday
(Dec. 5, 1823, on frank).

I go to town to-morrow, and write chiefly to remind you of an omission. You do not tell me your direction

or post town. *Barkway* is the name of a place in Essex, so I fear making a confusion, and shall get Lord M. to frank this to Q. A. Street as the surest way. Your letter dated Nov. 29 did not arrive till yesterday, Dec. 4th. I had enclosed one to Sir W^m. a day or two before, but now you are in a new neighbourhood it is doubtful whether you will find the postmaster so complacent as to let his letters pass free when he is personally absent; for they seldom do, and, truth to tell, they ought not. Let us hope they will, however. I am really glad you find things even one shade better than you expected, especially with regard to the thick walls, for I fear the difference of climate would otherwise make itself felt. A bleak situation in Sussex, comparatively near the sea, and one on the borders of Cambridgeshire and its fens, are very different things. Even at Luton I was accustomed to hear them spoken of as the cause of cold, of late seasons, and churlish winds. But thick walls make full amends to a person who will pass the winter months wholly within them, therefore I hope Lady Louisa will be the least sufferer among you. I can give no prescription about the Japan cabinets, but having them repaired if worth it. Nosedale of Coventry Street has done that I bought last spring very tolerably for three pounds. For merely keeping them clean, washing them in warm water with a sponge (a little vinegar put into it) and then rubbing them well with an old Indian silk handkerchief is the best thing, as I was told by a japanner; and I advise you to do it. You must have fresh and fresh warm waters, rinse out the sponges, and begin again. I daresay this way you will make them look much better: if the maids touch them with their dusters they will go to pieces all the sooner. An old ragged handkerchief is better than a new one. It is my ambi-

tion to get a cargo from some old man's *valet de chambre* for the express purpose of cleaning my japan, which I have too much neglected, though you know japan is my *weakest* side. I assure you the sun has not shone more in Bucks than in Hertfordshire ; but this is one of the scenes where one has every temptation to follow for pleasure the system Lady Louisa adopts for health, and stay contentedly within doors. The house is admirable, has every convenience and comfort and beauty—the place altogether flat and uninteresting ; so one goes out because one ought, and Miss Murray, whose conscience is easy on such subjects, usually says, “she thinks she is quite as well *in*.” I go to-morrow for her sake, as she has promised Lady Mansfield to return to her at the time ; else, I could be content to stay longer ; but, on the whole, the fortnight passed here has done me a great deal of good and recruited my spirits. I may perhaps return before it is long. As for visiting you, Lady Louisa is most kind to think of it, and some time or other I hope it may take place. When you have turned yourself about you must tell me precisely where you are and whereabouts, near what place. I know Buntingford, which is odious enough, and Biggleswade—how does it lie towards them ? And did you go to it by Barnet or Waltham Cross ? What is your distance from town ? I have got terrible blotting ink, and do not write with comfort, nor am I in the mood for it ; so I will not enter upon the chapter of your quitting Sheffield, tho' I have read what you say on that head over and over, with more sympathy in your feelings than perhaps you expected, for I understand them only too well. Understand, too, those about the shelf, for just so I thought at your age ; viewed the world as quite over for me at five- or six-and-twenty,

and did all I could to get upon the shelf—but did I like to remain there? No. Your simile is just, so consider whether the clambering children like to *stay* in the place they contrive to reach, any better than if they had originally been put there against their will. But I say no more, being too well convinced that nobody profits by another's experience. *I* did not mind what I was repeatedly told, so why should you? It is the regular course of things that we should all buy (and buy dear) our knowledge of human nature. It would come too cheap if we could get it from our elders for the mere trouble of listening while they sat and prosed. Adieu.—Y^{rs}. ever, L. S.

No. Mrs. Knox never writes herself, and I fear is not equal to that or any exertion.

LETTER XCVI.]

*Gr. [Gloucester] Place,
Saturday [Dec. (?) 1823].*

I can write only a few lines, having written myself into the headache to fill a frank for to-day. I have had a cold, and worse—a great deal of worry. Cross has done me the parting service of finding a respectable person to be about my sister M., whose maid lies dying—of no sudden illness, but a dreadful one too sure so to terminate. However, the final breaking up was not till within these ten days, and if another had not been got that one could trust, I know not what would have become of Lady M., nor should I have ever had an hour's peace: the invalid had lived with her near forty years. When it came to the push, Ly. M. was painfully overwhelmed, tho' she never seemed before to see that it must come to this. I fear she has the same sensation about Lady Lonsdale, who is now sensibly declining,

without illness or complaint, but like nature sinking by degrees, worn out, her mind very confused and wandering.

I do indeed feel very sorry for the writer of what I enclose back again, and fully understand what a blow it must be, what an extinguisher to every day's comfort. I heard it so deplored the other day at Mrs. Weddell's! But indeed, dear Lou, I cannot write more at present, being quite stupid. Capt. Scott has had a fit of the gout, and Lisette been sadly nervous, not able to exert herself at all. Mrs. Knox remains at Hastings, tho' he is in town attending Parliament. Now adieu.

LETTER XCVII.]

[*Gloucester Place*],
Wednesday [Dec. (?) 1823].

You shall have a few lines as you desire, my dear Lou, tho' only a bulletin; for I never have quiet enough to write much, and I am forced to write many letters and notes continually. Ly. Macartney is coming to me to-day to stay till her poor maid's funeral is over. She was released from dreadful misery on Sunday. Saturday and Monday I was the whole morning between Fulham and Chiswick. Yesterday I had the Charity Committee here, and next week my new maid is to come. Only three days ago Cross told the other servants she was going, and they all cried so bitterly, it renewed my own feelings on the subject. She will stay, however, till the end of April to train the other; but I have a thousand things to talk over and settle, and had a rummage of moving beds and furniture to lodge Ly. M. on the ground floor. She was terribly low on Monday, much overcome and shaken, but I hope when the whole melancholy business is finished she will revive, for she likes her new maid extremely. Poor Ly. L. is much

in the same state, more cheerful, and now sleeps much more, which is a blessing. I think she will last a good while, tho' I see no chance of any material change as there is absolutely no complaint—mere old age. And now forgive me if I conclude. Remember me most kindly to L^y. Louisa, and believe me not the less interested about your concerns from saying little.—
Aff^{ly}. yrs., L. S.

LETTER XCVIII.]

Chiswick, Dec. 25-6 [1823].

I am afraid you will be much disturbed at not having an earlier answer to yours of the 8th and 12th, but I have been frequently changing place, and had little leisure. I left Ditton on the 6th, came hither the 8th, went to Richmond the 15th, returned here the 23rd, and found L^y. M. [Macartney] ill of so very bad a cold that at first it alarmed me; being always a trying thing for a very feeble old person. However, she is better, and I see no symptom of what I may call the constitution giving way. Mrs. Knox is better likewise, and has at last written to me, otherwise I had not heard from her since a few lines at the beginning. Ill! Yes, she was very ill,—dangerously so, I suspect, at one time,—and it left her in a state of extreme weakness. She has improved greatly since her mother's arrival. Meanwhile it is now determined that they all return to England at the meeting of parliament, and that she and the children will settle in Hertfordshire with Mrs. Stuart, Mr. Knox [to] go down Saturdays and Sundays. I am very glad of this. I should have thought being abroad a very good thing for Mary [Mrs. Knox], if I had hoped she would in the least peep out of her den even to see walls that were new to her. But if not (and indeed

her health has confined her to a couch), they are all much better here.

I cannot but thank you for your anecdote of the Alderley letter. I know the world too well to be surprised at anything, and know that there are certain occasions on which everybody loses all common sense—else to be sure——! Poor Mrs. P.'s [Preston] step-daughter, Mrs. Welch, used to say she was little better than a goose, but she did not regret it, because she thought cleverer people's understandings never seemed to be of the least use to them—by the by, she really was a goose, though she made this shrewd observation. Your aunt, I think, is a case in point. The beauty of it is that if the man were a puppy or his sister disposed to crow and triumph for him, she could do nothing to please them half so well. Miss L.'s letter, which I return, has both interested and amused me extremely. Her feelings are of the true sort, deep and fervent, but under the control of such strong principles that she will never have to reproach herself for what they lead her into. She must be a most excellent person; and all she says of her brother's match is so mild, so kind, so natural, it gives me more and more esteem for her.

As for Miss Berry, I remember a speech of that odd fish Northcote, the painter, which made a good deal of mirth among us at Mrs. Weddell's one night. "Mr. Northcote," said poor Mrs. Morritt, "why did not you come earlier? You like to see remarkable people, and here has been Miss Berry." "Umph!" says Northcote in his Devonshire tone, "I have a notion Miss B. is only a Quack." The word Quack applied to a fine lady was comical, but Northcote's notion has always been partly my own. A quack or mountebank

is a person who by dint of self-confidence, an assured manner, and a fine flow of words, puffs off their goods to you for more than they are worth, passes themselves upon you for something they are not, faces you down that they can work wonders in whatever branch their practice lies. Now read Mrs. Stanley's own account of Miss Berry, and say whether it describes something very much the reverse of such a character, and whether it does not rather betray that the *ton tranchant* so marked in it has got the better of Mrs. S.'s judgement, and overawed her into admiration. I can never forget a dispute we once had about the *Spectator*. She found a volume of it on my table, and began laughing at me for reading such old nonsense. I stood my ground and presumed to say I thought it old sense. When quizzing would not do, she declaimed, ran it down with all the commonplace faults that modern authors have found with it. I saw she was repeating what she had *read* or *heard*, but still she did it in that decided tone implying that she had a perfect knowledge of the book herself. I tried to enter on different things *in* the book ; she was posed, she could not answer, and at last I drove her to acknowledge that she had *never looked into it in her life*, farther than by reading some of the religious papers to her grandmother at seven years old. When I hear her laying down the law without appeal about a book I am less versed in, the *Spectator* comes into my head, and I say to myself, "Now I wonder whether she ever read what she is talking of, or is only retailing an *Edinburgh Review*?" As for her personal beauty, I think of it just as Mrs. S. does. Such a pair of eyes never were in another head. But the manner I cannot like. It was involuntarily characterised by her friend the late Mrs. Cholmely, half provoked and half vexed,

—“Oh dear! I wish she would not put on that air of—of—‘*Damme Jack!*’ she does so often.” If Car were to see Mrs. Stanley’s description it would win her heart for ever and aye. She and Capt. Scott went to Wimpole (Lord Hardwicke’s) on Tuesday, where they will meet the Berrys and Ly. Chth. [Lindsay]. I had a letter from the latter the other day with the good news that she will be in town early in the new year. I shall go to Gloucester Place next week, and hope to see something of her in comfort. The Scotts left Lizette behind at Richmond. . . . Lady Charlotte writes word that Ly. Sheffield was to have paid two or three Christmas visits, and in particular to have joined the party at Wimpole, but that *the Saint* [Anthony] has put an end to all such vagaries, and made it wisest to stay quietly at Brighton, which I daresay it is in this very damp season.

I am sorry for the trees, and do not wonder at your being so, nor at any of the feelings you express. You do it to one who understands them well from having experienced them herself; but, my dearest love, there are very few people who do. That kind of attachment to inanimate things we have been used to is much rarer than a fine ear for musick, and you might as well blame those you have to do with for wanting one as for being without the other. It belongs to a romantick and sensitive turn of mind, and I must warn you not to let it lead you into unjust censures, or into a bitterness the effect of which will be to sour your own temper. It is, I will honestly tell you, not *fair* to bring your grandfather in upon this occasion. You are not *really* hurt upon *his* account, tho’ you would fain persuade yourself you are. Try it by this test. Would you be equally disturbed if his son were to take a line in politics precisely contrary to his father’s? Would it shock you if he was

to despise all he used to say and write about the *Corn Laws*? You will hardly keep your countenance at the question. Yet you know very well his opinions were much dearer to him than his trees; and had he lived to see George come into parliament and oppose them, it would have gone near to break his heart. Say no more about respect to *him*, therefore; it is your *own* feelings you consider in this instance, as we are all apt to do. I have always considered your removal into Hertfordshire as what must give you several pangs, but have looked forward to *one good thing* attached to it, that it would put an end to your knowing all that was done or not done at S. P. [Sheffield Place], and stop the *dits* and *redits* about things, very trifling in their own nature, yet calculated to produce ill blood and heart-burnings, which, if dwelt upon, they are sure to create in any family in the world. For, believe me, "all that seems so particular to thee" is merely what passes, and in the nature of things *must* pass, upon any transfer of place or house from one owner to another. You have only to speak of neglects and carelessness. What would it be if George were rich, and fond enough of S. P. to set about *improving* it? Twenty years' neglect does not make the thorough change of one month's *improvement*—and everybody chuses to manage their place and their affairs their own way. I suppose no son ever respected and loved a mother more than Lord M. [Montagu] the Dss. of B. [Buccleuch]. Were she to die and leave him her favourite villa at R. [Richmond], his first act would be to cut down half the trees, which he knows she would hardly touch to save her life; because he thinks they create damp, and it is his whim to be always thinking of health, as it is her humour to sacrifice everything to beauty: he would not deem it was the least

affront to her memory, or what could reasonably hurt his sisters. Let me intreat you to make it a principle to avoid this subject in your thoughts, and to discourage and pass it over lightly when discussed by others. In the peculiar situation this is really a Christian's duty, and I speak it in regard to your own peace singly and solely; for your being ever so angry will do *them* no harm, but *you* and your own temper and disposition a great deal. Adieu, dearest Lou. We read *Percy Mallory* at Richmond, of which the heroine is *Lou*, and they spell it *Loo*, to my great indignation. It is worth sending for, tho' somewhat tedious.

LETTER XCIX.]

My dear Lou— . . . *Percy Mallory* has some Scotch expressions,—“a daft woman,” etc.,—and is published by Blackwood. I suspect the writer is Scotch, or connected with Scotland; but the person reported (at least for Pen Owen) was Theodore Hook—also supposed to write in *John Bull*—which would put him down in my black book: *Tory* as perhaps you think me. However, there is nothing in the novels akin to the newspaper. The author's fault is not knowing when to stop. Conversations that interest or divert you at first, are pushed on and on till they grow tiresome; and the hero (as well as Pen Owen), by way of being spirited and youthful and headlong, is sometimes as mad as a March hare. In one part the people take him for a madman and bring him a doctor, with whom he has a *quid pro quo* conversation, the effect of which is spoiled by the reader's thinking all the while, “Well! but his behaviour *was* like an insane person's: what else could they do?” I have got *St. Ronan's Well*, unopened as yet, but as

far as prying goes, alas ! I fear—I fear— It seems quite *modern* for one thing. Garrick acted every part admirably except a common man of fashion, and the greatest failure of the Unknown was in Julia Mannering. If he gets into genteel company, I apprehend a tumble downstairs, and shall be as sorry as if I had written the rest myself. I quite dread cutting the leaves. Mrs. Stanley's letter is delightful : in the first place, she writes so well, so unaffectedly and agreeably ; then, all she says of Lady Charlotte is so just. I have often felt in her conversation, and indeed that of the other Norths, the peculiar absence of anything like scorn or sharpness in their quiet perception of the ridiculous. While they make you die with laughing, if the person who is the subject of the joke were behind a curtain to hear it, he would not be angry—at any rate he could not be wounded, or stung, or pained—the venomous ingredient is not there. And in this way they are singular, for it is not the case even with other good-natured people, who in general go no further than *meaning* you no harm ; but did you know what they rattle out concerning you, forgetting it themselves the next minute, perhaps it would be what you could neither forget nor forgive.

All this was written some days ago. I have now got through *St. Ronan's Well*. At first I could have cried at the falling off, but the third volume has a little consoled me, for I find the interest deep at last, and the conclusion is not common-place. In short, all the serious part is good, and the genuine Scotch (Meg Dods) not bad ; the good company at the Well, and the slang, and the polite conversation intolerable, and, what is more, *mankée*, as Mason the poet used to say in his wilful bad French for *manqué*. Oh the masquerade ! I believe verily he has written with the express purpose of

making this book as unlike all his others as he possibly could.

My dear Lou, in endeavouring to confute me, you *confirm my argument* without perceiving it yourself. You ask me what *I* should think of the son of a bigoted Catholic who changed. The question is not what *I* or what *you* should think, but what the *father* would have thought and felt if *his* feelings were *really* the thing one regarded, and not solely *one's own*. No doubt *I* should think him at full liberty to change; and you would find a great many women, and at the very least ninety-nine *men* out of a hundred, who would think him at *as* full liberty to pull down the room and fell the trees. Alter your position to the son of a sincere, devout protestant becoming a bigoted papist, and then before you are aware you will fall into the *cant* (for such it is) of, "Ah! one would have thought he had more regard to his poor father's memory!"

My father, from real affection, and partiality, left his favourite place [Highcliffe], built and made by himself, to his favourite son Sir Charles—and within a year Sir Charles sold it. Don't be up in arms: my poor father forgot that he could not leave him his income along with it, and that having made everything to suit himself and his own establishment, he had rendered it impossible for a man of small fortune to live in it or keep it without compleat ruin. The money it had cost, if divided among the rest of us, would have made us all rich and comfortable, yet we none of us murmured at the bequest, nor at the sale, which we saw to be inevitable. Sir Charles was breaking his heart to part with it, but when he *had* made up his mind to do so, he certainly would not have cared whether the trees my father had planted had been rooted up or not. *Could*

George [Lord Sheffield] sell S. P. I should think it the wisest act imaginable, for it will always be a millstone about his neck. But, once more, it is better to drive all these subjects from your thoughts. I finish on Sunday evening what was begun more than a week ago. My thoughts have been called off from it disagreeably enough—I go to-morrow for a week to Mrs. Weddell's. She has asked me of her own accord ; and though she does not say she is better, I would fain hope the desire of an inmate shows her not worse. And so, dear Lou, farewell for the present.—Y^{rs}. ever, L. S.

LETTER C.]

Gloucester Place,
Friday, Jan^y. 23rd [1824].

My dear Louisa—. . . There is but one person whom any of us can really mend, and that person few of us chuse to meddle with. Those who see exactly what everybody else ought to do, and pronounce without hesitation that their neighbour's duty is not only perfectly plain, but entirely easy, are usually the last to overcome their own inclinations or give up their own opinions. Some kind of cure is, however, forced upon people who are thrown much into the world. Seclusion from it, on the contrary, rivets the habit in question, without we keep a guard upon ourselves.

I found Mrs. Weddell in a very suffering state : perhaps not worse than she has been this year or two, only I saw more of it. We never met till dinner time, and then she was often in pain or panting. With all this she likes company as well as ever, and the day I arrived we sat down to table twelve people, she so ill that I thought every moment she would be compelled to leave it. But then there was nothing to amuse or interest her ; she sate between two *blockheads* properly so called (and

not even *Whig* blockheads to make amends), and all the rest were of the silliest commonplace order. If they had had something to say for themselves, or if agreement in party had rendered them capable of assenting ever so stupidly to her, she might have rallied and talked herself into spirits, as I see her often do when fitter to be in her bed than her dining room. Mrs. Benson has quite lost the sight of one eye, and still has sometimes pain in it, but Mr. Alexander promises safety to the other. Otherwise she is well, though much bent and very decrepit. All the other members of what once was a most agreeable society in that neighbourhood are either dead or dispersed. All those whom I particularly liked and loved among the number lie in the grave. I could not help thinking over sadly the many former days they had enlivened. This too is a point we had better not dwell upon.

Has *St. Ronan's Well* reached you yet? And what is your verdict upon it? One character, neither pleasant nor interesting, strikes me as well drawn, tho' you may pass it over as only tiresome because you never saw the animal as large as life. I mean *St. Ronan* himself, the Scotch buck. What the author says of the species is precisely true, for I have seen them, and they have the awkwardness appertaining to a bad copy of a disagreeable original, overcharged in all its features. I know one provoking person who chuses to be a *St. Ronan*, when nature meant him for a lord of the Bedchamber to a dignified Prince. You will laugh at nature's being brought in there, but the fact is, she gave him peculiar beauty of person and grace of manner; he could not help riding and dancing and moving better than anybody; he speaks the best French, the best Italian; he can be the best bred *gentle-*

man imaginable—strong sense or deep knowledge we will not talk of. His *choice* of character is to bounce into a room with his hat on, swear at the servants, talk wilful broad Scotch, brag of his feats in shooting and hunting, tell you of the scoundrels he knocked down on this and that occasion, burst into a horse laugh, express himself in *slang* terms—and all this as sheer affectation as ever made another sort of coxcomb “lisp and amble and nickname God’s creatures”—while a genuine English buck would hold him *so* cheap for his pains.

Wednesday, 3^d. 28th.

This has lain by and dawdled on till I am almost ashamed to end it, yet at present I foresee I shall hardly write another. I think things are drawing to a conclusion with my poor sister Lonsdale, whose state has long been very melancholy. Within this last week she has drooped considerably, and her look is altered, though they tell me her pulse still remains regular, and she continues to take nourishment in sufficiency. Yet any day may prove the last, and I do not look forward to many days at best. If she survives Friday she will be 86.

Thursday.—This poor letter seems doomed never to be finished. I have changed my opinion since yesterday, for I found L^y. L. very much rallied, and I think now it will go on some time longer. Though, alas! I do not tell you this as a subject of rejoicing, for there is but one comfort attending her present state—that she does not suffer. Miss Murray is with me. She came to dinner yesterday. I have seen L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] and Mrs. Douglas. And now I can say no more before post time; besides that, it is almost dark.—Yours most aff^{ly},

L. S.

LETTER CI.]

[Lady Frederica Stanhope was the eldest daughter of the 3rd Earl of Mansfield. She married Lieut.-Col. Hon. James Stanhope, son of the 3rd Earl Stanhope.]

Chiswick, Friday, 5 March [1824].

I was thinking I would write to you this very day, your letter of Feby. 16th having always lived in my pocket to be speedily answered. Now that the other has come, and has been delayed so long by dancing after me, first to Richmond, then hither, I *must* write. Lady Lon. [Lonsdale] did rally, and has continued very well in health ever since, but I have many worries and embarrassments on that head. Hating as I do to meddle with other people's affairs, I am forced to assume the direction of hers, and to be the ostensible person who stands against the interests and designs of others—the odious old cat who hinders their getting the money they want, and whom they will therefore hate and abuse. No agreeable predicament, I assure you. Well, peace to the subject!

I believe when I wrote last Miss Murray was just come or coming to me. We intended going to Ditton together almost directly, but on Ly. L.'s [Lonsdale's] account it was put off and put off, and at last given up. However, her society proved quite a cordial to me, and after she had staid above three weeks, we resolved on going to Richmond Saturday the 21st. From thence I came over last Wednesday to pass three days with Ly. Macy [Macartney], and shall return to the Dss. of B. [Buccleuch] to-morrow, and stay, I suppose, all next week—in short, till Miss M. is ready to go. She has promised Lady Mansfield to give her some more time before Easter, and when that family come to town after it, I hope she will again take up her quarters

in Gloucester Place, and there see Miss Clinton, who will now see *her* in greater perfection than she did some years ago, for she has considerably recovered her spirits. Time, Time, blessed Time! The death of Lady Frederica Stanhope, who was like her own child, affected her deeply, but as life advances I have discovered that one affliction cures, or at least softens, the pain of another. At Richmond we were all in hot water—indeed are so still. First, the Dss. [of Buccleuch] herself was not well, and any complaint in a person of fourscore who has retained uncommon health and strength is fidgeting: one apprehends a breaking up. Next, the measles broke out among six of Lady Lothian's children, who had been left there under the Dss.' care, while Ld. and Ly. L. and the elder ones went for the winter into Devonshire (which, by the bye, has wonderfully restored his health). On hearing it, Ly. L. instantly resolved to come up. Now she never had the disorder herself, so this agitated her mother more than the children's illness. Three of them are nearly well again; the other three, perverse things, seem determined not to take it. They are in a separate house over the way, and Ly. L. does not go into it, but there is a passage underground, and constant intercourse, besides the apothecary's visits—his sacred person and its garments nobody supposes can carry infection, you know! I have not seen the Fans. [Fanshawes] at Richmond. I carried there the tail of a bad cold, which had laid me up for a week or ten days in town; then the weather has been bad and the dirt beyond description. They are MacAdamising the roads and have demolished the footpaths (for the present), so that all between the Dss.'s house and theirs is mud one can hardly wade thro'; but if I can I will go to them next week.

Forgive that blot owing to *claws* on my gloves. I hear now that *Percy Mallory*, etc., were written by Archdeacon Hook, Theodore's brother. A sea captain I have lately seen told me he liked the *Pilot* [by Cooper], but would defy me to understand its language, being so strictly nautical—by your account that is a recommendation to the Stanleys.

Indeed, indeed, I heartily wish you had some even tolerable neighbours. L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] was longing to bring you acquainted with the Hardwickses. Well, I must have done, for I am within a few minutes of post time, and have fired off this in extreme haste. I hope not to be so long silent another time.

They are reading *Valerius* [by J. G. Lockhart] aloud at Richmond; it is new to me, for somehow I had set my face against it at first. I like it better than I expected. Remember me to L^y. Louisa, and adieu.—
Yrs. ever, L. S.

[EXTRACT (copied by Miss Clinton).]

July 1824.

. . . I am now in the middle of that complete rummage which must precede the painters and carpenters, and have somebody coming to speak to me every hour, so you must not expect me to sit down and write you a long letter. I hope to be able to leave town for Chiswick on Monday, and to go to Danesfield the Monday following. And be assured it is my wish and design to comply with Lady Louisa's kind invitation at some time in the autumn, but I cannot yet say when. I must return to this part of the world to see after my matters and pay my workmen, so I cannot possibly cross the country as you

proposed. I dined with the Ladies Sheffield, Charlotte, and Anne at Mrs. Weddell's last Monday. Mrs. Douglas came after dinner; nobody else was there except Lady Exeter, and one beau, whom we should have been better without—Lord Guilford was to arrive yesterday morning, give them all a great dinner, another to-day, and to-morrow all were to go off to Wroxton (now Lord North's). Mrs. Weddell removes to Chislehurst on Saturday. Poor Mrs. Preston used to say there was no dignity like the dignity of dulness—it towered above the self-consequence of birth or wealth or power or talents, or any other eminence. In — it is happily mingled with the importance of belonging (or having belonged) to the old Brooks's set, the male exclusives [now, by the bye, a little obsolete] portrayed in the Sir Robert Floyer and Mr. Meadows of *Cecilia*—people entitled to look down on the rest of the world.

I copy a passage to divert you, speaking of the Irish at Bath. "They are so thoroughly at their ease that, if once in the same room with you, being acquainted with them or not does not signify a farthing. We called on an Irish family here. There came in a little person, speaking with a tremendous brogue, who, when we took our leave, insisted on leading us down stairs. I overheard him ask the footman who we were. Behold! at the very next ball up he comes with '*So, Lady L., are you here already? Well, what do you say to the figure we cut to-night?*' Upon my soul, I think it a brilliant one. Come, you're for a little dance, ain't you? Oh Lord! not dance! Fie for shame. Laziness!' And the most distant air I could assume hardly could prevent his being my Cicisbeo the whole evening."

LETTER CII.]

[Lady Stuart's daughter-in-law Mrs. S. means the wife of her second son John, Captain R.N., the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan. Her sister, Mrs. Pepys, was the wife of Rev. Henry Pepys, brother of the Chancellor, Lord Cottenham. Mr. Pepys was afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man, and then of Worcester.]

Chiswick, Sunday night, Aug. 15 [1824].

I begin a letter here, but will not despatch it until I am really and truly at Danesfield, for fear of again misleading you. A violent cold prevented my going last Monday, as I had fixed to do. I came hither sneezing a little the Monday before ; but not being otherwise ill, did not suspect the enemy was at hand. I found, however, it must have its usual course of a fortnight, although I have had worse. Tuesday is now the day appointed : Lady M. [Macartney] has got a cold too—not a very bad one. At first I thought there was a spell upon my reaching Danesfield, for colds often are very serious illnesses with people past fourscore. . . . Your letter of the 6th came back to me. I am sorry you overlook the *moral* of my extracts—that I was then in a situation—nay, and in a situation of *mind* also—which a few years afterwards I learnt to think one of happiness and tranquillity—that I had then known neither sickness nor affliction nor mental conflicts, and that therefore I was vainly weakening my mind and unfitting it both for real trials and real duties by indulging fantastic melancholy born of *Reverie*. I had more than once told you this had been the case, and you *showed* me (tho' you did not just tell me) *you did not believe a word of it*. I made the extracts from letters written at the moment to convince you of its truth : with a hope,

I own, of its making some impression upon you, and leading you to salutary reflections. In which, I see, I totally failed. There can be no stronger proof than the very childish assertion—"I have passed happier days there than I ever *can* know again." If your sister Anna M. had said this, one should pat the poor little girl's cheek and cry, "Poor thing!" But I must tell you that you are rather too old for so silly a speech. You ought to have observed the world passing round you a little more accurately. "We know not what a day may bring forth," and every day we live ought to convince us more strongly of our ignorance. God has withheld from us the knowledge of future events, and the knowledge of how these events will operate on our own mind. The consciousness of this should make us live in an humble distrust of ourselves. All this, however, belongs to the common herd of His creatures, and not at all to Miss Clinton. *She* is perfectly *sure* both of what can or cannot happen, and of what she ever shall or shall not feel. She has a gift no one else is favoured with—painful pre-eminence, certainly, but pre-eminence it is, and there lies the true reason why she clings to it jealously. I leave her in possession of the secret satisfaction, and argue no further. But 'tis certainly laughable when a person wants to put on the airs of being much older than her age, and in so doing betrays being so much younger. For almost all girls of seventeen or eighteen, if inclined to the sentimental key, will talk of past happiness never to return, and so forth.

The other day L^y. Stuart called with her daughter-in-law Mrs. S., who told me she was going to visit her sister Mrs. Pepys. What makes me mention it is, that by her account the Pepys's must be a sort of neighbours of yours; they live at Aspenden [Aspeden] near Buntingford.

He is a son of old Sir William's, a friend of the Hardwicks, and by their means was Chaplain to the Embassy at Paris for a year or two, where I believe he first made acquaintance with Maria Sullivan, whom he married last winter. I know Sir Charles thinks him a very sensible man, and rejoiced at the match, hoping Mrs. Stuart would take some of his advice about the management of her son—which, *par parenthèse*, she will *not* do. If anybody belonging to her had married your cousin L—— W——, she would readily take *his*. No matter for that again. As neighbours are so scarce with you, I should think you might make something of these. The wife a genteel woman, one of one's *own sort*, and the husband a literary man of sense and character, known to the Fanshaws; it sounds what *you*, for one, would like very well. I cannot pretend to say what sort of person she is, tho' I have known her (to shake hands with and speak a word to) ever since she was born. But where there are three or four young ladies in a family, I am afraid one does not set about discriminating, unless something strikes one very forcibly. One's business of good-humoured intercourse lies with all. She is no girl *now*, observe, and he, I suppose, must be past forty.

Well, as I have got to the end of my paper, I think I will send this by to-morrow's post. You had better always direct to Gloucester Place. I have heard nothing of the House of North, nothing of Mr. Morritt. The clergyman here, an old friend of his, goes often to see Miss Martin at Chelsea, and says she is in a miserable state. Mrs. *Petersham* [Mrs. Scott] went to Danesfield, had one of her bad headaches, and was confined to her room the first two days. Her arm is pretty well, but weak, and so she must expect it will long be. They

talk of going to Scotland in October. Remember me to L^y. Louisa, and Adieu. Room for no more.

LETTER CIII.]

[Mrs. (or Miss Anne) Firth was a great friend of the Holroyd family. For notices of her see *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*.]

Chiswick, Friday night, Sept. 3rd [1824].

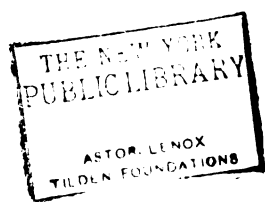
My dear Louisa—I received your letter at Danesfield and there intended to have answered it leisurely, but when I came home from church, Sunday morning, a messenger arrived to summon me back here instantly, my sister [Lady Macartney] being very ill; and lucky I was to be within four hours' drive of her abode. I found the danger pretty well over, and in fact she has recovered wonderfully soon; for so you would say of a person in the prime of life who, after keeping her bed three days with a most violent disorder, got up at nine o'clock the fourth morning and sat in her chair till seven in the evening. Yet she thinks herself reduced to the last extremity of weakness, which she attributes to the extraordinary heat of the weather, not having a notion how ill she was, or any clear recollection of what passed in those three days. Perhaps this is not altogether a pleasant circumstance, as the physician tells me decidedly the attack was *slightly apoplectic*. She is always drowsy when ill in any way, so I should almost question his opinion, if his putting leeches to her temples had not produced a most sensible relief. I need not tell you that all my future plans are more uncertain than ever. You must see that I cannot leave her for some time, or at least cannot go out of a certain bound; in short, this sudden and serious alarm has utterly

unhinged me in every respect. If my nieces [the Dawsons] were to come over, as we could not be in this house together for want of room, and my own is not habitable, I might possibly go to Richmond for a time, and then, if all went on well, venture farther from town. But she must not and ought not to be left wholly to the care of servants. Whether they will come or not I cannot tell; they did intend it, but now Mrs. Lionel Damer proposes going round by Paris, which makes a great difference to them, as it will nearly double the journey. I am sorry they do not stay longer at Spa for their health's sake, as well as because they enjoy it, but she was tired, and by Louisa's last letter they were to leave it the 4th, that is to-morrow, and expected to reach Paris about the 10th. I am aware all this will operate sadly on you in the way of disappointment, and it grieves me to make you drink of a cup whose taste I have by no means forgotten; but "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*" is a proverb we are all far too apt to overlook. I heartily wish you could have gone to Tunbridge Wells. Supposing nothing of this had happened I should have staid at Danesfield about three weeks longer, then returned here for ten days or a fortnight before I had gone anywhere else, or if my nieces had been here, spent the same time at Richmond, therefore you would have lost no part of my precious company. However, on this head I must not scold, because you show a reason, and one I respect, in the desire of staying with Mrs. Firth, whom you describe as too valuable not to hold her fast while one can yet have her. For that matter I wish you could return her visit at the pretty, clean, cheerful town of Doncaster—nay, and that not at the time of Doncaster Races. I wish Maria could go to those. What would please me best



MRS. ANNE FIRTH

From a Water-Colour Sketch by Miss CLINTON



would be the information that a town house was secured for you now that autumn is fairly begun. We are expecting its weather to begin shortly, for there is all the appearance of a storm brewing, by the clouds, the extreme heat, and dead stillness of the night. I shall not regret a change, for I suffer from heat. Even in the cool, shady situation of Danesfield it had been oppressive for two or three days before I came away ; here it is broiling, or suffocating, and makes one as entire a prisoner within doors as any species of *bad* weather could do. I have no doubt it partly brought on L^y. M.'s illness, but that having had its course, she is less annoyed by it than usual, for they keep her cool with saline draughts.

Saturday.—I was mistaken in my weather wisdom ; it has not thundered but has rained heartily, and the air is much cooler. I must now reply to your challenge, first acknowledging that I was much pierced by the poor child's good-humoured manner of taking the scold. Look you ! I do think I am not apt to fall into the error of most old people, who treat all young ones as alike children, confounding the ages of those below them as princes do the ranks. I know the difference between six-and-twenty and sixteen, between sixteen and six. Yet there is a certain language which, in the mouths of people under thirty not very extraordinarily circumstanced, must be parrot-like, imitated from others, or grounded on imagination only. And such is yours when you say you never can be so happy again as you have been—the very same sensations will not return, any more than the moments, but others may arrive ten times happier, or ten times more painful than you have yet ever experienced. When I wrote those letters of which I sent you extracts, I had never seen people who

afterwards had the strongest influence on the fate of my life. I did not know the names or existence of others who were the source both of great pleasure and great affliction. And I was situated much like you as to the impossibility of anything happening to me out of the daily monotonous track, having quite as little opportunity of forming new connections, because I had none of seeing people in my own home, which is the only advantageous way of enjoying society. Like you, I hated balls and assemblies, because I wandered there among strangers, unknown and unknowing; but I should have liked them as well as my neighbours (and so would you) if general acquaintance and pleasant partners had put me on a footing with other girls. If people make no acquaintances in private society they must always be thus forlorn in crowds, and the mere *show* of them (*con pace di Maria*) seldom has any charms after the gaping delight of the first winter.

Now I must have done. Remember me to Lady Louisa, and so Adieu.

LETTER CIV.]

Chiswick, Sept. 16 [1824].

I have travelled the Waltham Cross road rather oftener than you, dear Louisa, and on that and most others, have always found it took me six hours to go thirty-six miles. Four horses would certainly make a difference; yet as a certain light coach called the mail does not go eight in an hour, I believe Mr. Barr might "doubt the fact" of your having one going *nine*. Be that as it will, you argue about the distance from *London*, overlooking that *here* I am not in London, but some miles from it on an opposite side. And let me inform

you of what you don't suspect, that when that immense monster lies between two places, their distance from each other is more than doubled in respect to the power of speedy communication. Nothing was easier than to fetch me hither in half a day from Danesfield, the servant could and did ride; besides that, some stage passes that way every ten minutes. Had I been at Cockenhatch nothing would have been more difficult, and I probably should have heard nothing of the matter till the next day, *i.e. too late*—supposing the danger had continued.

Tuesday evg.—So far was written last week. I have been in daily expectation of a letter from my nieces to say decidedly whether they were coming or not, on which depends the possibility of my making any distant excursions as matters stand. To-day a letter is arrived, but it decides nothing except that a former one which would have told me (I suppose) must have miscarried. I think they speak as if they were coming, however, but I cannot be sure. My sister was a good deal oppressed by the week of renewed hot weather, accompanied here with a constant heavy fog that really weighed upon one's brain. We have so much of the London atmosphere that perhaps this did not reach the veritable country. It is quite a relief that to-night we are cold enough to want a fire. I enter into your pleasure in the character of Mrs. Firth: "Such age there is, and who could wish its end." When the temper is calm and the faculties preserved, one can contemplate it with something like the melancholy satisfaction one feels in viewing a fine sunset. But when the reason wanes and is sinking, and the whole what the French express by one word, *baissé*, I know nothing so painfully depressing and mortifying. And how often does a saying of Lady

Charlotte's [Lindsay] come into my head ! "The worst of old people is that they have no patience with each other." Poor Mrs. Moss, I presume, is a mere goody, and never was anything much better. Time often works real changes of disposition, but still oftener what only appears so to the unobserving, while in fact they are the progress of human nature, as regular and undeviating as a caterpillar becoming first a chrysalis and then a butterfly. If wine were turned into milk it would be a metamorphosis ; its turning into vinegar is none—the acid always was there, and has only got the better of all the other ingredients. The acid of temper is too apt to do just the same—but peace to moralising. I omitted thanking you for your Irish cousin in the former letter, who is indeed one of the Prideaux-connection. There is a breed of them. I know three. The circumstance of dropping the name is exactly Miss *Stuart* C——, who was christened Mary Stuart after my mother, and called Mary till she grew up. It always reminds me of the heroine of an old comedy, "whose barbarous parents, 'tis true, gave her the name of Bridget but since she reached the years of discretion she has ever styled herself Parthenissa." If you could but hint to the lady that fine names are out of fashion now, and Sarah grown far more genteel than Maria, it would have its turn again.

I am glad you have Frederic to enliven your party, and sorry the cousins are not pleasant cousins. Well ! I have little to say at present, and little disposition to say it. I will write again when I can form any guess of my future plans. Now I really cannot. Adieu.—
Yrs. ever, L. S.

CHAPTER X

OCTOBER 9, 1824, TO DECEMBER 22, 1825

LETTER CV.]

Richmond [*Duchess of Buccleuch's*], Saturday,
Octr. 9 [1824].

You say nothing to the contrary, dear Lou, so I presume I may still enclose to Sir W^m. Your letter made me sad, it expressed so exactly the feelings of despondency to which I was formerly too prone to give way, and which I would therefore, if possible, warn you to combat or banish; for indeed, indeed, I know by experience that these, like many other prophecies of evil, have a tendency to work their own accomplishment. When I said one day at cards, "Oh, I know I shall lose this game!" Miss Murray answered, "To be sure you *will* lose it if you go on talking so"; and, alas! thus it is with the game of life. All these phrases of "the family luck"—of "everything saying plainly 'never hope'"—are (or were) so familiar to me that, like an old tune, they bring back a thousand passages of yore. Why do I argue, however? "*Les sottises des pères sont perdues pour les enfants*" was the motto of a fairy tale I read in my childhood, written to prove that nobody ever minded the lessons they might derive from what had happened to those who lived before them. "Experience may be safely borrowed, but is dearly bought."

Yet bought it must be, for no one ever condescends to borrow it, and there I leave the subject. I must preach a little more though on the text of your arguing what I may call on one side of a question, shooting perfectly wide of your mark. Some people always do it very honestly, because their heads are so made. I have just written out in my scrap-book this sentence from the *Tales of a Traveller* (a flimsy work, by the bye): "My father was a hard man for any one to argue with, for he never knew when he was refuted"—it is a brief description of some of my acquaintance, but you are not by nature one of the class, and I cannot bear that you should accustom yourself to argue wrong. What you say about the stage coaches exactly confirms what I said, instead of contradicting it—"the *north* road coaches pass at all hours." I daresay they do, but which of the *north* road coaches passes near Chiswick? And which of the *west* road by you? You just *prove my position* that for intelligence or communication one must go from Chiswick to London—which takes an hour—then into the heart of the city to find out from whence the north road coaches set out, and to take a place—if they are full or have already gone, there is an end for that day. If you lived at Bath or Gloucester, a hundred miles off, one need only step to the corner of the lane, and if the Maidenhead coach has passed, catch the Reading; if the Henley, get upon the Oxford, not to mention fifty or sixty more—just as you would easily communicate with anybody at Stamford, or Ferrybridge, or York. Now for a sugar-plum after all this physic. My nieces are arrived. I would not write to you till they were actually come and I had seen them. They landed on Tuesday, got to Chiswick Wednesday, and called here to see me yesterday morning. They

intend staying with L^y. M. [Macartney] six weeks or two months, which sets me at liberty, as they and I cannot be there together for want of room. I must stay here all next week, and must if possible pass the following one at home to pay bills and do business. If I cannot get into my own house so soon as Monday the 18th I may be detained longer in this place. At any rate, I cannot name an earlier time than after the 25th. Then if Sir W^m. and L^y. Louisa would really not be plagued by a fortnight's visit, I could offer it ; or if they would prefer a later one, I could go first (instead of last) to Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Knox and cross the country to Ware about the middle of November. But you must forgive me if I consult *their* inclination in the matter before yours, for there may be many a consideration that you have never dreamed of attending to. I wish to know also whether my maid and man would be troublesome ? Tell me honestly and truly. I could most easily send back the latter directly to his dear Mary, and he would be glad. Let me bargain that if I come, no *hours* or any other customs are to be changed. I believe you dine at 3 o'clock, and I should like it extremely. There is no hurry for an answer. Capt. and Mrs. Scott left Petersham Tuesday (such a miserable day !) to embark in the steam-packet for Scotland. We cannot hear of their arrival till next week. Adieu.

LETTER CVI.]

[“The recall of an ambassador” alludes to Sir Charles Stuart at Paris, Lady Louisa's nephew. “Murad” is a reference to Miss Edgeworth's tale, *Murad the Unlucky*.]

Richmond, Sunday, 17 October [1824].

I remain at Richmond all this week ; though not all of it *here* [the Duchess of Buccleuch's]. Lady

Stuart is coming down to the Lodge, and having a particular wish to see something of her at present, I shall move thither on Wednesday, and not to town till the 25th or 26th. As I must be there some days to pay bills and settle matters it will a little delay my visit to Cockenhatch, but as far as I know need not shorten it. I will come the end of that week or very beginning of the following, if I possibly can. I confess I have some fears of catching cold in the meantime; it is so apt to happen just when it will prove a peculiar inconvenience. However, we must leave this to Providence, as all Murads should learn to do. I could find in my heart to return to my old foolish ways and re-echo the very growlings I combat in you, complaining that no one *I* am deeply interested in can ever prosper. But, peace for the time being! When I can fix a day I will write to you and then ask your directions about the inns where Sir W^m. changes horses, which one had always better do at the places frequented by those one is going to see. I hope the bridge at Wade's Mill has not been carried off again in our late deluge. I was half afraid the Thames would have entered this house, as it sometimes does, for it rose very high two or three days running. I did at last call on Eliz. Fan. [Fanshawe], too late to see Pen. [Penelope Fanshawe], who was gone to Tunbridge. Eliz. told me you had written her a defence of my retarding it so long; which indeed was abominable enough, but many days were so bad and so dirty one could not stir; when I could I went constantly to Car [Scott] as long as she staid. Just after she went I heard tidings that very much knocked me down, that is the truth of the matter, and being vexed and wounded and angry, as well as sorry, and wanting to hide all four, I hated

seeing any new person who might innocently begin upon what would be only a piece of news to them. As I know I am making you curious, or rather anxious, I will tell you the point is the intended recall of an *ambassador* [Sir Charles Stuart], and so say nothing about it till we meet. . . . The Scotts had a miserable voyage in the steamboat, and not like Miss Murray. They were three days and nights, had the same fog that hung on us, and while we rejoiced to think the weather was at least calm, the wind blew hard for them and the sea ran mountains high, but there is much to thank God for! as three or four days *afterwards* followed so dreadful a storm and so much mischief was done on the north-east coast. She had a bilious attack as soon as she got to Bothwell, and no wonder. I saw Louisa Dawson on Friday, very well, and she brought a good report of L^d. Mac^y. [Macartney]. Cross I have heard from within these few days; she has been very ill of a bilious disorder, brought on by the excessive heat about the middle of last month, and was only recovering when she wrote, but she assures me her situation continues most comfortable, and her friends attend to her with the greatest kindness. I am thankful she has such friends. The first moment I ever felt reconciled to our separation was when I had to pack up everything, and leave Danesfield in an hour's time. I could not deny to myself that she would have been half killed by it, and my worry greatly increased by apprehension for her. And I own Pearson got through it expeditiously and steadily, without any delay or any fussing. Adieu, with my love to Lady Louisa, and many many thanks for her very kind message.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

LETTER CVII.]

[Barham Lodge was the residence of the Hon^{ble}. Thomas Knox, M.P., afterwards 2nd Earl of Ranfurly.

His wife was Lady Louisa's niece, daughter of the Archbishop of Armagh.

This letter is written after a visit to Sir William Clinton at Cocken hatch.

The audience at the end of the letter refers to Sir Charles Stuart's interview with George IV. By the "great man" is meant evidently G. Canning.]

*Barham Lodge, Elstree by Edgeware,
Saturday, Nov. 27 [1824].*

I begin for to-morrow's post, dear Lou : and in the first place must scold you for not writing to me, at least if anything is settled about the house—and *the ball*. I was particularly lucky in the day for my short journey, it remained fine till within a mile of this place ; and the roads too were excellent, till I turned into the narrow cross lanes hereabouts, and even these were not very bad considering the preceding wet weather. I find Mary [Mrs. Knox] very much recovered in body and mind, chearful and interested about her children, whose number she is going to increase in spring ; but one can no longer view her as at all a young person. The brother [John Knox] who married one of the Needhams has established himself in this neighbourhood, about two miles off. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was safely delivered of a boy last Sunday at Tunbridge Wells, and to-day I have a second letter from Mr. S. M. to say she is going on well. Likewise one from poor Cross, who assures me she is much better. I wrote to Miss Murray and sent her your "wee bit notie" yesterday. Now I shall tell you, dear Lou, that though it is a rule of mine never to speak to

servants or let them speak to me of anything that passes in any house where we chance to have been, yet, seeing how vexed you were at the unpleasant state of yours, and fearful that so young a person as Pearson might chatter about it, I did (after long deliberating) say to her, between Hertford and Hatfield, that she would extremely displease me if she uttered a syllable on the subject, either here or anywhere else. Her answer was quite proper and satisfactory—*par parenthèse* it is usually an inclination to gossip in the mistresses which produces the unrestrained indulgence of one in the maids—but this you may suppose led unavoidably to her saying something more, the risk of which indeed was what made me unwilling to break the ice. However, she did not say much, only that it really did not appear to her to be the fault of L. L.'s maid or the cook, who she protested she thought good servants, the former "*a very nice woman*" (their phrase—you know—I wish their betters would leave it to them!). The dandy in pantaloons, she said, was an active attentive servant. I replied, I had never seen such a puppy in my life, and she stifled a laugh of assent, as if quite sensible of that. I wish you may get a tolerable manservant—if tolerable, it is vain to look for more. As Edward Hamilton said to poor Lord Harcourt about his society, "If you can't get a broiled phoenix, do be satisfied with a roast fowl." Such being most assuredly the case with our polished, well-educated equals, we must not insist upon broiled phoenixes in a lower class, or be ready to call them vampyre-bats and harpies, when we find them a little below the very good roast fowls that anybody can dine upon. I should not broach this chapter had not you done so to me, and I do it with a full sense of all the difficulties attending it. I was for ten or twelve years

very nervous myself, and but that my best star sent Cross to my assistance I should probably have got into the same or worse; and I believe one of her chief merits was keeping the petty faults of the others from my knowledge, when she knew they went on pretty well in the main. And then my indolent nature proved so far beneficial as to make me afraid of the trouble a more active one does not shrink from. You will wish to hear, and *will not repeat* what interests me; the *Ex-Amb.* was going to W^r. [Windsor], but the person he sought to see not being well, deferred the audience—sent for him, however, as soon as he came to town, and kept him three hours in close conference, during which he pretty nearly told him *he* had nothing to do with his removal. Two days after he was, according to etiquette, formally presented by the Sec^y. for Foreign Affairs [Canning], *to whom* it was said—"You must be much interested by Sir C.'s account of what has past? For *myself*, I never was more interested." Of course the great man could not but bow his assent with what stomach he might,—for it was evidently a rap on the knuckles,—but he is extremely civil, no doubt the more civil, and the less friendly for the rap's sake. I found here Mr. Dallas's *Recollections of Lord Byron*, whom he did not long survive. His son says he left the book for publication on his death-bed. He seems to be a well-meaning, vain man, vain beyond measure of Lord B.'s acquaintance and confidence; the greater part of the work consists of his own letters and good advice to Lord Byron. But there is one piece of very extraordinary folly, if not something worse. He affirms that in the first cantos of *Childe Harold* there was one stanza far more decidedly expressive of infidelity than what now stands. This he persuaded L^d. B. to alter and

soften down. Then there were several stanzas about the Cintra convention offensive and abusive to the last degree. These too he, as he tells you, almost went on his knees to Lord Byron to leave out, and prevailed. He details all his arguments not very briefly "that it would hurt his character for ever, etc. etc. etc." Well, and all this said and done, the good and worthy friend keeps the stanzas, and as soon as Lord Byron is no more, coolly publishes or leaves them to be published himself!!! So much for the confirmation of my favourite French proverb: "*Dieu me garde de mes amis! Pour mes ennemis, je m'en charge.*"

Adieu, dear Lou. I shall stay here, I believe, about ten days longer.

LETTER CVIII.]

[The remark in this letter, "as Lord Mark Kerr sketches monsters," refers to the husband of the Countess of Antrim. He had a curious habit of etching quaint figures half-animal half-human, somewhat in the style of Sybil Corbet's *Animal Land*, lately published. The fashion spread to some of his kindred and acquaintance even to later generations.]

Barham Lodge, Decr. 9th, 1824.

I do not think very differently from you about the sincerity in a high quarter, therefore all the civilities showered in the *tête-à-tête* would go for little with me, had they not been renewed so pointedly in the face of the person to whom they must have tasted as a kind of reproof: this marks that he was either honest in his kindness to one, or else had no objection to mortify the other—which in the malice of my heart *I like just as well*,—tho' from his indolence, and indeed from the shackles those in his place must wear, nothing may come of it. Thus much, however, it did produce

immediately, an evident increase of civility on the part of the other, and also a change of tone in the praters who cry *Tarare*. They have dropped the plea that he was mighty well off to be allowed to stay ten years in the same place, etc. etc.

I am very sorry you have no house. I asked Sir Charles Pole the other day whether he knew of any to be disposed of in your part of the town; he mentioned two in Harley Street, one Gen^l. Ch^r. Fitzroy's, the other belonging to a Mr. Brooksbank who he believed had bought it on speculation; he imagined they were both family houses. They may be worth naming to Sir William when he next goes to town, for some house you must positively have; I will not hear of the contrary. I have a letter from Mr. Morritt since I wrote last; poor Miss Martin is dead, notwithstanding the hopes there seemed at one time to have been, which I suppose soon faded away, for he speaks of it as a most desirable release, and says his niece's spirits are considerably better now it is over. No doubt it must have been a great affliction, but I doubt whether a great loss. At least in two or three years more she would have become uncomfortable in her own situation and a disadvantage to them. He talks of going to Brighton and staying there till Easter, not caring Catherine should risk wintering in the North, though on the whole he appears easier about her than he was. . . . "Saving your presence, Mary Jones, I cannot desifur" the Spanish Colonel's name [Hezeta], but I should have liked to see his letter. Considering the whole state of that country I hold it utterly unfit for a government like ours; any endeavour to establish one would only occasion fresh tumults and confusion; for we have seen what a mass of absurdity they framed by

way of a constitution, and also what a disposition they betrayed to make a tyrannical use of power when they had it. They want the strong hand and steady mind of an individual to manage them, and when they are all together by the ears the destined *He* will cast up somewhere or other. If there is *a* bad master at Eton School he should be changed, but nothing could be *so* bad as leaving the boys to govern themselves. The worst of it is that the Grandees are a degenerate race, little better than Ferdinand himself, and I am afraid they too must be got rid of and a new aristocracy introduced before anything can be mended. I have been looking over here the Memoires of the ex-Empress Josephine, which Mrs. S. [Stuart] bought at Paris, and which were believed authentic; they are published by a *Madlle. le Normand*, whose profession seems to be, *Anglice*, neither more nor less than a fortune-teller; and who gives a great deal of fustian of her own into the bargain, with a flourishing history of poor Josephine's first love with the descendant of a noble Jacobite family, ruined by attachment to the house of Stuart, who remained constant to her during life and at last broke his heart at her receiving him coldly in the year 1814—all which, I dare swear, is just as true as *Madlle. de Scudery's* account of the loves of Statira and Orondates, or Clelia and Horatius Cocles. I should like to know whether the Memoirs were really written by Josephine or not—they are in a different style, not fustian at all; but if authentic I suspect they have undergone a revision to fit them for the present day. If veritably hers, there cannot be a greater curiosity, and yet I could not enjoy them with that doubt on my mind.

What you say of Mrs. — is (forgive me) too absurd for one of your understanding to persist in, and I

cannot but be always grieved when you betray such a perversion of it. What can it be to you whether you ever see or not a person whom you never did see in your life, and who never so much as heard of your existence? And why you chose to make up a character for her out of your own head, and go on upon the supposition that it was hers, I never could comprehend. I never said or thought she was the least like Mrs. Stanley, nor said anything that could make you suppose so : you might just as well have set her down as resembling Mrs. Weddell or Miss Berry or Lisette Scott, or, what comes nearer the point, have dreamed a dream about her, and let it influence your belief and judgment, when awake, so far as to be *surprised* at hearing anything of her that did not tally with it—as you will be probably, when I tell you she said the other day that the only thing she much cared whether her daughters learned or not was *work*, and the only thing she should teach them herself—of course exclusive of their religious duties—this will sadly overthrow all your visions, and so it would if you found a person's complexion black, when you had determined to presume it fair, without any reason or ground for thinking it anything at all. The misfortune is that I plainly perceive you take the tone of a person who has been deceived by false appearances or disappointed in reasonable expectations whenever your dreams do not *come true* ; and say you shall not judge so rashly for the future, in a tone that shows you by no means acknowledge the whole error to have begun and ended in your own brain, which was NEVER JUDGING, only picturing fantastic images, as Lord Mark Kerr sketches monsters.

Mrs. ——— has deep affections indeed, and they have had an incurable wound. She has naturally good sense,

but it must have been a superior mind, such as one seldom meets with, to have risen altogether above the head of the society into which she was wholly *immersed* when a year or two younger than your sister A. M., and which I take to be as *anti-intellectual* as possible, with a tinge of coarseness belonging to that country. With a mind so uncommonly formed she *must* (might?) have been unhappy and discontented with her lot, and this, thank God, is not the case. And now that what she looked up to is withdrawn she will more and more accustom herself to the habits and manners of those among whom that lot is cast and in some degree adopt them herself. Mrs. Stanley's fate, as you tell me, threw her among a set of odd people with difficult tempers to manage, but they had all heads and ideas and opinions, her observation of which rather tended to sharpen and improve her understanding than to narrow it and compose it to sleep. They were more or less reading people too, and she could hardly help reading to be upon a par with them. The vulgar minded of a certain country have peculiar jealousies and vanities of their own of what Smollett calls the *bastard* kind, turning upon matters it would never occur to you to think of. In all the *miffs* and squabbles in the Cheshire region, I daresay your aunt never looked down on her *beau frère* for not having claret on his table, nor, if he had it, felt indignant at his presumption.

Gb. Place, Saturday, Dec. 18.

I brought this with me to finish and despatch from hence, but have had so much to do—and not done it—that I cannot enter upon your second letter, which I found here and to which I shall have much to say when at leisure. I will only say here that I fully enter

into your feelings and your father's respecting Col. Woodford's letter and the testimony borne to Freddy's attention to duty. An old friend of mine when commanding an Irish regiment read a lecture to a cornet upon his neglect of that part of it relating to the economy of the mess, etc.¹ This is the secret notion of a great many cornets and ensigns, and nothing can be more gratifying than to find one of another temper. I went one day with Mrs. Stuart to see Lady Salisbury, who told us the Hertford Ball had been a very good one. I am the more glad your sisters went to it and hope they will make acquaintance if they have not them already, for I find all the people of fashion in the county make it a point to support these balls. I shall not burn what has a great deal of beauty in it, tho' I wish the chimerical spirit away—of that hereafter, perhaps a week or two hence. I was very sorry for poor Lady Sheffield's loss of such a valuable servant as Mrs. Nottage. Now farewell, with every kind remembrance to all the family.

LETTER CIX.]

[First sheet of letter destroyed.]

London, Jan. twenty-two, 1825.

My servant going to town to-morrow shall take this letter for the London Post. I will answer yours another time. You will see in the newspaper that Sir Ch^s. [Stuart] is going on a special mission to Brazil, they say one of great importance, I suppose to regulate our commercial treaties—it can be only a temporary thing, which is a comfort; not like the gov^t. of Madras, which was first offered him—but the risk of climate is great, and I do not like it at all. My nieces set out for Paris

¹ The story is already given, *ante* page 209.

yesterday morning. I am very glad to hear Lady Louisa continues well. Read, whenever you can get it in French, *Histoire de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée en 1812* [the campaign of Moscow], par le Comte de Ségur. It is very interesting, and I should think Sir William would hold it so too. Now adieu for the present.

LETTER CX.]

[Fragment copied by Miss Clinton.]

[Feb. (?)] Ditton, 1825.

Mr. Roscoe and the Abbé de Sade did professedly treat of the ages and contemporaries of Lorenzo and Petrarch, not merely of their individual lives; and I grant L^r Morgan has a right to do the same with S. [Salvator] Rosa. All I doubt is her having the power, or bringing you in the least really acquainted with Passeri, etc., tho' she may quote them without ceremony or diffidence. Granting the *Quarterly Review* of her "France" were ever so scurrilous and unfair in its language, does anybody dispute the *facts*, of her misstatements and blunders, of her gross ignorance of the common French Memoirs, to be found in every Bond Street Circulating Library?—her censuring Louis XIV. for not having noticed Molière before he (Louis) was ten years old, and fifty other such ridiculous observations? Why, then, is her having spent a year in gaping about Italy to make her capable of writing on a distant period of its history, and give her the means of studying its least known authors? When my nieces returned here (N.B. they read Italian before they went abroad), "Well," said I, "I conclude you are now such good Italian scholars, I shall be afraid to name Tasso, Machiavelli, etc., before you." "Bless you!" cried

Louisa, "I don't think we know half so much of them as we did—one learns nothing of that sort by being at Rome or Florence; the language spoken is as different from that of writers as English from Dutch, and does not help one to understand them in the least." And can you possibly believe Lady Morgan shut herself up in a Library and studied months as Roscoe and de Sade did years to produce their works? Indeed *trash* is the right name for hers, and reading such superficial quack-authors a waste of time. The last *Quarterly* treats of another female coxcomb, Maria Graham, who, it seems, prefaces her account of Brazil by saying she had access to all the authorities quoted by Southey, and some he does not mention. The *Review* is not abusive, only represents with great civility that such a Prince did not send such an expedition, because he died some years before it went, and such an officer did not command it, because he was not yet born, and five or six little mistakes of this kind has the well-informed lady fallen into, yet people will take her word, given with assurance, and suppose themselves reading history. If the facts are so inaccurately stated by these superficial writers, much more erroneous are their reflections and the views they lead their readers to take of what they relate.

[Continuation in Lady Louisa's writing.]

[“The event mentioned in my last” . . . alluded to at the end of the letter was the death of her nephew, Lord Herbert Stuart. The letter alluded to is not printed.]

To judge fairly either of distant ages or distant countries you must know how to remove your mind for the moment from all the habits and prejudices of your own, which these Mrs. This and Miss That peculiarly

cherish, and hold up, as something to blame or to ridicule, things as natural to the inhabitants of Abyssinia now, or to those of Europe five hundred years ago, as our daily modes of life are to us. If you write—or read—or hear—or travel—in this way, you can neither grow wiser yourself nor make anybody else so. Your first step to improvement is to allow that a Turk may as well wear a turban as an Englishman a hat, and that the full-bottomed wig of Queen Anne's days had nothing in it more ridiculous than the *Brutus* of George the Fourth's. Points sure to draw forth the "Lord, how odd!" and "Dear, how absurd!" of the narrow, vulgar-minded reader; and apt to be much insisted upon by the vulgar writer; while those that really denote the spirit of the age or country, and the character of the human agents, are overshadowed or passed by. In that life of Cardinal Wolsey I lately read, after quoting a passage from Cavendish, relating that the day before he died, he scrupled tasting chicken broth because it was a fast day, the author seems to wonder the approach of death should not have made him rise superior to such "*superstitious observances.*" Wolsey being bound, observe, to consider them like a Protestant of 1824—besides that a mortal illness does not usually strengthen the human mind; that the dying penitent, whose life had been spent in worldly pursuits, might naturally turn to the things taught him in youth as essential, and be more scrupulous rather than less in observing the rules of *his own church*. These remarks, very frequent in modern books, always remind me of the reply of an English schoolboy at Spa to a little Prince whom he was put to play with. *Vous êtes Anglois? Oui. Et vous parlez Anglois? Et que diable voulez-vous que je parle?* I long to say

this to the grown women and wise men, who add a note of admiration when they read or relate that people spoke their own language and followed their own customs.

The attack on Geraldine's want of sentiment proceeds from a similar lack of comprehension, not conceiving that Surrey's writing verses upon her was no manner of proof he ever asked her to marry him or had such a thought in his head. Your history of Lord Clinton would probably be perfectly new to the *periodical*. I remember a life of Waller in which was this sentence, "The tender and susceptible mind of Waller was racked with his hopeless love,"—three pages after the writer inserted his prose letter to the "young Lady Lucy Sydney" (Pelham) on her sister's marriage, very clever, very gallant and well turned, making it as evident as his existence that *his* marrying the Lady Dorothy had never come into his head, or hers, or that of anybody else who lived in their time, and that (as Hudibras says) she was merely the desk he wrote upon, the beauty and great lady of the society, to be idolised of course. The difference of degrees being so marked at that time, that if the Earl of Leicester had supposed Mr. Waller made love to his daughter, he would most likely have turned him out of his house.

The assertion of Dryden's having no talent for dramatic poetry is not so ill founded as the foregoing criticisms. In many of his plays there are beautiful passages, in some very fine scenes; but the faults of all are glaring. His heroines, as Thomson said of Rowe's *Calista*, should every one—*be sent to the Round house*—or the ducking-stool; they are scolds and termagants when nothing worse, with hardly any variety of character. Nor have his men much—they are either

passionate lovers or raging tyrants, or rhodomontading conquerors, always on stilts. His comedies have not wit enough to atone for their gross indecency. Nor had he taste for better things, since in one of his prefaces he triumphs in the improvements of his age over the older poets, especially with respect to drawing female characters, instancing the poverty of Shakespeare's—indeed hinting, what people have gone on repeating like parrots, that Shakespeare made all his women fools. Imogen! Rosalind! Queen Catherine! Isabella! Portia!!!!

Wednesday, 26th January.—This has been written at different times, dear Lou; and now shall be concluded for to-day's post. The event I mentioned in my last has brought back many melancholy recollections, but still is no loss to me nor misfortune, and I am glad to be out of the way at the present moment of hearing much about it. I am very comfortable here in all respects. I never saw a person so much improved and enlivened as Lady Anne S. [Scott], and the two eldest girls of the house are now grown up and part of the society—the eldest indeed past nineteen. Their mother talks of bringing them to town in spring, and says she shall very much wish them to be acquainted with you. Meanwhile they are perfectly content and happy here, eager in the pursuit of knowledge and encouraged in it. Adieu, with a thousand kind wishes.

LETTER CXI.]

[The frank on this letter was probably the 2nd Earl of Sheffield's, 23 this year. He was Miss Clinton's half uncle, son of her grandfather by his third wife Lady Anne North.

The Ruthvens were cousins of Lady Louisa, through their grandmother, Lady Louisa's aunt.

Lady Louisa had a correspondence with Sir Walter Scott about the arrangements of the Ditton Library (see *Familiar Letters*, vol. ii. p. 230).]

*Ditton Park,
Thursday, Feby. 10 [1825].*

Still here, my dear Louisa, and glad to receive your letter in your respected uncle's frank, which is really written in a decent hand for a young peer, not such absolute pot-hooks as most of them. I do rejoice exceedingly that the visit took place [to Sheffield Place probably], now I know it went off so well. I hope it will leave a good taste in the mouths of all parties, and be a means of *rapprochement* hereafter. I am diverted at your—"even Maria was not affronted," and think I can easily divine Sir W.'s lamentations. Well, it is better to see everything black before than afterwards.

I must tell you I intended answering your letter of Jan. 25th without loss of time, but I had a cold that made my head stupid, and besides I was busy in rummaging the library to see what books could be weeded out of it and changed away, in making a condemned list and so forth. When the authors were utterly unknown, as often happened, biographical dictionaries were to be consulted (three or four deep) for their characters; there are such tribes of the inferior writers of Louis 14th and Louis 15th days—ages as scribbling as ours—and a library would be in a hopeful way an hundred years hence if all the things that now come out and are just read over, were bound and set on the shelves. Yet one is extremely afraid of slighting and throwing away something that may in some way be curious. And a great deal of this trash is so finely printed it makes one's mouth water—Elzevirs and Tonsons—and here and there very good prints. I wish

you saw a map of Ireland in a book of geography ; this was the shape [a rough sketch here in the MS.], and thus came in the Hebrides. All this is not answering your letter of the 25th, and I feel I am not in a mood to answer it to-day, so I shall only add that I go to town Monday next, and say Adieu, for I am tired with my day's work, and my head is heavy : but I will not delay writing till another post.—Ever aff^{ly}. y^{rs}, L. S.

LETTER CXII.]

[Portion of letter. The first part, as far as "Lady Morgan's *Salvator Rosa*," copied by Miss Clinton. The rest in Lady Louisa's hand.]

We are reading here the life of Wolsey by a Mr. Howard. It strikes me as a proof of the general ignorance of English History (*con pace di l' educazione*) now prevailing, that the Miss Aikins, Miss Bengers, and so forth, can make such a comfortable livelihood by transcribing not very old books, to teach people the facts that I, who had no education at all, was familiar with at 15, about Henry the 8th, Queen Bess, Queen Mary, and so forth. For I see it is all received as new and important information. This gentleman transcribes ——¹ and Cavendish, and for that matter Rapin and Home, but he does it well, and says nothing foolish himself ; indeed puts Wolsey in the true light, that of a great man with great abilities, great merits, and great faults, something of the spirit of Buonaparte, who if a Churchman would have tried hard to become Pope, and have turned King Henry round his finger for a time ; but like Wolsey have overshot himself by presuming on his influence too far. Apropos of books, in my travels I chanced to light on the *Edinburgh*

¹ Illegible.

Review of Lady Morgan's "Salvator Rosa," which much amused me. I think it shows the cloven foot of the Rev^d. Sidney Smith. It begins with a sharp censure on the abuse of her in the *Quarterly*—and then—*Dieu me garde de mes amis!*—*Pour mes ennemis, je m'en charge*—and then treats her with such cool, civil, supreme contempt, that were I she, I should like the *Quarterly's* abuse a thousand times better. It is quite disdaining to break a butterfly upon a wheel. One or two paragraphs I copied into my scrap-book. This remark before (or after) half a page of her pompous fustian—"Women write well, only when they write naturally"—(And, with submission, men too). Also this—"The art of writing consists in thinking of nothing but one's subject. The art of book-making, on the contrary, can only subsist on the principle of laying hands upon everything that is most remote from it." I believe I did not answer you about the messenger sent to Charles [Sir Charles Stuart] at Wimpole. I saw the paragraph, too, and was rather fussed about it, apprehending it might be something relating to the government of Madras, which he had before refused, and which I could not wish him to accept. But it proved only the K.'s messenger to invite him and L^y. Eliz. to Windsor, where they accordingly went and staid three days, and were made much of, as the children say. I am going to Ditton next Monday. And now adieu, with my hearty blessing in return for yours, for scold as I may, I love you not a bit the less. My nieces talk of going away shortly. I am afraid they will find Paris sadly changed—to them—without all the advantages and *agremens* Sir Ch^{'s}. house and protection afforded (as Ambassador). Here *is* at last a fine calm frosty day. I hope better weather means to set in.

Once more adieu, with kindest remembrances to L.
Louisa.—Yrs. most affly., L. S.

LETTER CXIII.]

Gloucester Place, Friday [1825, Feb. (?)].

My dear Lou— . . . For yourself do not copy me (if you knew it) so exactly, do not talk of Murad. You have no reason to thank Miss Edgeworth for teaching you that word. Evils happen to us and our friends just as they do to the rest of the world, only we feel them most when they touch us nearly, and pass them over lightly when they do not. Even in one family. I am apt enough to think all mine unlucky—a stranger would represent that such and such branches were fortunate, and I could not deny it; but the fact is that those branches do not interest me. I am sorry for the hint you give of having worries to encounter just at this moment, when you are oppressed with concern that you cannot explain. I have known what that situation is, and how one may be vexed “even as a thing that is raw.” And I must also acknowledge that I have known, bitterly known, your other sensations respecting your late visitor—but with far more cause for self-condemnation. In the first place, I took for friendship what had never been meant or professed as more than the goodwill of familiar intimacy: then when ten years older than you, I was ten times less wise, for I did go and “cry to Jeffrey,” exposed myself, and alienated even that goodwill—very good sort of people all the while merely thinking me extremely ill-tempered and what the French call impracticable, therefore coolly resolving to trouble their heads no more about a person that could not be

satisfied. Ah! you little think what storms have convulsed the ocean you now see ebbing so quietly. There is a stanza in Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth" that always comes into my head, the only one I remember in the whole poem—

No longer fierce Sir Bertram now
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Repentant, lowly, mild.

Much what Lucy (I presume) means when she promises to be a mild, benevolent old lady at seventy.

I came to town on Monday, have been dosing off the remains of my cold, which never was very bad, and fidgeting and fussing about petty matters. Sir Ch^a is not gone: they are all at Whitehall together, except his children, who have been sent to the Lodge for change of air after (or rather *in*) the whooping-cough. Even without them the house is sadly crowded, and poor Vere's being very ill adds to the inconvenience. He seems pleased with his destination, preferring anything to an idle life. But God only knows how it may answer, for what climates he will have to weather, and how quickly may a strong middle-aged man be snatched away, as in the instance you deplore! I cannot help thinking of this danger. He has, however, been persuaded to take a medical person with him, one recommended by General Manningham, Mrs. Yorke's brother, with whom he served in the Rifle Corps in Spain, a Dr. Ridgeway—*Entre nous*, I do believe the very marked partiality shown C. in a certain high quarter has procured him this appointment. Mr. C. [Canning] perceiving that he could not lay him on the shelf so quietly as he meant to do, and possibly

also thinking it better to send him to a distance. He is wonderfully civil and respectful besides.

I called on L^y. Sheffield and found her with a bad headache, rather suspicious of St. Anthony—the rest were out. She expressed great satisfaction about her visit to Cockenhatch, saying of it just what you did, and that nothing could be more agreeable.

I do not wonder that you wished your letter burnt or blown away by the wind. I believe this kind of thing happens to everybody—let alone those who christen themselves Murads, and if one thought of all such possibilities one should be afraid of writing a line—even by the penny post. But assure yourself that just at this moment it can neither make matters a hair better or worse. I intended you a speedier answer and a longer letter, but was forced to write for the foreign post yesterday. My nieces seem quite happy at Paris, and in great spirits. The new Amb^a. [Lady Granville] is civil to them, and they will soon forget the old, and like the new as well, which is much the best way and that most opposite to the Murad-breed. Farewell for the present.—Yrs. ever, L. S.

P.S.—I have had a letter from Ditton since I left it, over which you would *crow*, so like one of the *love letters* I scold you for, that it makes me downright ashamed, tho' I know it to be perfectly sincere. I believe I told you that they are coming to town this spring and mean to cultivate your acquaintance.

LETTER CXIV.]

[Sir William Clinton became Lieut.-General of the Ordnance in 1825, and was succeeded by Lord Robert Somerset in 1829. The office was abolished in 1831. The Duchess

of Queensberry's letter to the King on her being forbidden the Court is too well known to be printed here.]

Chiswick [1825].

My dear Louisa—I must begin by confessing, what rather startled me on the discovery (as a proof how much my memory had failed), that I utterly and totally forgot your commission of sending the sketch to Miss E. F. [Fanshawe]. It remained in my portfolio and has cast up before my eyes more than once, without avail, for I always took it to be my own property, tho' I did not precisely recollect how you came to give it me. It shall certainly go to her now, to-morrow at farthest.

You need make no apology for your detail of past events which renders this letter the most interesting and agreeable I ever received from you. I admire the clearness of the narration; it would be a good document for Southey's *History*, and one that I daresay would delight him. I am sure it does me; for, as my poor Lady Ailesbury used to say, "I was once a soldier." But those days being over at that time, I did not watch attentively the course of the Spanish war, and was ignorant of much that took place. I only know that in general estimation, Sir W. C.'s [Clinton] character stood, and stands, very high; and that the general opinion, or, to use a phrase now become nauseating, the *public feeling*, was altogether against Sir J. M. All the cool, ignorant people who have never considered these matters at all, and are perfectly indifferent about them, will say upon the appointment of the former: "Why, aye, I fancy he is a very proper person; he did very well in the Peninsula did not he?"—whereas put the latter's name in the Gazette instead, and the same Pococurantes would cry: "Eh! How? Lord! I thought

he had done very ill—was not there something or other, pray? Is not it odd they should appoint him?” I saw this aptitude to fall upon poor Sir J., right or wrong, breaking out last year, when there was a sort of mob cry raised about the business of the missionary Smith. The governor’s name being M., everybody wanted to make him out Sir J., “*the* Sir J. who succeeded so ill in Spain,” and who was all the while quietly overlooking the Musical Academy in Tenterden Street, and no more related to the Governor of Demarara than I to Lord Londonderry. I am talking of idle clamours, but still these random sounds show one which way the wind sits. Be assured there is no military name more respected than your father’s. The condition is an odd one, as you say; most likely Sir George’s private situation at present may make him wish to get out of Great Britain for a time, notwithstanding the civility of Sir J—— E—— in dying before the divorce passed the House of Lords: but one comfort attends even this oddity: a person who confessedly obliges and accommodates them by taking it, cannot possibly be left on the *pavé* himself afterwards, he must give it up for something as good or better.

However, *alors comme alors*. Sufficient to the day is its good as well as its evil. Oh, how often do you put me in mind of myself! This time it is more of things belonging to situation than to character; for all you say of inward disappointment and mortification at unjust treatment preying upon the temper and being *wreaked* on all the little passages of every day—is so like, *so* like what I was used to see in my youth! Oh dear! I wonder how you could write it. But as Solomon tells us, there is nothing new under the sun, and I suppose somebody told the same story, or might have told it,

before *I* was born, and somebody else will have it to tell after *you* are no more. I trust you will see a change such as you hope. I could not, because my father was about your father's present age when I first began to remark anything, and his career long past by the time I grew up to understand what I had remarked. There too was a really noble mind, one of perfect integrity and honour, soured, irritated, preying on itself, etc. etc. etc. And a thousand resources, of literature, of science, of taste, *virtu*, natural history, gardening, pictures, buildings, collections, mended the matter so little in point of producing contentment that one should never regret people so circumstanced not having money to fling away; hardly their not having what in general would be pronounced interesting amusements.

Pray are you serious in saying that Cat. Fan. [Fan-shawe] wrote any thing so vulgar and so ignorant? Was not it her maid instead of herself? Or did not she design it as a piece of *fun*? As quizzing commonplace wishers of joy? I can scarcely believe but she did. You ask whether I would have done it. Why, no, truly—not from greater refinement of mind, but because I know a little more of the world. It is as impossible to forbear wishing that young women without fortunes should marry eligibly, as be indifferent whether a young ensign should remain an old ensign on half-pay, or rise in his profession. *Therefore*, I confess I have always regretted the small chance the M——s have of changing their condition, being wholly in the "*Artillery line*"; yet from education and habits a bar or two above the matches it offers,—namely, to live in a barrack upon two or three hundred a year, with perhaps half a dozen children. To be sure Sir W^m. and Ly. Louisa were just the people to address this to!!! Bless me! Lady

Trigge could have taught her better. It reminds me of a story Lady Harcourt swears to. When she became Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen, a French-woman, who had been her maid, and was still her *Protégée*, came to offer congratulations—“*et Madame, sachant vos bontés pour moi, j’ose espérer qu’à présent que vous voilà de la cour, vous voudriez bien marier ma fille*”—“*moi, marier votre fille !!! Eh ! oui, Madame, sûrement vous lui trouverez quelque parti.*”

With respect to Court, you ask me triumphantly if I would have Annie stay away for you to go—most certainly *yes*—and I would have *you* stay away for Lady Louisa to go, if *her* going were possible. As the Duchess of Queensberry saucily said when forbidden the Court by George the 2nd. : “It is a place I never went to for amusement”—it is a duty proper to be paid to the sovereign by the heads of every family of a certain class, or *the nearest to the heads*; whether the younger ones go or not does not signify—and you may depend upon it people in general, and the Royal Family themselves, will remark, Why does not the *eldest* daughter come? is she sick? or what’s the matter?—half a dozen such remarks infallibly set wits to work to find out the matter! to make a story—and believe me you will then be just as angry and as indignant at the world’s ill-nature, as if you had not volunteered provoking its observation by needless singularity.

I began this at Chiswick and end it in G. Place, where I have found your letter of Friday, and am glad of the further satisfaction. No wonder the Speaker himself did not know what passed in 1742, before the birth of his father, but I think somehow I recollect a later case: truth to tell, I have known places pronounced *military* and *not* military for this very

purpose, as re-election suited convenience or otherwise.

I recommend you a book that has extremely pleased me, and I could venture to swear was every word of it true : *Letters from the Irish Highlands*. I hear they were real letters by the different members of a family usually residing near London—Anglo-Irish—The remedy proposed, *a Poor's rate*, will admit of very great doubt ; but I fancy the picture is perfectly just—the observations on the higher classes I partly know to be so. Lord Stopford was on the Grand Jury for the County of Wexford that found a bill of indictment against the mad priest that murdered a child to exorcise the devil—in a part of the country comparatively civilised, formerly stiled the English Colony—one of the witnesses said he did think the priest insane, and was stepping to call another priest who had some influence over him, when all the other people present exclaimed, “Tom ! are you mad or drunk ? Don't you know the evil spirit is just departing, and there you stand in the door-way and hinder its going out.” The father of the child seemed utterly indifferent about its fate, but swore to his belief that the priest could have brought it to life again if not taken away to jail ; and three other persons deposed upon oath that they each when alone in their cabins suddenly swelled to a prodigious size, then fell down in a trance and saw beautiful visions, places lighted with a number of candles—this at the moment the holy man was performing his miracle, plunging the child in a tub of water till nearly drowned, then overturning the tub upon it so as to crush it, and then *bumping* upon the tub, whistling a jig. This fanatic is now perfectly in his right senses, yet not at all concerned for what he did when out of them, but firm in the

belief that he combated the devil. They keep him in the Lunatic Asylum, as is usual in similar cases. He was quite frantic at first, so as to require excessive bleeding.

Whose ticket do you think I found on my table? Truly Lieut. Frederick Clinton's, which flattered me very much. So did his brother's finding out such a likeness for me. And now I must conclude this for to-morrow's post. Once more let me desire you not to regret your long letter and Spanish History, for it was quite a treat to me.

I have heard again from Paris, and hope we are extremely cooled on the scent of the scheme before mentioned. We seem to have new notions about the other parties concerned, who, if favourable to it, must be desperate adventurers themselves, as perhaps we have now discovered. In short, I hope it will die away quietly.—Yours ever,

L. S.

LETTER CXV.]

[*Gloucester Place (?) April 1st [1825].*]

Dear Louisa—Your letter of the 30th made me ashamed that the former one, still living in my pocket, had never been answered. I have of late had a fit of extreme laziness about writing, and tho' I have often taken out that first letter and read it over, the answer has always been delayed till to-morrow, and to-morrow has been sure to present some hindrance. I wish I had written before, because the spirit of it was much more like yourself and more agreeable to me than this now lying on my table, where the (I must fairly say) *sickening cant* of "Clinton luck" and "you expect things to be otherwise than you wish," "even in the most trifling circumstance," predominates so much that I shall decline saying whether I am settled in town or not, in revenge.

A remote consequence of the indulgence of this spirit appears in the following passage: "bonnie Geordie seems to have thought the hint a good one, and I daresay laughs much at the *simplicity* of his successor." Remember Johnson: "You might have *supposed* such a one would do so and so, *as it was his interest*."—"Sir, those who look close to the ground will discover dirt. I hope *I look higher*." When people tell me that Fouché gave Josephine £50 a day for betraying Napoleon's secrets, I answer: "Faugh! I won't believe it." Indeed, my dear Lou, it is what one does insensibly allow to grow upon one by indulging that inward discontent and spleen which produces the expressions of *Clinton luck*, *Murad*, etc. A thoroughly discontented person always becomes envious and malignant sooner or later: "Nothing goes right with me—I am always unfortunate" leads straight to—"Nothing goes wrong with my neighbour—he is always fortunate"; and that to "Why should he be so? It is very hard—in what does he deserve better than I? But he can crouch or cringe or do something unworthy, *and I daresay he does*—that's the way people succeed." I have seen so much of this, that I cannot bear a hair of its head peeping out in a mind that, though warm and eager, I always took for high and generous. Strive against it, dear Lou. Take a firm resolution from this moment to forswear all your favourite splenetic phrases. To me you shall *never use them again*. If you talk of Clinton luck or Murad I will never answer the letter that contains them; or if *vivâ voce*, never speak to you the rest of the evening. You might have thanked Miss Edgeworth for teaching you the word Murad, if you had studied the story instead of catching the word: becoming sensible of what she so labours to inculcate, that Murad the unlucky

was Murad the unwise ; and not only so, but that the early prepossession of being *unlucky* was exactly what in many instances made him unwise—like a fortune-teller's prediction that operates its own fulfilment. Anybody who never read the tale might imagine, from the complacency with which you apply the word to yourself, that she had either recommended the notion as something very meritorious, or else had maintained, with many of her country folks, that luck was all in all, and the only thing that decided people's fortunes and actions—instead of the direct reverse. I almost believe you never did bestow a moment's thought on the tendency of the story, or you would surely not be so fond of resembling its hero.

I am very sorry Sir W^m. is not well, and it disappoints me ; for when I met him in Portland Place, he looked ten per cent better than in November.—Adieu, for I have only time for the post.

LETTER CXVI.]

[Arthur Wolfe, Viscount Kilwardine, Lord Chief Justice, was driving to a council at Dublin Castle on 23rd July 1803, when he met the rioters raised by Emmet. He, and a Mr. Wolfe his nephew (not his son), a clergyman, were seized and piked by the rioters. The Rev. Charles Wolfe, who wrote the well-known elegy on Sir John Moore, was Lord Kilwardine's cousin.]

Gloucester Place, Tuesday
[April 1825].

Dear Lou—Your explanation has contented me as far as Sir —— is concerned, for it shows you had to some degree a prepossession in his dis-favour, whether just or unjust I do not care, having none either for or against him myself. I only wanted to know it was

not à l'Irlandoise, supposing people would naturally act upon motives which the supposer would have you think he himself disdains. This always makes my blood boil, unless when I think quite the reverse, *i.e.* that such motives would naturally be his own—for then you have no notion how quietly I can take it, or, if angry for a moment, how absurd I am ready to avow my anger the next. I thank you for promising to leave off railing at the Irish Divinity *Luck*, and thank you much more for the very kind manner in which you take even the harshest things I can say.

This (in your phrase) is very piercing, and I constantly feel it, not without compunction. You will find me in town, I believe ; at least, I know nothing to the contrary. I have had a sick house, but not been unwell myself. Thomas was laid up some days with a quinzy, and the apothecary has got in at last.

I admire the exactness of your recollections even from eight years old ; in other words, I admire that even then you had the faculty of making reflections on what passed before you.

In 1798 my poor sister [Lady Portarlington] was three weeks with the rebels between her residence and Dublin ; all communication therefore cut off, the house defenceless, tho' made a garrison and an asylum for the families that had fled before them—fires to be seen and the report of fire-arms heard from its roof—every hour expectation of the worst. At last, the success of the king's troops opened a passage, Lord P. hastily escorted her and her children to Dublin and shipped them off for England. He remained behind with his regiment of militia, and the fatigues he underwent hastening the progress of a fatal inward complaint (water on the chest), they never saw him more. He

died that autumn. Now ask particulars of those awful three weeks from the two you know, and I believe you will find the younger, who was under three years old, remembers just as much of the matter as the elder, who was fifteen. Ask about another event that frightened them over several years afterwards, the murder of the Chief Justice Kilwarden and his son in Dublin streets, and you will get no further information than barely that such a thing happened, and that they were sorry for the son, who had been an acquaintance and a partner.

I have read the enclosed letter over and over again, and I would *take* the affliction of the writer, tho' one of the bitterest I can imagine, to have my mind in such a frame as hers. Cherish her friendship, dear Lou, as the apple of your eye, and omit no opportunity of cultivating it. I am glad that she looks forward to any thing with expectation, and heartily wish her the comfort of his friend's society as the greatest she can now enjoy. Poor, poor thing! Adieu, and God bless you!

LETTER CXVII.]

[The match referred to was the marriage of Lady Louisa's nephew, Colonel George Dawson, to the daughter of Lord Hugh Seymour. Their son became the fourth Earl of Portarlington.]

G. P. [*Gloucester Place*],
Tuesday Evg., July 26 [1825].

Dear Louisa—I remained as miserable in body and mind as you left me, indeed worse and worse, for the next two days. Then came the change of weather on Wednesday evg., and I really felt myself in heaven; so relieved, so light, so comfortable, while other people

directly began to discover it was cold—a word I had no mind ever to pronounce again. I can easily conceive the change might be too sudden for the delicate though, and I hope Lady Louisa has not suffered from it. I go to-morrow to Chiswick for a couple of days, and am ready packed to set out for Danesfield on Saturday, if it suits Mrs. Scott, but of that I am still not perfectly sure ; for poor Miss Crewe still, I fear, remains not at all better, and she may be coming to town to see her. Farther I cannot say at present, but I hope to see you some time in September. Our match is going on fair and softly, but alas ! we have not yet been admitted to visit the lady, and my horses are over, and go somewhere away I must. Another match in some sort appertaining to my family is likely to happen shortly, not calculated to please me so well—but mum ! for I am sworn to secrecy as yet. I have been expecting it these three years and am very sorry for those it more immediately concerns, very much provoked, and, *malgré moi*, a wee bit diverted. You know nothing of the parties, so no matter for the names. A widow intrusted with the guardianship of an only son, means to marry a man of no worldly wealth with five children by a former wife ; but as she is decidedly *serious* and of a *serious set*, it is the wisest and most righteous thing she can do. The interest of her beloved boy is all she considers. She has long wished for assistance in a charge too heavy for her. She is securing him the kindest friend and protector, and it will be such an advantage to him to have young companions ! Her dearest husband would approve it if he could look down, etc. etc. etc. But these people are never in the wrong. Whatever they chuse to do becomes sanctified directly, and all the rest stand by them strictly. And

even if the consequences prove against it, no matter ; they acted piously and conscientiously and left the event to a higher power, which therefore—it is difficult to speak as reverentially as one ought—is called to answer for their follies. A poor girl who scampers to Gretna Green with an ensign in the guards is fully accountable for hers, as they would be the first to affirm. But to marry a pious divine, of the right sort, is quite a different affair, and you must not presume to suppose any worldly motive or profane affection concerned with it. Nay, if it *were* the ensign, the saving of his soul might be in question, and that would stop one's mouth yet more effectually.

Wednesday mornng.—I am now going off to Chiswick and cannot say much more, but that I am glad your hay was not burned. I have been reading two or three foolish books per favour of Mess^{rs}. Gosling and Egly to whom Ly. Charlotte [Lindsay] recommended me, *mais rien qui vaille*. I sent back *The Carders* directed to your brother as you desired. It is certainly above the common sort, and not written by a grub. Adieu in haste. If I go to Danesfield I will write from thence.

Most truly yours,

L. S.

LETTER CXVIII.]

[Mrs. Stanley here mentioned was the wife of the future Bishop of Norwich, brother of the 1st Lord Stanley of Alderley. Owen Stanley was the eldest son, eldest brother of the Dean of Westminster.

Henry Parnell became later 3rd Baron Congleton.]

*Danesfield, Great Marlow,
Wednesday, Aug. 10th [1825].*

My dear Louisa—I thought I had forgot something that I meant to say in my last letter, but I did not recollect what it was till too late. I had intended to send a message by you to Mrs. Stanley. As soon as I heard of the arrival of Capt. Maude, with whom my little grand-nephew, Henry Parnell, is to sail in the *Glasgow*, I wrote a line to Mrs. Maude, mentioning Owen Stanley as appointed by the Admiralty to serve in that ship. She answered in all civility, that she was sure her husband would attend to my recommendation, and so forth ; but after she joined him at Portsmouth, she bade my nieces inform me, that there was no Stanley among the midshipmen the Admiralty had named, though their nominations were so numerous as to leave little room for the captain's own friends, and he had been forced to disappoint ten of these in order to take Parnell. I conclude the Admiralty disappointed Mr. Stanley, or else he found a preferable place for his son. All I wish is that he and Mrs. S. should know I did not neglect doing what they desired. I have now been here exactly a week. I delayed my journey from Tuesday to Wednesday for the sake of accompanying the Dawsons in their first visit to Miss Seymour, who could not, as it happened, receive us till the former day. I thought her handsome, and her behaviour natural and agreeable. She talked fast and laughed often, but it was evidently from a nervous hurry of spirits, which might have produced a fit of crying, if she had paused for a minute—not from that cool flippancy which so provoked me in another betrothed damsel. I told her I should leave town the next day—"And shall not

I see you again before—before I go abroad?”—my other friend would have said “*before my wedding*” outright, without any stammering. They go abroad for two or three months as soon as they are married, or rather soon after, for they will pass the first week at Lady Stuart’s Lodge at Richmond Park. Lady Stuart and Vere, who are in this neighbourhood and are going to Leamington, have just sent us word that they will dine and sleep here to-morrow. We are quite alone. I found Mr. Charles Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin and their son, and a Mr. Latten, but all were gone by Monday. Mr. Latten is a character, an Irishman bred in France, with all the Irish humour and rattling and the French gesticulations, of course very entertaining. I have nothing particular to tell you of Miss Crewe: the oculist wrote Mrs. Scott a letter last week with a more promising account of her than he had yet given, seeming hopeful of her entire recovery, but there is no time fixed for her leaving London, and Miss Smith stays in it to take care of her, all which is vexatious and harassing to Mrs. Scott. I am sorry I cannot fix any precise time for my visit to Cockenhatch, any more than poor Miss Crewe can for coming to her aunt. The Dawsons talk of leaving England again in October. If they do this, I may possibly stay near London until they go, rather than be confined in my motions and forced to return earlier than I would otherwise wish. In short, one cannot be certain when one has to do with uncertain people. Have you heard anything of Lady Sheffield and L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay]. I see in the newspapers that Lord Guilford is arrived. Well, what else shall I say? Guess the book I have been studying? Cobbet’s *Grammar*. The viper has infused into it so much poison that one should not care to put it into

the hands of any person of low degree, lest such a person should be taught to cut one's throat for one's pains ; yet, take it merely as a grammar, it is the best I ever saw in my life, and the most useful for teaching one either to read or to write. People who suppose they do the latter more than commonly well, would be surprised if they knew how much bad English the desire of using fine language betrayed them into.

The great heat ended in London on the third of the month ; the weather here is very pleasant, tho' showery, allowing one to be out the best part of every day. I trust that Lady Louisa has not suffered from the change. Remember me to her, and believe me ever yours,

L. S.

LETTER CXIX.]

[Lady Henry Moore was the daughter of Lady Louisa's niece Lady Caroline Parnell, afterwards Lady Congleton, Lady Portarlington's daughter. Lady Henry's son was afterwards 3rd Marquis of Drogheda. Lady Elizabeth Dawson was the wife of Lionel Dawson. Miss Brudenell was the Hon. Augusta Brudenell, a maid of honour, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Cardigan's third son, and consequently a cousin of the Duchess of Buccleuch. The well-known General the 7th Earl was Miss Brudenell's nephew.

The Scotts expected at Danesfield were the "Petersham" Scotts frequently mentioned.

"Closs" (close) at the end of the letter is evidently an imitation of the pronunciation of Mr. Barr the Scotch doctor at Sheffield Place.]

Danesfield, August 26th [1825].

Dearest Louisa—I know I make a bad return for your letters, writing seldom, and when I do write, contriving to do it in a hurry, as is the case at present. Be this

as it may, I assure you you should not regret that I did not go to Cockenhatch instead of Danesfield, because you would have seen me very uncomfortable in being there, and I should have left you sooner than I intended, as I am now going to leave Mrs. Scott. Lady M. [Macartney] had last week such an attack, only slighter, as she had this time twelvemonth, and I packed up my clothes and was four and twenty hours in readiness to set out, if a messenger had arrived to summon me. However, she recovered so soon that my nieces thought it unnecessary to send and I to go. But by a message Louisa gives me from the man who attends her, I gather that she is weakened to a certain degree : he says “ the decline will be gradual and she may last months ”— which does not imply that he thinks her as well as before. The D.’s [Dawsons] may be forced to leave her shortly. Their poor little niece Lady Henry Moore has within a week become a mother first and then a widow, at two and twenty. She is at Bath, her unmarried sister with her, and her sister-in-law Lady Westmeath (Lady Eliz. Dawson’s mother), who came from Ireland on the news of her brother’s danger, and went to attend her confinement. Lord Henry died at Clifton. When the poor little woman has been informed of her misfortune, and has regained some strength, her aunts think of going down to her. I shall then like to be within immediate call of Lady Mac^y [Macartney]; and it happens that the Duchess of Buccleuch is now unexpectedly left quite alone : for the first time in her life, I believe. Miss Brudenell was sent for away the other day on her brother Lord Cardigan’s having a paralytic stroke at St. Albans, and wrote a few lines in her chaise, beseeching me to go to the Duchess as soon as I could ; so thither I am

bound next Monday, having given up various intentions — of staying here another week, of accompanying Mrs. Scott to a music-meeting at Reading, where I could not decently appear out of mourning, and lastly of crossing the country to visit Lady Melville near Tring. All this must be at an end. I shall probably remain stationary between Richmond, Chiswick, and London the whole month of September at least. Farther the deponent sayeth not, for I really can make no future plans, but I shall be heartily glad to pass that of October with you. And you, upon reflection, must be so that I did not go to you sooner to be fussed away *prematurely*, as you would have said, and with greater inconvenience to myself; for I am here comparatively near Chiswick, and can dine and spend half a day there in my way to Richmond. The Scotts [of Petersham] come to-morrow for one day in theirs to Leamington. I am heartily glad they at last undertake that journey; for her headaches have been more frequent than ever, and Clarke's medicines have done her no sort of good. Lisette comes with them, and her sister returns home by the steam-packet. I rejoice at your excellent account of Lady Louisa, whose health I hope will be seriously improved by the old-fashioned summer. I have been uncommonly comfortable here. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good: poor Miss Crewe's illness keeping herself and Miss Smith in town, I have enjoyed Mrs. S.'s pleasant society more than I ever did, and had her alone most of the time. The oculist writes her favourable news of her niece; but, though constantly better, she never gets quite well, and appears now to be rather giving way to a sort of indolent fear and dejection of spirit, dreading the outward air, and of course liable to catch cold and

have some drawback whenever she encounters it. I know nothing of books. I have been reading the *Crusaders* to Mrs. Scott; Southey's tale I never so much as heard of or saw advertised. Walter Scott is to bear his blue coat and white trousers to Rokeby after he crosses the sea, as Mr. Morritt seems to expect at least. He wrote to me not long ago in very good spirits, thinking his nephew quite recovered and his niece pretty well. All the *ci-devant* Cholmelys were to be with him, I think about the time of the York music-meeting, which he meant to attend; Mr. and Mrs. Strickland from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Charlton from Northumberland, and the widow sister Mrs. Wright, whose residence I have a notion is at Bath. If it was not *Closs* with you that Sunday evening, it is a sign that you live in a most wholesome atmosphere, for here it was exactly the *most* oppressive day of the year. The outward air seemed like a hot steam, and the house the cooler of the two. But the harvest has prospered delightfully. I return you Lady Sheffield's letter, which was very acceptable, altho' one from L^y. Charlotte [Lindsay] with nearly the same account arrived along with yours, and I have just been sending her an answer. I am so sorry you have the disagreeable Mrs. Firth. Very pleasant people should always be without sisters and husbands and wives, especially when they make long visits in the country. And so I must say good-bye, for it is time. You remember the direction. Dss. of B.'s., Richmond, Surrey.

Remember me to L^y. Louisa, and believe me, ever
yours, L. S.

LETTER CXX.]

Richmond, Sept. 10th [1825].

Dearest Louisa—I know you will be uneasy about me in some way if you hear nothing, therefore I write a few lines merely to say I cannot write more. My poor sister was taken very ill the night I came from Danesfield hither, and so has continued ever since, now near a fortnight. There have been gleams of amendment, then relapses: at present the medical man fairly tells us she has no specific disease, but it is the decay of nature from old age—indeed, at 83 and a half, one's own reason tells one much the same thing. She grows weaker every day, but retains so much of her vital strength, that it may possibly still last for some time.

I am continually backwards and forwards between this place and Chiswick, where my nieces are stationed.

A thousand thanks for your letter. I have so many to write that I can make this no longer. Adieu! I shall always be glad to hear from you.—Affctly. yrs.,
L. S.

LETTER CXXI.]

*Chiswick, Saturday
[17th Sept. 1825].*

My dear Louisa—I can afford you only a very few lines at present, having every day numbers of letters and notes to write, but I will just thank you for yours of the 13th and give you a brief account of what has passed. I have been here ever since this day se'nnight. The beginning of the week all seemed utterly desperate, and one had only to hope and pray that the scene might close without suffering; the medical man himself view-

ing it rather as the breaking up of life and decay of nature than as the effect of disease. He thought the thrush coming on rapidly. However, since Wednesday such an amendment has taken place, that he now encourages us to hope for absolute recovery, though excessive weakness must long remain, and as she grows better she becomes more sensible of it and thinks herself worse. My mind is easy enough to go back to Richmond to-night, for some time must elapse before one can be of any use or comfort to her in the way of society, and my nieces are here to watch over her attendants—who indeed want no superintendence, for I never saw such attached and careful people. I shall come over for a day now and then, having made it possible to lodge.

I am very sorry you have had so serious a distress as poor Mrs. Firth's accident, and shall be anxious to hear that she recovers it well, and without shaking her general health.

God bless you, my dear girl, and believe me, most truly yours,

L. S.

LETTER CXXII.]

[Miss Pratt, it need hardly be said, is the famous character in Miss Ferrier's novel of *The Inheritance*.

The allusion to the Dissolution of Parliament refers to the fact that the privilege of Franking would cease with it.]

Richmond, Friday, Sept. 23 [1825].

My dear Louisa—I wrote you a few lines, I forget when, but it was as soon as I could. Now I will enter into more particulars. I returned hither on Saturday, went to Chiswick again Tuesday, and came back to

dinner again Wednesday. The same sort of visit I shall repeat to-morrow. All this while my sister continues slowly mending, sleeping a great deal, and taking quite as much nourishment as one would wish ; remaining, however, as weak and low as possible, not as yet making even an attempt to stand, and, though perfectly sensible, speaking very little. In short, one cannot see one's way as to the future. I believe she will ultimately recover in spite of old age. . . . She has no notion how ill she has been, and you cannot represent it or reason with her on account of her deafness. My nieces will not leave her till she has gained considerably more ground. Then they would wish to meet *their* niece, the poor little widow of Lord Henry Moore, at Leamington, Cheltenham, or whatever other place she may determine to go to when she leaves Bath. I shall of course take their place when they go away, and how it may be afterwards I have scarcely a guess, so I cannot say this or that about anything else—I wish I could. The alarm they have had has induced them to give up all thoughts of spending the winter abroad. . . .

When I came back I found Ly. — here. She has been for some time at Sandgate, and lived a good deal with — and her family, whom she seems to like. It is amazing how she herself is enlivened and improved by mingling more with her fellow-creatures. I can see your face at one's supposing the society of . . . could *improve* anybody ; and if you knew some of . . . with whom she passed last winter, you would be still more scornful : yet such is the fact, and thus are we made. It is *general* acquaintance that opens and enlarges the mind, which perforce contracts and stiffens if one live within one narrow circle (altho' of sensible people) and are used to only one set of opinions.

I daresay the —— are inferior to the —— . I am very sure Ld. —— and his daughters are extremely so, yet Ly. —— has gained a great deal by her intercourse with both, were it only by learning that things which pass for gospel truths in one set of company may be either unknown in another or heartily laughed at and contemned. I am particularly glad of this, because I do not think her very likely to marry, and it is of material consequence to a woman who remains single that she should thus see the various characters of which this worky-day world is composed and become familiar with them, in order to ward off the temper and disposition otherwise apt to steal upon old maids above the vulgar class of prying, tattling, meddling gossips. These at least keep themselves in good humour, like Miss Pratt in *Inheritance*, by their superabundant activity. The superior class who have *mind* and are conscious of it grow sour, discontented, opinionated, convinced that “whatever is is wrong”—zealous female politicians in consequence, or else zealous for some religious party, as the few people they happen to know give them the bias. Mad^e. de Genlis says she educated herself for an old woman: it is ten times more necessary to educate oneself for an old maid. To live wholly with silly people would do one a great deal of harm, lower one’s understanding; so would it ruin one’s stomach to dine wholly upon many things that are wholesome mixed up with others. Amongst Ly. ——’s acquirements is that of being able to bring the knowledge she really possesses much more into play—altogether she is ten times a pleasanter companion than she was. All this I throw, as poor Mrs. Preston used to say, “into your garret,” and I should be best pleased if you would throw my letter into the fire. I have still so little time to write that

you are beholden to the newspaper reports of a dissolution of parliament for my writing now : before I conclude let me say, I hope poor Mrs. Firth is doing well, so Good-bye !

LETTER CXXIII.]

[Lady Henry Moore married secondly in 1830 Edward H. Cole, Esq., and died in 1881.]

Chiswick, Friday, Oct. 7th [1825].

My dear Louisa—I am a deplorable correspondent, but cannot help it. Between frequent change of place and having my mind engrossed with matters that are nothing to you, I do not find either leisure or subjects for writing. I left Richmond this day se'nnight, went to town Monday, came back yesterday, shall go to Richmond again for a week on Monday next. I forget whether I last wrote before or after I got your letter dated Thursday (only), which has remained in my pocket, and which speaks of so many uncomfortable family matters. I hope they go on better, for I know the distress of having sick servants full well. Mrs. Firth, I trust, will quite recover, as she has advanced so far. You do not say whether Mrs. Moss has taken herself away or not. Mr. Morritt's *son* is married, I suppose, by this time, much to the father-uncle's satisfaction ; he wrote to me in raptures about it, and said he should come up to the wedding on the 2nd or 3rd. The lady and her mother, I find, live in Kew Lane : they are near relations of the young Morritts, and she has lately been staying with them at Rokeby. . . . My sister can now sit up in her chair all her day : a short one, for she goes to bed by eight o'clock. She can

read a little, write a very little (a draft on her banker or so), just walk across the room with support, and be amused with one's talking to her. Her progress is slow, but it seems sure, and tho' there are ups and downs, some days less promising than others, I have hardly a doubt that she is on the road to regain the same portion of health and strength as she had before her illness, allowing for the months added to her age ; which in *octogénaires* tell for something one way, just as in young children they tell for much another. My nieces think of leaving her the end of next week, making a visit and then proceeding to Cheltenham, where their poor little niece Lord Henry Moore's young widow and her unmarried sister have fixed themselves for the winter, which I conclude L. and A. [Dawson] will pass there too. They have a high opinion of Lady Henry's sense and steadiness, and think her inclined to attach herself to them : it will be advantageous to both parties to cultivate this disposition. They seem to give up going abroad on Lady Mac's account ; and indeed so they should, for the present, since one cannot yet tell what to look forward to. I rather suppose that the early necessity of deciding for themselves, and of studying to please others, has made the nieces older characters than the aunts : creatures that must swim, swim, and swim on to the end of the chapter. Children who get upon a horse without saddle or bridle become better riders than ten years of the manège can make a grown person.

I saw the Fans. [Fanshawes] the very day I left Richmond ; they are very good and obliging people, but their stiffness and little leaning to miftness render their society teasing. They will not *take an answer*, as the servants say. Not even the unsettled way in which I have

been living, nor the cause of it, can save me from *prim wipes*—"certainly very sorry they see so little of me"—and so forth, which I must call stupid in them. "But will not I come and dine to-day, and drink tea to-morrow?" I go to Richmond to be *of use* to a very old person, as they perfectly know. If I dined and passed evenings out, leaving her at home to herself, it would answer that end admirably!! And yet, if you were with themselves and spent much of your time with other acquaintance, you would soon find they could take it highly amiss. Now, on the contrary, it never enters Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's head to be affronted, though I believe she likes my company much better than they do. She and her sister Frances are still there; she was going back, but her little girl's health is delicate, and that has prevented her. Adm^l and Mrs. Scott are returned from Leamington. She much better, I hope, but I have not yet seen them. Adieu! I shall be glad to hear good news of you all, and especially that the autumn has as yet done Lady Louisa no harm. Remember me to her, and believe me, ever yours,

L. S.

LETTER CXXIV.]

London, Tuesday [Oct. (?) 1825].

My dear Louisa—I write one line to say I am going to-morrow morning to *Barham Lodge, Elstree by Edgeware*, and that I shall probably stay there till the end of next week or beginning of that which follows. I understood Miss Fanshawe that they wanted you to come to Richmond first. I wish by all means you would, and then I would settle to be with you Monday the 28th, and to stay a fortnight, or if all went well

perhaps three weeks. I must be back before absolute Christmas. No time to say more at this present writing. If Sir William should be out of the way you may inclose to the Honble. Thomas Knox, M.P. With kindest remembrances to Lady Louisa.—Yrs. always,
L. S.

LETTER CXXV.]

Barham Lodge, Wednesday
[Oct. (?) 1825].

Dear Louisa—I wrote to you yesterday before I received your letter, which, owing to its having been first at Richmond, did not reach me till after post time. I am very glad of what you tell me about Lady Shef. [Sheffield] and Lady Char. [Charlotte Lindsay]. You say nothing of the Fans. [Fanshawes]: I hope you will not get into a scrape in that quarter. It seems to me that a trip to them for a week would do you no harm in the meanwhile; but if you set your face against it with customary firmness, pray put *Grandmama's party* into your excuse, and do not rest it wholly on my poor shoulders. Catherine was in town the other day when I called; the others were very well, and enjoying their place as much as she hates it. I wish she were in one she could like better.

This must be two days on the road instead of one, but I had a friend to go to last night, and left town directly after breakfast to-day, so could not write by the London post. Adieu.—Yrs. ever,
L. S.

LETTER CXXVI.]

[Lady Clifton was a sister of Lady Henry Moore before mentioned.

Mr. Wortley, who married Lord Harrowby's daughter, became the 2nd Baron Wharnccliffe.]

Richmond, Nov. 3rd [1825].

My dear Louisa—Your letter of the 30th gave a fillip, reminding me I had never answered that of the 9th. I cannot say I have been in a writing mood lately, and now I believe I must confine myself to matter of fact, chiefly relating my movements and stages. I think I wrote to you from London, where I spent three or four days, then returned to Chiswick, then came hither again on the 10th. Louisa and Anna [Dawson] did not leave Lady Macartney till the 26th, when they paid their niece Lady Clifton a visit at Cobham, Lord Darnley's, and were received by Lord and L^y. D. with a cordiality highly gratifying. Thence they went to Lady Melville at Tring Park in Herts, and are now just about going on to Cheltenham, where I suppose they will certainly stay two months, Lady Henry Moore and her sister having taken a house for that time. By the bye, Emma [Lady Clifton] told them the former's brief married life (of which we knew scarcely anything) had been remarkably happy, and of course her affliction proportionably bitter; so prepared them to find her very low. But then they will have the greater satisfaction in being of use to her. . . . I went last Friday to L^y. Mac^y. and returned hither Tuesday evening. L^y. M. is now entirely recovered, and to a certain degree better than before her illness, especially in spirits. Indeed her mind is in a state of cheerful composure delightful to behold, and she sub-

mits to all the inconveniences of weakness without murmuring or seeming annoyed. Such being the case, I feel it possible to leave her for a short time. I shall stay about ten days longer here, then see her again, then I may be able to speak decidedly. My present notion is to go for a week to Mrs. Stuart's, and afterwards proceed on to you. I cannot promise more than a fortnight's stay, and you see this drives it off till the fourth week in the present month. However, I know you will like this better than my not coming at all. The question is whether it will suit L^y. L. and Sir W^m. I have time for very little more at present, otherwise I once thought to say much in reply to your first epistle, seriously or ludicrously, as my humour stood at the moment. What you wrote would well provoke the latter ; for you perfectly agreed that my assertions with respect to the use of gaining some knowledge of the world by mixing with various societies were perfectly just, and you thought it highly necessary for others, but as for yourself you had quite as much of that knowledge as you wanted, and needed no more—which, it must be owned, is a very usual way of profiting by sermons—"Lord ! How exactly the Doctor's observation hit Mr. and Mrs. Such-a-one ! it is a pity they were not at church to hear it. But I am sure Mrs. Thingomy ought to have listened—and if Mr. What's-his-name was there, he must have been quite overcome." Everybody wants mending except oneself. But where the opinion that one does not has taken strong root (to which your way of life and fixed system are most favourable), arguing is very vain, so I will forbear it from this time forward. Adieu.—
Ever yrs. truly, L. S.

Now don't write me a long defence, for it will only make the matter more manifest, and after all it is no business of mine. What is nearly as little so, I have a nephew I hardly know by sight going to give me a new niece, Mr. Wortley's eldest son and Lord Harrowby's third daughter—whom I never saw. *Ainsi peu m'importe.*

LETTER CXXVII.]

[Lord Montagu's nephew and ward, the young Duke of Buccleuch, was now at Cambridge.

"Sir C. T." may perhaps mean Sir Coutts Trotter.

The cause of the Bank failures alluded to was partly the extravagant price early in the year of joint-stock shares followed by a rapid fall. Sir Peter Pole and Co. was the first great failure on 5th December, followed by three more London firms and no less than 73 Country Banks. The result of several Cabinet deliberations was the temporary issue of one or two pound notes for country circulation, and the coinage of 150,000 sovereigns a day for a week. See *Annual Register*.]

*Chiswick, Thursday,
Dec. 22, 1825.*

My Dear Louisa—The letter you forwarded to me was from Lady Montagu and meant to find me at Cocken hatch, as you will see by the enclosed, which I hope you are able to read, for her Ladyship's handwriting may puzzle a person unused to it. If you can decypher it, you will be satisfied she sincerely wishes you to come, and accordingly you will take it into serious consideration and consult the higher powers. For the time, I can suit mine to yours—say about a month hence or so? Lord M. and his eldest daughter are now at Bath, and probably will stay there a fortnight longer. Then during the Cambridge vacation the boys

will be at Ditton, that is the young Duke [of Buccleuch] and his brother [Lord John] (who has been with a clergyman since he left Eton), to meet him—not that this is *here or there* to our purpose. I should not care if I did not go till quite the end of January. In short, it is no way requisite to decide yet. Maria will tell you that we made out our journey prosperously with pretty fine weather. . . . I called in Berkeley Square the next day, but they had sallied early and I found no one.

I had a very civil answer from Sir C. T. Extremely obliged to me for the friendly intention, though the caution was wholly unnecessary, as they had none of those entanglements which distressed the city bankers. So I went to the Strand, where all was quiet within doors and without, no extraordinary bustle, and, as if to contradict the newspapers, the sovereigns they gave me (and they were ready to give as many as I pleased) were all unusually old and dirty, instead of being fresh coined for the emergency. The *Morning Herald*, I see, has lowered its tone, and allows things are going on better, altho' three country bankers have fairly broken and are gazetted: at Wellingborough, Huddersfield, and Northampton. There is a curious advertisement from Cobbet announcing the confidence placed in *his* solvency "*during the senseless panic.*" So he does not wish the funds to blow up this time as he did a few years ago.

I was afraid you would have a sad, melancholy day after we parted: be assured I have thought a great deal of all you said confidentially to me, and enter thoroughly into your difficulties. "Oh how full of briars is this worky-day world!" but we must remember it was designed so to be, and put its troubles to the use which was likewise designed for us to make of them. Could you look into the bosom of most other families you

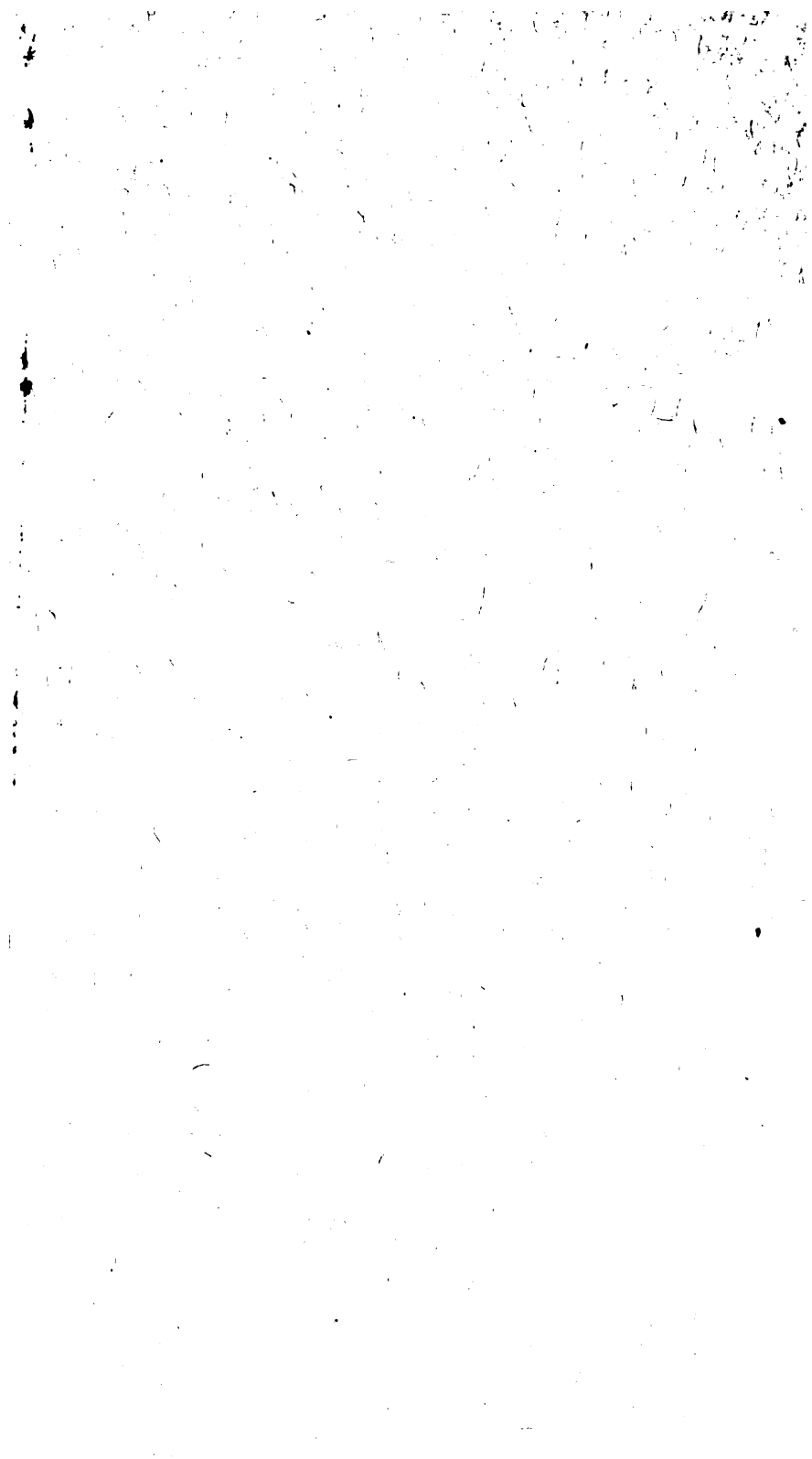
would, perhaps unexpectedly, discover equivalent thorns and briars there. God bless you! my dear girl, and grant your own path may be straight and blameless—that is all one has to wish. Pray thank Lady Louisa a thousand times for all her kindness to me. . . .
 Adieu.—Ever affly. yrs., L. S.

THE END

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